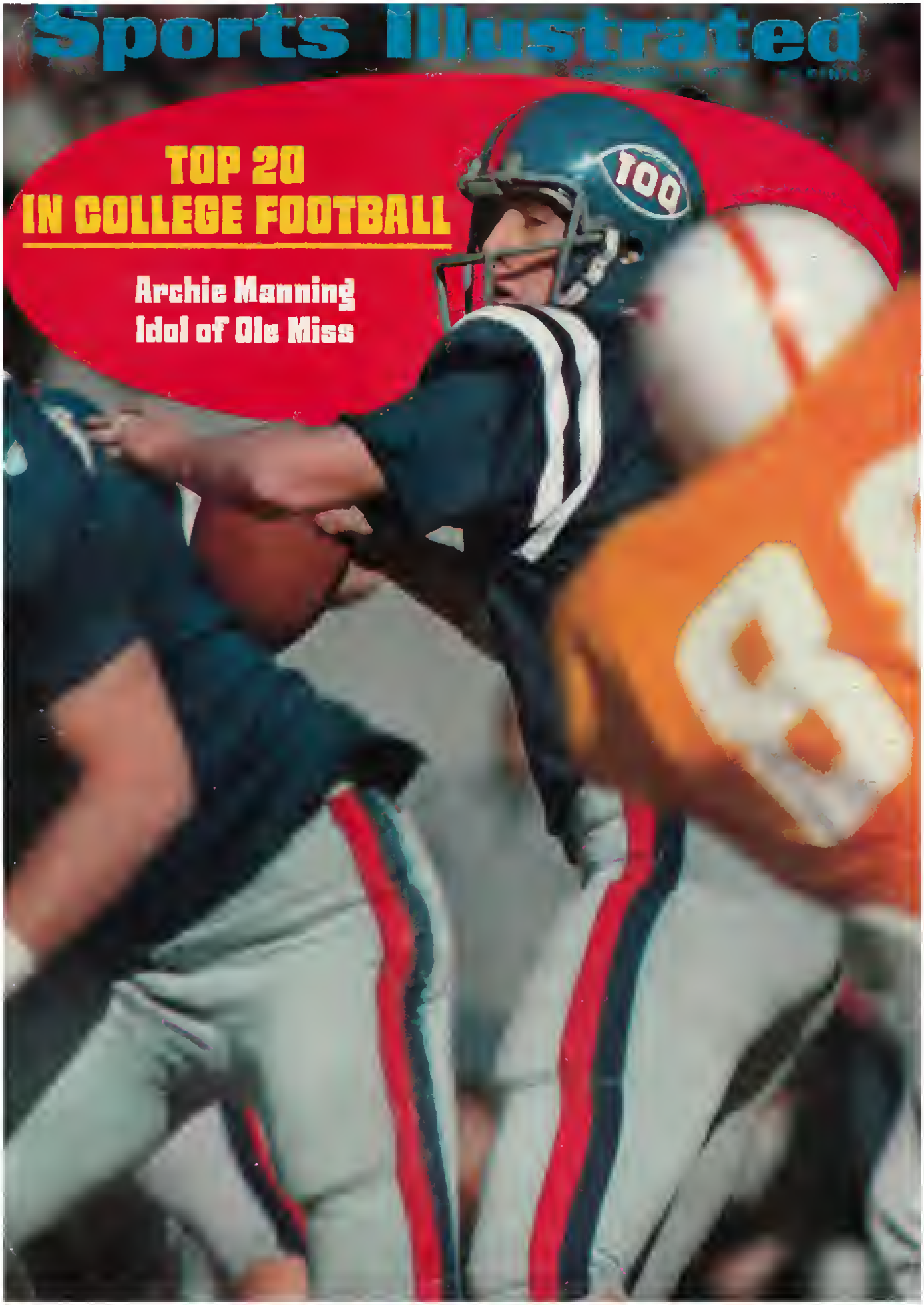
Sports Illustrated

TOP 20 IN COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Archie Manning Idol of Ole Miss





instant replay

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY ©1960 1957

Terry Cole and American Red Ball, two great movers, talk about the right kind of protection.



Terry Cole, running back for the Baltimore Colts, one of the bright young stars in the NFL

"When I'm facing those big defensive linemen like Lee Roy Caffey of the Bears, you can bet I use all the protective equipment I can get. If it weren t for my helmet, girdle pads, shoulder pads and taping I doubt if I'd last very long

But my job is more than just carrying the ball. Most of the time, I'm backing up another ball carrier. There's a lot of teamwork involved here . . . if I don't block my man and protect the ball carrier, we'll lose valuable yardage

Being a running back means carrying nearly 200 different plays in my head. When Unitas calls audibles or checks off at the line, I have to adjust . . . it's a split second decision. If I don t catch the change in time, I can mess up the play for the whole team."

Bob McCormick, a leading American Red Ball agent, Hall Moving and Storage, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"For protection we rely on Red Carpet Service . . . with red carpets to protect floors and rugs, shipping containers to match any need and padding to protect everything we move . . . that's why we've lasted in this business for over 50 years.

There s more to our business than just moving furniture . . . every man on our team has a specific job to do. From packing expert to dispatcher, the backup I get from our moving specialists helps me execute every move properly.

There s a lot of adjusting in my business, too, Terry. I have to be ready to move one family across the country and another across town . . . or even overseas. But there's no split second decision involved, every phase of a move is preplanned to make it as smooth as possible."

CALL
CALL **AMERICAN RED BALL** **We've made moving a spectator sport.**

American Red Ball Transit Company, Inc. • International Headquarters, 200 Illinois Building, Dept. S, Indianapolis, Indiana 46204 • Our agents are in your Yellow Pages

Write us and enclose $1 for an original full color 20" x 28" *History of Sports* poster or see your local American Red Ball agent.







If our bug is too small and our box is too big, how about something in-between?

The Volkswagen Squareback.

It's as economical to run as our little bug.

Just not quite as easy to park. Because outside, it's about the same size as our van.

But inside, it's more like our box.

It has room for about 50% more luggage than the biggest station wagon.

(Over twice as much if you fold down its back seat.)

The Volkswagen Squareback.

Not too small, not too big.

Just right.

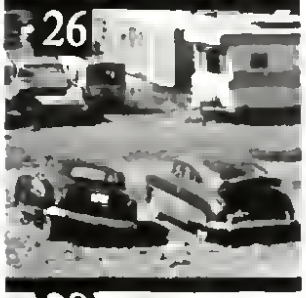
Contents

SEPTEMBER 14, 1970 *Volume 33, No. 11*

Cover photograph by Arthur Shay

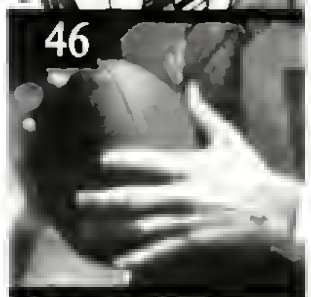














20 Welcome Back, Ali!

Overweight and undertrained, Muhammad still looked mighty good in his return to action in Atlanta

24 The Hambo Was a Family Affair

Johnny Simpson won it with Timothy T, as his father had with Timmy's sire six years ago

26 Explosion in a Boom Town

Growth is not coming easily to once-tranquil Aspen, Colo., where developers are being blasted—even with dynamite

28 Shoe on the Way to 6,033

Bill Shoemaker equaled one of sport's major records—most wins by a jockey—held for years by John Longden

40 A Surface Case of Bugs in the Rugs

Faster and bouncier than ordinary grass, artificial turf is changing baseball—although not always for the better

College Football 1970

46 *A fresh decade promises new heroes and new fears*

48 *. . . but fear not for a reel-letter crop of quarterbacks*

56 *SI's football staff picks the Top 20*

1 *Ohio State*	6 *USC*	11 *Missouri*	16 *West Virginia*
2 *Mississippi*	7. *Notre Dame*	12 *Houston*	17 *Stanford*
3 *Arkansas*	8 *Penn State*	13. *Colorado*	18. *Kansas State*
4 *Texas*	9. *Michigan*	14. *LSU*	19. *UCLA*
5 *Nebraska*	10 *Florida*	15. *Auburn*	20 *Arizona State*

78 *The Conferences*

88 *The Small Colleges*

106 Look, Ma, No Hands

In the daredevil past, air circus flying was deadly competitive; now it is often weekend sport for executives

The departments

17 Scorecard

92 Baseball's Week

94 Tennis

98 Golf

104 Bridge

127 For the Record

128 19th Hole

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year.

Credits on page 127

Next week

PRO FOOTBALL kicks off its first season united but not standing pat. It's a changing game, thanks to Hank Stram and his 66 formations, which Tex Maule describes in addition to making his fearless picks. Then there are a dozen pages of scouting reports, a gallery of color photographs by Neil Leifer depicting the secrets of Dick Butkus' trade, plus an article on that big, bad Bear by Robert F. Jones, revealing the fact that he speaks *English*, and a first-person account (with John Underwood) of the tragicomic life of Placekicker Booth Lusteg. Also our regular features and news coverage.

© 1970 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Once again a major section of our annual college football issue is devoted to an appraisal of the Top 20 teams in the nation. Before much appraising can be done, however, a Top 20 must be selected, and this year the process began back in February, when Senior Editor Walter Bingham, the man in charge of the seasonal preview that begins on page 46, sent off wires to correspondents asking them for their own lists of 20 teams. He concluded: "In short, we want our Top 20 to be the product of the best football minds (that's you) we can find." Soon after, responses began to arrive on Bingham's desk from such men as Kaye Kessler in Columbus, Ohio, Ted O'Leary in Kansas City and Jack Tobin in Los Angeles.

Bingham then invited each member of SI's college football staff to submit his own list of top teams, and from this combined collection Bingham produced a Top 25. Eliminating the last five—and placing the remainder in their most logical order—proved to be the toughest job of all. Alabama may be good, but is its schedule too tough? (Yes.) Jack Mildren is a fine quarterback, but is the Oklahoma defense suspect? (Yes.) With star runner Mickey Cureton out for the season, should UCLA be dropped from consideration? (No.)

Since the football staff is composed, not accidentally, of football fans, perennially there are disagreements. This year's major "discussion" involved the ranking of Texas. Dan Jenkins, our senior college-football writer, is a native of Fort Worth, an alumnus of TCU and, of course, totally objective in the matter. He felt the Longhorns should be placed at least third. Or second. Or first. When he returned to New York after covering the PGA golf championship in Tulsa he found that Texas had been ranked fourth, behind Arkansas, the team the Longhorns had beaten last December to win the national championship.

"He was a little sick," Bingham says. "Also a little hot."

But Jenkins became philosophical. "If James Street were the quarterback this year, I believe we would have picked Texas as a unanimous No. 1. But Street is gone. I understand that he spent the summer singing at rodeos around Texas. We don't know if Eddie Phillips will be as entertaining as James was."

Discussion and interest in our Top 20 tend to continue throughout the season. Many readers remember the rankings very well indeed, and, as the weeks pass, write letters of nongratulation if we have blown a few, messages of endorsement if we are batting high. Last year the response was almost entirely favorable because our first eight teams proved remarkably accurate. We had picked Ohio State, Texas, Penn State, USC, Arkansas, Georgia, Missouri and Notre Dame. The Associated Press poll following the season's ninth Saturday chose Ohio State, Texas, Arkansas, Penn State, USC, UCLA, Missouri and Notre Dame. Bingham and the staff were jubilant. Then that memorable game in Ann Arbor, Mich. changed a few rankings. But even so. . . .

This year's Top 20, written by John Underwood, Joe Jares, Roy Blount, Mark Mulvoy, Billy Reed, Skip Myslenski, Sandy Treadwell and Libby Krautter, will be given an immediate test up toward the top when Arkansas (No. 3) plays Stanford (No. 17) this week. The fortunes of Arkansas will be of particular interest to Bingham and Jenkins, and it is likely that their disagreement won't be settled until the Razorbacks face Texas on Dec. 5 in Austin.

"After that," Bingham says, "Jenkins may start talking to me again."

Dick Munro

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R Luce 1898–1967

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James R Shepley
Chairman, Executive Committee: James A. Linen
Senior Staff Editor: Daniel Seligman

Vice Chairman: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnston
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tibby, Roy Terrell

Art Director: Richard Ganzel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert Cantwell, Ray Cave, Robert Creamer, Andrew Crichton, Roger S. Hewlett, Dan Jenkins, Martin Kane, William Leggett, Hamilton B. Maule, Jack Olsen, Bob Ottum, Coles Phinizy, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rudeen, Jeremiah Tax, Whitney Tower, John Underwood, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Don Aaderson, Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Cottolt, Frank Deford, Joe Jares, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, Patricia Ryan, Merton Sharnik, Edwin Shrake, M. R. Werner, Hugh D. Wnall

Staff Writers: Roy Blount Jr., Jeanette Bruce, Jule Campbell, Peter Carry, Alice Higgins, Curry Kirkpatrick, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Barbara La Fontaine, Mark Mulvoy, Harold Peterson, Pat Putnam, William F. Reed

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR, George J. Bloodgood, DEPUTY, Thomas Vandenschmidt, ASSISTANTS Betty Dick, Dorothy Mera, Theodore Stephney, Jean Lockhart, CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS Lee Balterman, Jerry Cooke, Gerry Cranham, Ray De Canas, James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Richard Meek, Herb Schaaman, Eric Schweikardt, Art Shay, Sheedy & Long, Tony Triolo

Chief of Research: Mervin Hyman

Writer-Reporters: Gay Flood, Pamela Knight, Dan Levin, Skip Myslenski, Herman Weinkopf, Nancy Williamson (Special Projects)

Reporters: Sarah Pileggi, Jane Gross, Elisabeth Krautter, Julia Lamb, Felicia Lee, Ruth Lieder, Rose Mary Mechem, Judy Murphy, Paula Phelps, Cynthia Ramsing, Denise Rogers, Lynn Sanders, G. Alexanders Stathopoulos, Sandy Treadwell, Anita Verschoth, Christiana Walford

Special Contributors: Myron Cope, Charles Goren, Carleton Mitchell, Jack Nicklaus, George Plimpton, William F. Talbert

Production: Gene W. Ulrich (*Manager*), Wayne Prather, Jim Brady, Francis O'Regan, Kenneth Tomten, copy desk, Betty De Meester (*Chief*), Ira Herman, Leo Deuel, Roberta Frost, Janette Heggy, Deirdre Randall, Robert H. Williams

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harris

Art Department: Harvey Grut, Mattie Nathan (*Associate Directors*); Brendan F. Mulvey (*Color Quality*), William Bernatela, Glenn Palmer-Smith, Catherine Smolich, Edward Sobel, Thomas Vicik-Lalnas

Special Correspondents: CHIEF, Arlie W. Schardt; DEPUTY, Eleanore Miloseve; *Albuquerque*, Arch Napier; *Anchorage*, Joseph Rychetnik; *Atlanta*, Jim Minter; *Austin*, Jimmy Banks; *Baltimore*, Joe D'Adamo; *Baton Rouge*, Dan Hardesty; *Bellingham*, Dolly Connelly; *Boston*, Leo Monahan; *Buffalo*, Dick Johnston; *Carson City*, Guy Shipler Jr.; *Charlotte*, Ronald Green; *Charlottesville*, Carle Cramer; *Chicago*, William Furlong; *Cincinnati*, Jim Schottelkotte; *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton; *Columbus*, Kaye Kessler; *Dallas*, Steve Perkins; *Denver*, Bob Bowse; *Des Moines*, Bob Arbille; *Detroit*, Pete Waldmeir; *Greensboro*, Smith Barrier; *Harrisburg*, John Travers; *Honolulu*, Ted Kurrus; *Houston*, Jack Gallagher; *Indianapolis*, Dick Denny; *Jacksonville*, Bill Kastelr; *Kansas City*, Theodore O'Leary; *Knoxville*, Ben Byrd; *Las Vegas*, Tom Diskin; *Lexington*, Ed Ashford; *Little Rock*, Orville Henry; *Los Angeles*, Jack Tobin; *Louisville*, Larry Boeck; *Memphis*, Charles Gillespie; *Miami*, Glenn Kirchhoff; *Milwaukee*, Terry Bledsoe; *Minneapolis*, Dick Gordon; *Nashville*, Maa York; *New Orleans*, Peter Finney; *Oklahoma City*, Harold Soles; *Omaha*, Hollis Limprecht; *Philadelphia*, Gordon Forbes; *Phoenix*, Frank Gianelli; *Pittsburgh*, Eddie Beschler; *Portland*, John White; *Providence*, John Hanlon; *Roanoke*, Bill Brill; *Salt Lake City*, George Ferguson; *San Antonio*, John Jones; *San Diego*, Jack Murphy; *San Francisco*, Art Rosenbaum; *Seattle*, Emmett Watson; *South Bend*, Joe Doyle; *Spartanburg*, Leslie Timms; *St. Louis*, Neal Russo; *St. Petersburg*, Red Marston; *Syracuse*, Bud VandeVeer; *Tallahassee*, Bill McGrattha; *Waco*, Dave Campbell; *Warbington*, Martie Zad

Canada: *Montreal*, Arthur Siegel; *Ottawa*, Dillon O'Leary; *Toronto*, Rea MacLeod; *Vancouver*, Eric Whitehead

Time-Life News Service: CHIEF, Murray J. Gart; DEPUTY, Edward Jackson

Editorial Services: Paul Welch (*Director*), Frederick L. Ridgath, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Peter Draz, Margaret T. Fischer, George Karas, Doris O'Neil

Publisher: J. Richard Munro
Associate Publisher: John U. Crandell
Advertising Sales Director: Harry Steinbreder Jr.
Circulation Director: Arthur Loomis
Promotion Director: Robert P. Fiales
Business Manager: Peter Hanson

For those who can't afford the best. SONY has a great new second best.



Our new Sony HP-485 stereo system is not as good as our top-notch HP-580. We admit it.

And our engineers can tell the difference using sensitive test equipment.

But, use your own sensitive test equipment. Your ears.

Listen to both systems. If you can't tell the difference, you can walk out with our great new second best, the Sony HP-485, and have over $100 still tucked away in your wallet.

And that's the one place where the HP-485 is better. Price.

Of course, you may be able to detect the difference. (Some people's hearing is better than others'.) If so, you'll find that the extra money spent for the HP-580 is a good investment.

But if you decide on the HP-485, you get a compact stereo system that gives you superb Sony performance on records, FM stereo, and regular FM and AM broadcasts. You get the top-quality Garrard turntable with a Pickering V-15 magnetic stereo cartridge and an all-solid-state tuner and amplifier.

The tuner features a field-effect transistor input stage that pulls in the weakest signal, and the amplifier uses silicon transistors throughout. A special output-transformerless design gives you distortion-free reproduction of the entire audio spectrum.

And you get it all for $299.95.*

If your ears can't notice the difference, your budget will.

SONY HP-485.

*Mfr.'s suggested retail price

© 1970 Sony Corp. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

10 billion thought cells are helping you read this page



Goblet or profiles? Which do you see?

From chemical control of emotions to astonishing new ways of learning

explore THE MIND for 10 days as a guest of the LIFE Science Library



Learning processes in animals aid human behavior studies. Chimp learns through imitation. Cats adjust slowly to upside down space environment.



One by one, your mind is yielding up its mysteries to science. The ten billion cells which manufacture thoughts, dreams, sensations and feelings—are being tracked down. Those which generate damaging emotions and behavior are submitting to chemical control. Those which aid learning are being multiplied in their efficiency. The day of the super-mind may be dawning.

All the new facts and exciting implications in this field are presented in an extraordinary volume, *The Mind*, specially written and photographed for the general reader by the Editors of the LIFE Science Library.

In *The Mind* you'll see revolutionary teaching machines. You'll find intelligence tests to sample and actually see the world the insane inhabit (through the medium of their fantastic paintings—reproduced in stark color). You'll gain understanding from the brilliant photo-essay on the life and works of Sigmund Freud. You'll learn about "mind changing" drugs and be amazed at the incredible teamwork of body and spirit required in the making of music.

This conquest of inner space, the mind, is even more exciting than our adventures in outer space. In the foreseeable future, we will be able to increase the mind's powers and correct its errors with scientific certainty.

To discover the scope of these findings, why not borrow a copy of *The Mind*, without obligation? Let this excursion into self knowledge be your introduction to the LIFE Science Library. Prepared with a unique combination of authority, clarity, and visual drama, *The Mind* is typical of this exciting series designed to **simplify**, **unify**, **organize**, and **dramatize** the whole fascinating world of science. Even if your knowledge of psychology extends scarcely beyond your ability to spell the word, you'll be caught up in a world of wonders.

EXAMINE IT FREE

These few words and pictures simply can't do justice to *The Mind*. That's why we want you to borrow a copy without obligation for 10 days. Then return it if you wish. Or keep it for less than you'd expect to pay for such a lavish book. In either case, be sure your children see the book. This series holds a special fascination for people of all ages. Thanks to TIME-LIFE's vast facilities and large print orders, you pay only $4.95 ($5.25 in Canada), plus shipping and handling. Then you will be entitled to examine another volume free every two months. You make no commitments, promise nothing. For free examination of *The Mind*, simply mail the postpaid order form or write TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 3401, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Some of the other volumes in the LIFE Science Library



TIME LIFE BOOKS



Actual siza:
8½ x 11 inches •
200 pagas •
35,000 words of text •
Complete indax •
Hundreds of illustrations
many in full color •

A beer was a beer until March 19, 1865.



Then came Hamm's.



On the frontier 105 years ago a good beer was as hard to find as a good road.

About all a beer could do for a man was wash away the taste of red-eye.

But Theodore Hamm, master brewer, changed all that.

One winter, in a place the Indians called "land of sky blue waters", he found the perfect water for brewing beer.

And on the cold morning of March 19, 1865, the first barrel of Hamm's beer poured out of the wooden aging cask.

Here was a drink even a frontiersman could respect. Clear and amber gold, with a clean fine flavor that ran deep in every drop.

A lot of beers have come and gone since 1865. But Theodore Hamm's northland brewery keeps growing. Because the flavor of his beer still runs deep. As deep as it did 105 years ago, when Theodore Hamm first gave beer a good name in the North Woods.

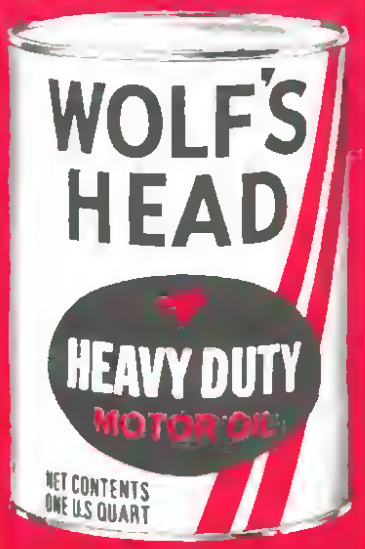
A beer is a beer is a beer until you've tasted Hamm's


Hamm's
© 1970 Theodore Hamm Brewing Co. Los Angeles and San Francisco

Toughest oil in the block

Any engine worth its power is tough on oil. Change to the 100% Pure Pennsylvania that's extra-refined to take the rough stuff. Buy your oil the way you bought your car. Carefully.

Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa. 16301



the uncommon motor oil
Exceeds car makers' warranty requirements.

BOOKTALK

An old Everest hand writes fondly of his rewarding life at some higher elevations

Two years before he reached the top of Mount Everest in 1953 Edmund Hillary had accompanied another Everest expedition led by Eric Shipton. Of that [illegible] Hillary wrote: "It wasn't so much — whether or not it was Everest mattered — [illegible] as the character of Eric Shipton, his ability to be cool and comfortable in an environment [illegible] unbearable, to sit back and know that sooner or later the next hill or around the next corner would appear. All his remarkable [illegible] to turn a mere excursion and [illegible] into a great adventure."

[illegible] enjoyment of Shipton's skill [illegible] interest goes much deeper than [illegible] admiring [illegible] mountain [illegible] Hillary would be [illegible] knowledge gained [illegible] Everest in the 30s as well as [illegible] others participated [illegible] to the success of Hillary's ascent in 1953.

In his autobiography, *Upon That Mountain* (Norton), Shipton [illegible] his early [illegible] Born in 1907 [illegible] he was educated [illegible] the Leys [illegible] Cambridge and [illegible] Oxford. He [illegible] recruited [illegible] Nepal [illegible] a [illegible] Bahadur [illegible] Kangchenjunga [illegible] Bahadur [illegible] Kamet.

During [illegible] Cambridge [illegible] Kenya [illegible] He [illegible] hospitable [illegible] Everest [illegible] less since [illegible] Bill Tilman [illegible] to become [illegible] administrator [illegible] Harris [illegible] Ewart Perrin [illegible] Kenya [illegible] Everest [illegible]

[illegible] Shipton [illegible] climbing [illegible] Tilman [illegible] Peter Lloyd, Frank Smythe [illegible] up [illegible] the rest of his life. [illegible] the 30s Shipton spent [illegible] his time in the Himalayas climbing Mount Kamet and Nanda Devi as well as making his first attempts at Everest. Those expeditions were handicapped, of course, by the primitive equipment and the lack of oxygen, for what was available in transportable oxygen at the time was too heavy and cumbersome to be of any use on such expeditions. Shipton, properly, avoids speculating on whether more modern equipment would [illegible] Writing [illegible] the mood of a [illegible] those early days of Everest [illegible]

As to why Shipton [illegible] example in [illegible] the answer perhaps [illegible] W. H. Murray [illegible] expedition, however [illegible] can hope to achieve [illegible] Be need by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] slopes below [illegible] and the right [illegible] [illegible] assaults and the quiet [illegible] all three elements at [illegible]

He was leading an [illegible] of the Himalayas [illegible] Karakoram and Bhutan [illegible] broke out. He was [illegible] British Consul General in Kashgar [illegible] and he writes interestingly [illegible] influence in that area by the Chinese and the Soviets. He [illegible] Kunming in Yunnan [illegible] province in China [illegible] the Chinese Red Army [illegible] in 1950.

Shipton is obviously [illegible] was not picked to lead the [illegible] that Hillary and Tenzing [illegible] summit in 1953 but [illegible] another continent. [illegible] South America [illegible] exploratory expeditions into [illegible] western areas of Patagonia [illegible] mountaineering [illegible] black forests along the Andes.

From there he traveled to Everest [illegible] great [illegible] of South America, [illegible] was right up in the [illegible] [illegible] feet that the Chilean government [illegible] be its geographical [illegible] [illegible] bound by dispute with Argentina.

Wherever he was Shipton [illegible] oriental challenges as [illegible] graphically [illegible] another [illegible] clothes were well [illegible] bags. And the snacks were [illegible] with *Thermos* [illegible] [illegible] thirst [illegible] places. But nothing [illegible] Shipton sitting in his sleeping [illegible] umbrella over his head [illegible] pulled at his pipe and read [illegible] flickering light of a candle. He looked more contented.

Shipton himself expresses [illegible] springs of enchantment: "[illegible] they arise from our [illegible] most precious of gifts, the birthright of every child. Lose it and [illegible] colourless keep it and [illegible] *each where the Green [illegible] world, whose name is Now. The time will be ever when I must*

URSULA BEARY

The casual crowd has a vested interest in wool



And **Woolrich** is right on target with the vest in horse blanket plaids, boldly belted and quilt lined, in wool (what else?) at about $20 for men's sizes, about $18 for prep sizes. Or catch the fringe element, also in wool, with leather thong lacing, in plaids and solids at about $15 for the men's, $12 for the prep. The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . pure wool. For further information, write American Wool Council, Dept. WJ 270A, 570 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018.

People who have everything always wear wool

PURE WOOL

The American Way with Wool

The Dingo Man. He's no ordinary Joe.

Boots are his thing.
They're part of his image.
He knows just how to wear boots.
With style.
He knows when to wear them, too.
Whenever he feels like it.

But don't try to con
The Dingo Man into a boot made by a shoemaker.
His boots are real.

The label inside all of them reads "Dingo."

If you don't believe us, ask any girl Joe Namath knows....


dingo
For store nearest you write Acme Boot Co., Inc., Dept. SI90, Clarksville, Tenn. 37040 A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc
FROM ACME ® THE WORLD'S LARGEST BOOTMAKER



Introducing the Li'l Something our least expensive 2-Door Sedan $1736*

The Li'l Something, our all-new 1200 2-Door, acts bigger than its britches. And costs less than it looks.

Sixty-nine husky horses charge up hills and pass on freeways. Gallop up to 300 miles on a 10 gallon tank of gas.

Big ideas about room and comfort pamper four hefty Americans.

And Li'l Something no-cost extras include whitewalls and a locking gas cap Body-fitting front bucket seats. Like all Datsuns, it delivers complete

Count on 0-60 in 14 8 seconds. A few flicks of the all-synchromesh 4-speed stick shift does it No-panic stops, too, rain or shine. (Front disc brakes!) And you won't be bugged by cross winds—or most of the other bugaboos that haunt small cars

The Li'l Something—a lot of car for very little money. Do yourself a small favor. Test drive a Li'l Something today.

The Datsun 510 (below) Expensive 96 horsepower overhead cam engine. Fast. Expensive fully independent rear suspension. Comfortable. Expensive front disc brakes Safe and sure

All these expensive car features. And an import exclusive—the optional 3-speed fully automatic transmission from Muncie, Indiana!

Datsun 510 zips to 60 in a sporty 13.5 seconds. The standard all-synchromesh 4-speed stick is precise, smooth.

Wide-opening doors. A 13 cubic foot trunk that gobbles up luggage and groceries. You'll wonder where we found all that handy room.

But the biggest bonus is the boost your budget gets A complete luxury compact at a sensible price

Datsun 510—another proud product of Nissan. Sales and service at over 1000 dealers in U S. and Canada.

Our most expensive 2-Door Sedan Datsun 510 $1990*

Drive a Datsun, then decide.

DATSUN PRODUCT OF NISSAN



Plus tax, license, local freight, if any. D&H (except Hawaii). Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Your season pass



Sept 12	Stonford vs. Arkonsas (night gome)	Nov 7	LSU vs. Aloboma Purdue vs. Michigan Stote Woshington vs. Stanford Texas A&M vs. SMU
Sept 19	Minnesoto vs. Missouri Florida Statevs. GeorgioTech Boston Callege vs. Villanavo North Carolino Stote vs. North Corolino	Nov 14	Four top regionol games to be picked
Sept 26	Penn Stote vs. Colorodo	Nov 21	Michigan at Ohio State followed by USC vs. UCLA (night game)
Oct 3	Alobamo vs. Mississippi (night gome)	Nov 26	Houston vs. Florida State (night gome)
Oct 10	Texos vs. Oklahomo	Nov 28	Army vs. Navy
Oct 17	Notre Dame vs. Missouri	Dec 5	Arkansas vs. Texos (followed by regional night gomes, listed below)
Oct 24	Penn State vs. Army Dartmouth vs. Horvard Florido vs. Tennessee Minnesota vs. Michigon	Dec 5	Mississippi vs. LSU Arizona State vs. Arizono Haustan vs. Miomi North Texos State vs. Tulso
Oct 31	Californio vs. USC Nebrasko vs. Colorodo South Corolino vs. Georgio Holy Cross vs. Buffala	?	"Wild Card" game to be picked during the seoson.

Compliments of ABC Sports.

NCAA Football on ABC

Consult local listing for time and channel.

The greatest record and tape offer in our history... **FOR EVERYONE – EVEN THOSE**

Free... ANY 3 STEREO LP's or

WITH ABSOLUTELY NO OBLIGATION



31787 MAMAS & PAPAS—16 Great Hits
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS



42665 CROSBY, STILLS & NASH
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



33077 JOAN BAEZ—One Day at a Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42673 LED ZEPPLIN II
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



45706 B.B. KING—Completely Well
Blues LP, 8TR, CASS



44368 PAUL MAURIAT—Midnight Cowboy
Phil LP, 8TR, CASS



30815 JACKSON 5—ABC
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



42693 KING CRIMSON
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



33032 IAN & SYLVIA—Nashville
Vangu LP



17317 CASALS Plays Beethoven
Phil LP



34525 HELLO DOLLY—Original Soundtrack
TweCe LP



60011 JAMES BROWN—Soul On Top
Ring LP



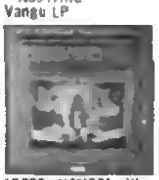
33455 BLIND FAITH
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



33257 CHARLIE BYRD—Byrd Man
River LP, 8TR



31799 THREE DOG NIGHT—It Ain't Easy
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS



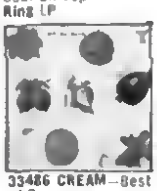
17273 HANDEL—Water Music
Phili LP



17263 GREGORIAN CHANT
Phili LP



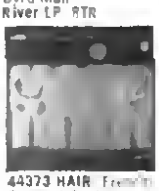
44365 JACQUES BREL—If You Go Away
Phili LP



33486 CREAM—Best of Cream
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



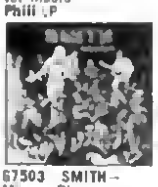
44309 BEST OF NINA SIMONE
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



44373 HAIR Original Cast
Phil LP



18759 TCHAIKOVSKY—1812 Overture
Mercu LP



67503 SMITH—Minus—Plus
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



34506 ZORBA THE GREEK—Soundtrack
TweCe LP



33065 JOAN BAEZ—David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



30606 TEMPTATIONS Psychedelic Shack
Gurdy LP, 8TR, CASS



33078 WEAVERS On Tour
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42715 BEST OF MJQ
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



33083 COUNTRY JOE & FISH—CJ Fish
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



66546 888E EARTH—Get Ready
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



44369 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH. Stormy Weekend
Philr LP, 8TR, CASS



33052 JOAN BAEZ—Any Day Now (2 records)
Vangu LP



31795 RICHARD HARRIS—Love Album
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



48782 APPLAUSE—Original Cast
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS



33487 BEST OF THE BEE GEES
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

WOODSTOCK

Orrginal Movre Soundtrack includes uncut music, stage announcements and live performances from the Music Event of the Year.



42745 WOODSTOCK—Soundtrack (3 records)
Calli LP



33443 IRON BUTTERFLY—In A Gadda-Da Vida
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



17008 HANDEL—Messiah (3 records)
Phili LP



30462 FOUR TOPS—Greatest Hits
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



43753 SPANKY AND OUR GANG—Greatest Hits
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

30608 SUPREMES—Right On
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

17064 MOZART: Sym Nos. 25, 29, 32—Lon. Sym, Davis
Phil LP

33029 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE—Gonna Be A Country Girl Again
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

44195 FOUR SEASONS Gold Vault of Hits
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

31973 JOHN COLTRANE—Selflessness
Impul LP

31798 MAMAS & PAPAS — Gathering of Flowers (2 records)
Dunhi LP

33044 RICHARD AND MIMI FARINA—Memories
Vangu LP

PEOPLE WHO SWORE THEY WOULD NEVER JOIN ANOTHER RECORD OR TAPE CLUB!

ANY 1 TAPE Cartridge or Cassette SHOWN HERE Worth up to $20.94 TO BUY ANYTHING EVER!

Yes, take your pick of these great hits right now. Choose any 3 Stereo LP's (worth up to $20.94) or any 1 stereo tape (worth up to $6.98) FREE . . . as your welcome gift from Record Club Of America when you join at the low lifetime membership fee of $5.00. We make this amazing offer to introduce you to the only record and tape club offering guaranteed discounts of 33⅓% to 79% on all labels—with no obligation or commitment to buy anything ever. As a member of this one of a kind club you will be able to order any record or tape commercially available, at savings up to 79%—guaranteed never less than 33⅓%. No automatic shipments, no cards to return. We ship only what you order. Money back guarantee if not satisfied.

See for yourself why over ¾ million record and tape collectors paid $5 to join Record Club of America when other record or tape clubs would have accepted them free.

Compare Clubs and See	Columbia Record Club	Capitol Record Club	The RCA Cassette Club	Stereo Tape Cartridge Service	RCA Stereo 8 Tape Club	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS! LP's ON TAPE! INCLUDING CARTRIDGE CASSETTE AND REEL TO REEL TAPES!	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES!
MUST YOU BUY A MINIMUM NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	10	12	6	12	6	NONE!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND? TOTAL LIFETIME CLUB OBLIGATION?	$49.80 TO $59.80	$59.76 to $71.76	$35.70 to $41.70	$83.76 to $95.40	$41.70 TO $47.70	ZERO DOLLARS!
CAN YOU BUY ONE SPECIAL OF THE MONTH AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNWANTED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER!
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SHIPMENT?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping charges.

TYPICAL "EXTRA DISCOUNT" SALE

Savings of 50% And More From Recent Club Sales . . . Savings up to $3.49 per LP

	Label	List Price	Half Price
Simon & Garfunkel—Bridge Over Troubled Water	Col	5.98	2.99
Joe Cocker	A&M	4.98	2.49
Peter, Paul & Mary—Album 1700	War	4.98	2.49
Herb Alpert—Greatest Hits	A&M	4.98	2.49
Creedence Clearwater Revival—Willy & Poorboys	Fant	4.98	2.49
The Beatles—Let It Be	Apple	6.98	3.49
Hair—Original B'way Cast	RCA	5.98	2.99
Tom Jones—Tom	Parrot	5.98	2.99
Paul McCartney—McCartney	Apple	5.98	2.99
Jose Feliciano—Fireworks	RCA	4.98	2.49
Glen Campbell—Oh Happy Day	Cap	5.98	2.99
Barbra Streisand—Greatest Hits	Col	5.98	2.99
Miles Davis—Bitches Brew	Col	6.98	3.49
Leontyne Price—Vardi Heroines	RCA	6.98	3.49

Your $5.00 membership fee entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives neighbors for only $2.50 each, with full privileges. You can split the total between you—the more gift members you get—the more you save! Special Note: gift members do not receive any FREE records or tapes.

40-R9 ©1970 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA INC.

AT LAST A RECORD AND TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

This is the way you want it—the only record and tape club with no strings attached! Ordinary record or tape clubs make you choose from just a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year—usually at list price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you a record or tape you don't want and a bill for $4.98, $5.98, $6.98 or $7.98! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

But Record Club of America Ends All That!

We're the largest all-label record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges and cassettes) . . . on any label . . . including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all. If you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at least 33⅓%. You never pay full price! You get Bestsellers for as low as 99¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

No Automatic Shipments

With Record Club of America there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LP's or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice not to ship). We send only what you order.

How Can We Break All Record and Tape Club Rules?

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED . . . NOT CONTROLLED . . . NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are never obliged by company policy to push any one label, or honor the list price of any manufacturer. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments, as are other major record or tape clubs, from offering the very newest records and tapes.

Join Record Club of America now and take advantage of this special INTRODUCTORY MEMBERSHIP OFFER. Choose any three LP's or any one tape shown here (worth up to $20.94) and mail coupon with check or money order for $5.00 membership fee (a small handling and mailing charge for your free records or tapes will be sent later). This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee. You are never obligated to buy another record or tape ever. Your savings have already MORE THAN MADE UP FOR THE NOMINAL MEMBERSHIP FEE.

Look What You Get

- **FREE Lifetime Membership Card**—guarantees you brand new LP's and tapes at discounts up to 79%. Never less than ⅓ off.
- **FREE Giant Master LP Catalog**—lists readily available LP's of all labels! Thousands of listings, hundreds of labels.
- **FREE Giant Master Tape Catalog**—sent on request. Lists readily available tapes (cartridges and cassettes) on all labels.
- **FREE Disc & Tape Guide**—The Club's own Magazine and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- **FREE Any 3 Stereo LP's or any 1 Tape** shown here (worth up to $20.94) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!

Guaranteed Instant Service

All records and tapes ordered from Disc & Tape Guide and special sale announcements are shipped the same day received (orders from the Master Catalogs may take a few days longer). ALL RECORDS AND TAPES GUARANTEED—factory new and completely satisfactory or replacements will be made without question.

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be refunded AT ONCE! Join over one million budget-wise record and tape collectors now. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
[illegible] ARTERS
[illegible] PENNSYLVANIA 17405
V002A

Yes, Rush me a lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP Catalog (check box below if you also wish a Master Tape Catalog) and Disc & Tape Guide at this limited Special Introductory Membership offer. Also send me the 3 FREE LP's or 1 FREE tape which I have indicated below (with a bill for a small mailing and handling charge). I enclose my $5.00 membership fee. (Never another club fee for the rest of my life.) This entitles me to buy any LP's or Tapes at discounts up to 79% plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

☐ Also send Master Tape Catalog

3 FREE LP's

☐ ☐ ☐

or 1 FREE TAPE

☐ 8 track ☐ cassette

Also add ___ Gift Memberships at $2.50 each to my request. (Attach separate sheet with names and addresses. Indicate Master Catalog request.)

I enclose $ ___ covering my $5.00 lifetime membership and any gift memberships at $2.50 each.

CASH ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER

Make a check or money order payable to Record Club of America

Mr.
Mrs
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Live The Lee Legend

Brash, tough Lee Riders.
Born in the west . . . the land of rugged individualism. Always confident, capable, ready for any challenge.
Have them in authentic Blue Denim.
Or in Faded Blue, Stone Beige, Leather Tan or Loden Green.
All Sanforized*, low slung, cut tight.
Look for the brand that started the legend.



Lee®

RIDERS

VF

H. D. Lee Company, Inc.,
Work & Western Division,
P.O. Box 440, Shawnee
Mission, Kansas 66201.
Also available in Canada

A $4.50 vacation for two.



And it won't end after two weeks. Because Jiffies are that secluded hide-a-way with beautiful beaches that your feet have dreamt about for years.

Wear them anywhere. Cruising the Caribbean or lounging in front of the fireplace. Indoors or out.

The Squire shown here is made of wide-wale corduroy and comes in 10 colors.

Give your feet a vacation and they'll never forget you. JIFFIES

Golfers come in all sizes ...so does Jantzen.



Golfers come in such sizes as small, medium, large and extra large; XXL and XXXL (otherwise known as 54). They also come in three sizes of tall—M, L and XL. By beautiful coincidence, Dave Marr Three-Under golf sweaters come in exactly the same sizes. And in 29 colors. About $21 for regular sizes, $23 for extra large sizes and talls—(Slightly higher in the West). So play your next game with Jantzen. A very fitting partner.

Jantzen

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

VINCE LOMBARDI

Because he believed profoundly in hard work, discipline and responsibility, Vince Lombardi came to be a symbol of the conservative approach to life, the concept of Law and Order. But in a very real way Lombardi was an old-fashioned liberal. He believed in law and order, yes, but for the benefit of all; he did not see it as a catchphrase or a political device. All men are supposedly equal before the law; all men *were* equal before Lombardi. There was a well-publicized joke about that. "Yeah, he treats us all alike," a veteran Packer said. "He treats us all like dogs." There was a serious side to it, too. "I don't know how many black players we have on the Packers," Lombardi once said. "I don't count them. They're Packers." But if he did not count them he knew they were there, and he knew the troubles that could beset a black man in a white community or on a white-oriented football team. He anticipated the difficulties and took firm steps to make sure they did not arise. As a result, black players were treated the same as white players in Green Bay, on the team and in the town. That was done at Lombardi's insistence, and he was a very insistent man.

He could do things like that because he knew he was right, as he knew he was right in so much of his approach to coaching. But he was never glib, nor could he ever relax with, or explain himself to, strangers. The hard-shell exterior was a device to keep all but his closest and oldest friends at arm's length. One of those old friends said last week, "He was a shy man with the right instincts."

JOCHEN RINDT

When he crashed and died last week in Italy, Jochen Rindt was on the verge of becoming one of the most commanding figures in auto racing. He was 28, an Austrian and a sports celebrity in Europe. A broken nose gave him the look of an aristocratic fighter. The U.S. had seen him at Watkins Glen and Indianapolis, and those who follow Grand Prix racing expected to see him again next month at the Glen as the new world champion, for he was a near cinch to succeed Jackie Stewart for that title. Never a man to spare his cars, Rindt nearly always drove on the limit. Last year he seemed unable to win a race, this year, until his car spun into a guard rail and turned over during practice for the Italian Grand Prix, he seemed unable to lose.

A QUESTION OF PLAYING

Colleges and the students thereof are wondering what the issues will be on campus this fall: war and peace, the election, racism, ROTC, students and the community? David McKenzie, the co-president of the student council at La-Salle College in Philadelphia, says the key issue on his campus may be something different: whether or not to abolish the entire program of intercollegiate athletics.

"We've got 93 students getting about $250,000 in athletic scholarships," McKenzie said. "We have to decide whether that's the best way of using that money, especially with rising tuition." He declared that early in the fall term there will be a student-faculty discussion of the athletic program, and he anticipates that a student referendum on the question will follow.

LaSalle's quarter-of-a-million-dollar allotment to athletic scholarships is light compared to some schools. The University of Florida, for instance, is not exceptional among colleges in the Southeastern Conference, yet its athletic department budget is $2.7 million—for 310 athletes in nine sports. That's nearly $12,000 per athlete. Of course, Florida's athletic gate receipts are somewhat more substantial than LaSalle's.

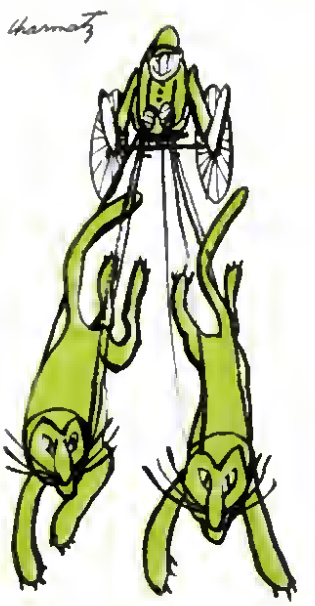
OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Underworld money is worrying the National Hockey League. Clarence Campbell, NHL president, said last week, "Within the last year one player in the U.S. agreed to make television commercials on behalf of a company with Mafia connections, and one in Canada acquired a franchise from an organization that is completely Mafia controlled." He added that neither player had been aware of the gamy connections until told of them by the league.

As a result, a hockey security bureau is being established, with an agent in each NHL city, to provide information on organizations with which players or officials might want to associate. "We're not interested in whether a player runs around at night on the road," Campbell said. "That's the club's responsibility. We're starting the bureau on the assumption that no one in hockey wants to become involved in the wrong type of operation. We want them to come to us for advice, but whether they do or not their proposed business relationships will be investigated."

DAY AT THE RACES

Gibson White, son of the famous standardbred trainer Ben White, was calmly working a harness horse called Dart Ross at The Red Mile in Lexington,



Ky., when the horse suddenly whirled around and started going in the opposite direction—and as fast as he could. White looked over his shoulder to see what had startled the horse and saw two lionesses romping down the center of the track. For some reason White did not ask them how they had gotten

continued

Take a swing at our other games.





Like championship golf, tennis and swimming. Almost any sport under the sun.

Then take a swing at the fun inside. A big-time stage show "Pzazz '70." The Lounge that doesn't care how late it gets. Gourmet restaurants. And what have you.

Take a swing at our fun . . . and our games.

For reservations, information or brochures, see your travel agent or write.

Desert Inn

Las Vegas, Nevada

into racing, but it was learned later that the ladies had escaped from a circus. After their brush down the straight they wandered into a barn, where a guard slammed the doors and kept them under wraps until keepers arrived to take them back to their stables. Uh, cages.

NOËL

A publicity release from the Maryland Wildlife Administration anticipating an abundance of waterfowl for hunters this season says: "On certain dates in certain areas a Maryland hunter in the upcoming season can legally bag two bluewing teal, two scaup, two black ducks, three geese, six brant, five mergansers, seven sea ducks, fifteen coots and a partridge in a pear tree."

HALFWAY HOUSE

One of the reasons why Maryland's hunters will be up to their decoys in ducks appears to lie in the change of centuries-old migration habits brought about by the creation of waterfowl sanctuaries, the impact of modern agriculture and the burgeoning number of bird-feeding suburbanites. Surveys indicate that geese, whose honking flights south in the fall are a haunting and indelible memory, are stopping halfway now instead of going on to their traditional wintering haunts farther south. Less than a decade ago biologists counted 120,000 birds at Lake Mattamuskeet in North Carolina; last year only 23,900 were seen. The Florida panhandle, which used to host 20,000 geese in wintertime, had only 2,000 last year, and in Louisiana, once a haven for the birds, geese are now considered a rarity. On the other hand, where only 16,500 geese were spotted in the Horicon Marsh refuge in Wisconsin in 1950, more than 170,000 were there last year, and half a million of the birds, two-thirds of the entire Atlantic Flyway population, spent the winter months last year on the Delmarva Peninsula, between Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean.

KICKBALL

When the San Francisco 49ers met the Denver Broncos in an exhibition game in Eugene, Ore., the pro footballers discovered that the goalposts were set permanently in artificial turf 10 yards behind the goal line, as called for by collegiate rules. Since it was impossible to put other goalposts on the goal line, pro style, without cutting into the synthetic covering or making holes in the concrete underbase, it was decided to play the game with the goalposts where they were. The teams agreed to line up in the end zones for points after touchdowns, but field-goal attempts necessarily had to be 10 yards longer than they would have been with pro-style goalposts. As it turned out, no field goals were made—none were attempted—as the 49ers won 23-7 (a safety accounted for the odd points), which led some observers to suggest that maybe pro football ought to move its posts back to the end-zone line. The reason? Why, to cut down on the current disproportionate importance of the placekickers. With successful conversions almost automatic (95% are made) and field-goal attempts *de rigueur* when a team is in its opponent's territory (and frequently when it is not quite that far), placekickers are dominating the game. After all, goes the argument, the kickers are on the field only the barest fraction of the time a game consumes, and yet they are consistently among the scoring leaders. It doesn't make sense.

SCRATCH THE PIGEONS

Pigeons bursting from cages and soaring into the air have long been a traditional part of the quasi-religious ceremonies at the opening of Olympic Games, summer and winter, but sometimes cold practicality can make a shambles of tradition. The organizing committee for the Winter Games at Sapporo, Japan has received permission to omit the pigeons from the opening ceremonies in 1972 because the rites "will be held in the arena where the speed skating will be held and pigeons might damage the glassylike surface."

REFLEX

It is amazing what a well-trained body can do without conscious volition. An editor on this magazine knows a man who years ago took the physical examination for the New York City Fire Department, a testing routine that among other things required the candidate to climb a vertical ladder to the gymnasium ceiling, swing hand over hand along another ladder fastened to the ceiling and then climb down a second vertical ladder to the floor, where he had to run and leap over a gym horse before going on to do a few other things. When our man swung off the first vertical ladder

he cracked his head against the end of the ceiling ladder and lost consciousness; when he came to, he was going over the gym horse. He had no memory of crossing the ceiling hand over hand or coming down the second vertical ladder.

Two weeks ago a 28-year-old man named Bill Honeywill fell off a ship into the Atlantic Ocean at 4 o'clock in the morning. The impact stunned him, and he retained consciousness only long enough to see the lights of the ship disappearing in the distance. Then he blacked out. "When I came to," he said later, "the sun was rising, it was a beautiful sunny day and I was doing the breaststroke. I remember thinking that if I was going to drown it was a beautiful place to do it." Instead of drowning, he swam, paddled and floated around in the ocean until 3:30 that afternoon, when the ship, which had gone on 140 miles before discovering Honeywill's absence, came carefully back along its plotted path and found him. The ship's surgeon said, "He was very weak and unable to stand unaided. I was surprised when we found him alive. He must have been swimming by reflex action: he had no control, but his body went through the motions."

THEY SAID IT

- Len Jardine, football coach at Brown: "In my first game as a head coach I discovered there wasn't any chalk for my pregame discussion. I had to use my ulcer pills to write on the board."
- Ted Williams, Washington Senators' manager, who has had his own troubles with the press, reacting to Denny McLain's dousing of two Detroit sportswriters: "Why didn't I think of that?"
- Norm Ellenberger, assistant basketball coach at the University of New Mexico, asked what type bucking bronco threw his 7' 3" recruit Paul Kruse and broke his left arm: "A very tall one."
- Armondo (Cheese) Burnette, 12-year-old, 80-pound ball-handling wizard of Philadelphia's summer peewee basketball program, settling once and for all the question of his height: "I'm between 4' 6" and 4' 8". I think I'm 4' 7"."
- Jim Lance, football coach at Kansas State Teachers College. "When I was asked for a prediction I said we'd have 11 men on the field. We then received two penalties for having 12 men on, and once we were short, with 10 men."

END



What makes this underwear so special?
A comfort blend of 75% cotton and 25% polyester.

Everything that matters about men's underwear is *better* in Pro's Choice. It's more comfortable, softer, wears longer, washes better, looks better, and shrinks less.

That's why Hanes can guarantee you'll get at least one year's normal wear.

And that's why Hanes calls it...Pro's Choice.

Suggested retail price 2 for $2.69.

Hanes®

Hanes and Pro's Choice are registered trademarks of Hanes Corporation Winston-Salem, N C

Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 14, 1970

WELCOME BACK, ALI!

Overweight and undertrained, Muhammad still looked mighty good as he returned to action in Atlanta and worked up a sweat against three sparring partners. He could quickly get ready for the real thing

by MARTIN KANE

For the first time in more than three years, Muhammad Ali, still heavyweight champion of the world to many of boxing's devout, stepped publicly into a ring one night last week and sparred for a total of eight rounds with a succession of three opponents.

The roof did not fall in. No one threw a bomb. Fire and brimstone did not rain down from heaven and no one was turned into a pillar of salt. There wasn't even a picket outside the Morehouse College gym in Atlanta—just a pretty girl distributing election campaign pamphlets. Not a peep of protest had been uttered—in Atlanta or elsewhere—during the few days of promotion that preceded the event.

Thus were confounded a horde of timid politicians in some 70 communities from one end of the U.S. to the other. All of them had blanched at the thought of offending veterans' organizations by permitting Ali, who had refused induction into the armed forces, to practice his trade in their areas. Because of them, Ali had not had a fight since March 22, 1967, when he knocked out Zora Folley in the seventh round at Madison Square Garden. He had boxed six rounds of an exhibition in Detroit in June of that year but, despite the efforts of scores of promoters and would-be promoters, skilled and unskilled alike, no community would sit still for an Ali match. By this default—and a series of victories over lesser fighters, including one ex-sparring partner of Ali's—Joe Frazier became listed officially as heavyweight champion.

At first, the idea had been to match Frazier with that former sparring partner, Jimmy Ellis, the winner to meet Ali. Then Ali was declared a nonperson by the World Boxing Association. And, finally, Ali proclaimed himself out of the action after a succession of more or less comical attempts to stage decisive fights in a variety of venues. All tries were balked for a conglomerate of reasons that showed no special pattern except the timorousness of politicians, the noisy professional patriotism of various groups and occasional promotional ineptitude. In only two cities, Detroit and Houston, were contracts for a fight actually signed, and these were voided by political pressure. In the end Ali said, "I'll believe I have a fight when I'm in the ring and I hear the bell." He then retired to a handsome house on Philadelphia's Main Line, to the composition of his memoirs and to a lecture-circuit romp that would be the envy of a Bennett Cerf.

Now, after last week's test case in the Morehouse gym, which pretty well established that Atlanta—the South's most socially sophisticated and least racially torn big city—would not be rent asunder by protesting rioters, it appears that Ali has a real fight coming up on Oct. 26. In Atlanta, naturally. And with Joe Frazier committed to an engagement with Bob Foster, it will be against Jerry Quarry or Oscar Bonavena. After all but abandoning any notion of ever fighting again, Ali now has clear evidence that he will be accepted in Atlanta. If all goes well there, he asks himself, can Madison Square Garden be far behind?

In the last year or so he had been a most subdued fellow compared to his customary ebullience, the clowning and the doggerel forgotten. But at a reception for him on the night before the exhibition in Atlanta he began to loosen up, to talk of the future as if there really was one and to think that he actually did have a chance to regain undisputed possession of the title taken from him because he had clung to his Black Muslim faith and refused induction.

The exhibition itself was arranged with masterly regard for possible consequences. State Senator Leroy Johnson, first black man to sit in the Georgia legislature in 92 years, and Harry Pett, a white Atlanta merchant, joined forces to form the House of Sports, Inc., which served as local sponsor of the event. They tied in with Mike Malitz, president of Sports Action, Inc., Princeton man and third-generation boxing promoter, who will supply the experienced management to handle the intricacies of ancillary rights in future bouts.

continued

Showing a trace of fat and a line of jowl, Ali steps into the ring after three years.


EVERLAST







Previous attempts to get Ali into a ring were hardly as well organized, though none was more imaginative than that of Murry Woroner, the South Miami inventor of the computerized fight in which Ali was pitted against Rocky Marciano on closed-circuit television. (The computer said Marciano won by a knockout.) Woroner decided that he could get Ali into the ring with Frazier or Ellis or—making a tournament out of it—with both. Woroner had a couple of ideas as to how to stage the fight, undaunted by the fact that South Miami's only arena seats a mere 500 and, of these, 300 would have to be turned over to the world sporting press. Such an exclusive affair would have commanded wild prices at the gate, to be sure, but not nearly enough. Woroner was counting, of course, on the take from closed-circuit TV.

He also considered an alternate plan, to be used if it should appear that riotous picketing might make Plan A inoperative. Under Plan B no one but a film crew, the fighters, their corners, a physician and officials would know where or when the fight was to be held. Since it would take two weeks to develop and distribute the film, security would demand that all hands, including the fighters, be locked up for a fortnight after the fight. Woroner was utterly convinced that he would have been able to keep the result a secret for that period.

Both the Frazier and Ellis camps at first expressed interest in the idea, but they soon withdrew after talking matters over with the harder business heads of the boxing Establishment, and Woroner's bubble went bust. Other sites were considered, including Boley, Okla., an all-black community of 720 whose original settlers were freed slaves. But when Ali heard that the Boley plan was to hold the fight outdoors in a rodeo arena in January and the only toilet facilities were outdoors, too, he backed off. "It would be disgraceful for a man of my ability to fight in a place like that," he said.

Last week, with the likes of South Miami and Boley well behind him, but not yet fully persuaded about Atlanta, Ali arrived at the airport in a quiet mood. Senator Johnson and Harry Pett led a delegation that met him as he stepped off the plane.

"Atlanta is too busy to hate," Pett said when asked why the city apparently had accepted the idea of a bout so calmly. "It's the finest city in the world."

Ali said he weighed 221 pounds and would need "about four weeks" to get into fighting trim. Asked his opinion of Frazier, he said, "He can't compare with Floyd Patterson in boxing ability and speed and he would not be as awkward to fight as Karl Mildenberger, who is a southpaw. Both of them are faster than Joe Frazier," he added.

Next night, in the steaming, sweltering gym where the temperature may well have hit 100° and where the last distinguished visitor had been Emperor Haile Selassie six months previously, Ali doffed a short white robe and responded almost solemnly to the cheers of a near-capacity crowd of 2,700. Among them were Martin Luther King Sr. and members of his family.

In Ali's corner were his trainer, Angelo Dundee, and his longtime friend Drew (Bundini) Brown. After his protracted layoff, no one expected much of Ali and, indeed, Dundee urged him to limit the show to six rounds instead of the scheduled eight. But Ali insisted on fulfilling his commitment. He looked a bit jowly, and when the robe came off he showed a trifle of fat about his middle, but it was nothing that could not be worked off in a couple of weeks.

His first opponent was Rufus Brassell, who wore black trunks, red headgear and a worried look. But, though Ali floated like a butterfly, he did not sting like a bee in this exhibition. He sympathizes with the hard life of sparring partners and never has been known to knock one down.

"We're going to make it a real fight," he had said the evening before, but that was just promotional pap. Instead, he drifted about the ring with hands down, flicking out an occasional jab and showing that his famous footwork still is quite possibly the best ever seen in a heavyweight. In the second round, he threw some more jabs, lightly, and then a swift one-two.

During the next two-round bout, with Johnny Hudgins, he allowed himself to take some punches, and seemed to be enjoying the exercise. He missed a few of his own, but this was clearly on purpose, just to show how close he could come to his man without actually hitting him. It disappointed the crowd that Ali was giving them so little action, and at the end of the first round of his four-rounder against George Hill there were scattered boos. In the second round he deliberately maneuvered himself into a corner, took a few blows on his arms and the top of his head, then punched his way out of the situation with a few fast stabs to the head and the body. He ended the third round with a 15-second flurry of punches, including what must have been some of the fastest combinations he ever has thrown. And finally, to the delight of the crowd, in the fourth round he demonstrated the Ali shuffle, followed by blows to the body and head.

"I'm not in condition for Frazier yet," he said in the dressing room, where he sat naked because of the heat, "but all those fellows tonight were faster than Joe Frazier." He confessed that if he had been in the ring with Frazier, in a real fight, he would have been so weary in the eighth round that he would have had to come down off his toes and box flat-footed.

Dundee was totally delighted with the performance. "It was all there," he said. "Everything. He can still fake with the hip, the hand and the shoulder. By October 26 he'll be a superheavyweight."

The following day Senator Johnson was at the airport waiting for a plane to take him to Philadelphia and a conference with Frazier's manager, Yancey Durham. (The conference, it turned out, was not immediately productive.) Why, he was asked, after so many cities—north and south—had rejected such a match, was Atlanta so unconcerned about the prospect of an Ali fight?

"I think it all goes back to Ralph McGill," he said, paying tribute to the late liberal editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*. "He taught whites and blacks to get along with each other. There have been some demonstrations here, but black and white leaders have had sense enough to sit down with each other and let the conference table resolve our difficulties.

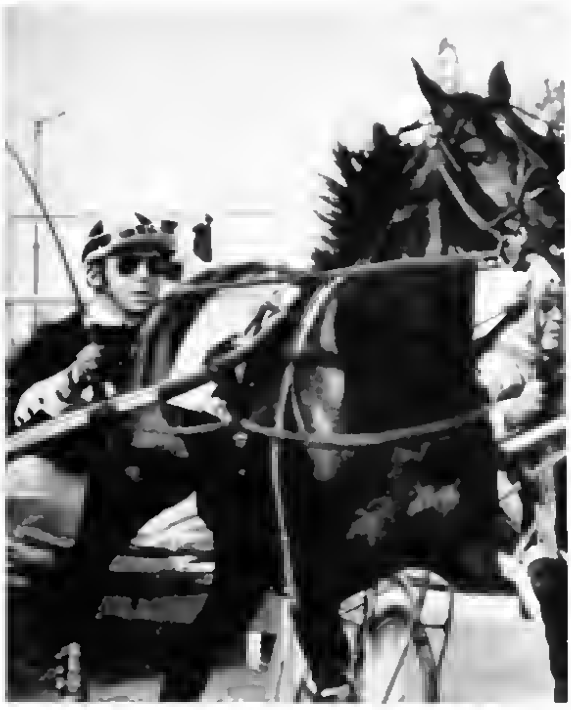
"We've made greater progress in Atlanta than any other city in the South in the past 10 years."

Boxing fans, at least, would have to agree. **END**

Scowling, jabbing, throwing his remarkably quick combinations as he ran through his extensive repertoire, Ali frequently avoided punishing opponents by just missing the target.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

THE HAMBO WAS A FAMILY AFFAIR



When young Johnny Simpson won with Timothy T. he upheld a tradition begun by his father, who had triumphed with Timmy's sire six years ago **by WILLIAM F. REED**

All afternoon the tall, silver-haired man wandered fitfully around the paddock. He could not sit still, and he could not stop smoking and, altogether, he acted like a fellow who was about to become a father for the first time. While this sort of behavior was unusual for John Simpson Sr., a veteran of more than 30 years in harness racing, it also was understandable. Out there on the handsome mile track in Du Quoin, Ill. his son John Jr was not only seeking his first victory in the Hambletonian, trotting's premier event, but was driving his dad's pride and joy—a speedy dark brown colt named Timothy T.

The older Simpson had yearned to drive Timothy himself—"It's always been the love of my life to drive in a great race like this," he said—but when an eye operation put him out of action he picked his red-haired, rosy-cheeked son to drive for him. It was a lot to ask of an old hand, let alone a rookie, but young John (Junior, everybody calls him) responded with a performance that his father would have had trouble beating. To the delight of the shirt-sleeved, perspiring Middle Americans who showed up to see the nation's best 3-year-old trotters last week, Timothy T. won the 45th Hambletonian by taking the first and last of three tough, exciting heats. In between he was upset by dark horse Formal Notice, but then Timmy and Junior came back like champions. In the third heat they pulled away from Formal Notice in the stretch to win by a length. And even John Sr. was finally able to relax after Timmy was led up Victory Lane to get a blanket of flowers and a cautious pat on the nose from Governor Richard Ogilvie of Illinois.

At 27, Junior ("I guess I'll be stuck with that all my life," he ruefully concedes), became the youngest man ever to drive a Hambletonian winner, and he beat his dad to Victory Lane by 10 years. His credentials as a horseman are certainly genuine. In the race, his poise was unshakable, even though he was constantly aware that, as Simpson's son, to do less than win would be to fail.

Junior was superb, but the man mainly responsible for Timmy's victory was his father, who proved that he still has few peers in the exacting task of getting a horse ready for a classic race. He has trained and driven two previous Hambletonian winners (Hickory Smoke in 1957 and Timmy's sire, Ayres, in 1964), and this year, despite his operation and his many responsibilities as president of the bustling Hanover Shoe Farms in Pennsylvania, Simpson Sr. still plotted Timmy's pre-Hambo course, then trained him to be in peak form at precisely the right time and place—last Wednesday in Du Quoin. "Getting a horse ready for that one day is like tuning a fine watch," says Simpson. "Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I feel that this is what the sport is all about."

The excitement over the Simpsons and Timothy T. saved what was shaping up as the most troubled Hambletonian since the race was moved from Goshen, N.Y. in 1957. In the early hours of Aug. 8, less than a month before the race, the beautiful Hayes Fair Acres Stable barn, a fairgrounds landmark since it was built in 1941, was destroyed by fire. No lives were lost, but gone completely was everything pertaining to the Du Quoin State Fair and the Hambletonian—files, photographs, contracts, even this year's championship trophy. It was a devastating loss for the Hayes family, which has presented the race ever since it came to Du Quoin, but almost before the embers were cold the family head, Bill Hayes, had plunged into the huge job of reorganization. It was a matter of doing a year's work in less than a month, but somehow it was done.

This was not lost on the members of the Hambletonian Society, who formally accepted bids last week from tracks that are interested in hosting the Hambletonian for the five years beginning in 1972. Besides Du Quoin, bids were submitted by Latonia in Kentucky and the New York State Fair in Syracuse. The outcome of the bidding will not be known until after the society meets in early November, but the odds are with Du Quoin—and rightfully so. As one horseman said, "After the job they did this year, they deserve to get it back."

By noon of Hambletonian day the fair was in full whirl, from the cotton candy machines to the ferris wheels to the wax museum, but a good many of the visitors were more interested in hanging





Approaching the wire in the deciding heat, Timothy T. (9) begins to pull away from Formal Notice and soon the Simpsons were a happy pair

around the barns and tents. There, besides getting an eyeball-to-eyeball look at the Hambletonian horses, it is also possible to rub elbows with the great men of the sport, like Frank Ervin or Del Miller. This is one of the sport's most charming traditions, but sometimes the traffic can become so heavy before the race that the horsemen get nervous. Before he won with Ayres, for instance, Simpson Sr. gave himself—and his horse—some peace of mind by slipping another horse into Ayres' stall and hiding his trotter elsewhere.

To prepare Timmy for the Hambo, Simpson had applied his own ideas about training. He first put him in the care of his best groom, Charlie Coleman, a quiet, efficient man who started in the business with John Sr. back in 1936. Then, Simpson chose not to start Timmy until late June—and he was careful about picking his spots. He insisted, for instance, that Timmy race on nothing smaller than a ⅝-mile track, so that he would become accustomed to a course like the one in Du Quoin. After Timmy won the Gold Cup at Vernon, N.Y., in a season's-record time of 1.58⅘, Simpson still could not be lured into racing him over a half-mile track—even with the $100,000 pot at stake in the Yonkers Futurity. Instead Timmy was shipped to Springfield, Ill., where he could work out over a mile track.

While all this may be sound horsemanship, it also entails a gamble that only someone like Simpson can afford: passing up a lot of money and races to shoot for the greater prestige, and future money, that winning the Hambletonian brings. This time the gamble worked, though, as usual, the odds were against it. Too many things can happen to a colt before the Hambletonian—and one of them almost happened to Timothy last week. On Monday, two days before the race, Timmy began to cough, and immediately the Simpsons had visions of all their careful work being undone by a freak illness.

Even as late as the morning of the race, Timothy was still coughing, but it had been diagnosed as nothing more than an allergy—like hay fever—so John Sr. tried hard to act as if he were not worried. "Oh, he'll be all right," he said, "I hope."

It took only one heat of the Hambletonian for the Simpsons to realize that Timmy's allergy apparently would not affect his trotting. For three quarters of the first mile he was held back in the unwieldy 15-horse field (once he was in ninth place, about 10 lengths off the pace), but then Junior turned him loose and he moved out to an easy 3¼-length victory over an oncoming dark horse named Flower Child. "He has a lot of heart," said Junior later. "When he saw the top of the stretch, he opened up. I'm relieved."

In the second heat Timothy left from the rail, and once more he was dropped back in the pack. But this time he was forced to go wide when Clayt Hanover broke stride in front of him, and then Junior made his only tactical error of the day—he let Timmy go for the lead too soon. As the field turned for home, Timmy had a clear shot to the wire, but much of his speed was gone. Formal Notice, driven by Jimmy Arthur for the Allwood Stable of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Buck, maneuvered outside and brushed past him to win in the fast time of 1.58⅘. Said Junior, "I had to use him too much in the last run, and I moved him to the front too quick. But he's ready to go three heats."

And so he was. The third heat rapidly developed into a two-horse race, with Formal Notice taking the lead and Timothy T. dropping in behind. That is how they stayed until the top of the stretch, when Timmy, with plenty left this time, brushed past Formal Notice to win by a length.

After the ceremony in Victory Lane, Charlie Coleman led Timmy up the track and back to his stall while Junior Simpson went off to meet the press. A red-haired tyke in brown shorts stood in the track, clutching his mother's hand and watching Timmy disappear in the dust toward the paddock gate. He was Junior's son, Douglas, who at the age of 3 did not seem quite sure of what was going on. He did know what to say, however, when a stranger asked him if he would like to win a Hambletonian someday, like his daddy and granddaddy. "Yeah," said Doug, smiling brightly. He probably will, too. **END**

AN EXPLOSION IN A BOOM TOWN

Urban blight and civic turmoil come to tiny Aspen, Colo., once esteemed as a mountain hideaway but now a community beset by developers, traffic jams, sewage worries, freeway plans and even dynamiters

by ROGER RAPOPORT

Each year more Americans forsake the urban jungle for rural tranquility. For example, two years ago William James decided to give up high pressure, cold-eyed, fast-buck city life for a 10-acre ranch near Santa Fe, N. Mex. Last year John Pond tired of rapacious landlords, crime in the streets, urban alienation and anomie, so he moved to Crested Butte, Colo. And this year Toby Hess is preparing to escape the subdividers, speculators, freeway builders, polluters and other assorted greedheads by moving to northern Idaho.

William James, John Pond and Toby Hess aren't running away from Manhattan, Chicago or Los Angeles but from Aspen, Colo. (permanent population 2,350). They and a growing number of Aspen oldtimers are on the move because they feel that their town is being turned into the Waikiki of the Rockies.

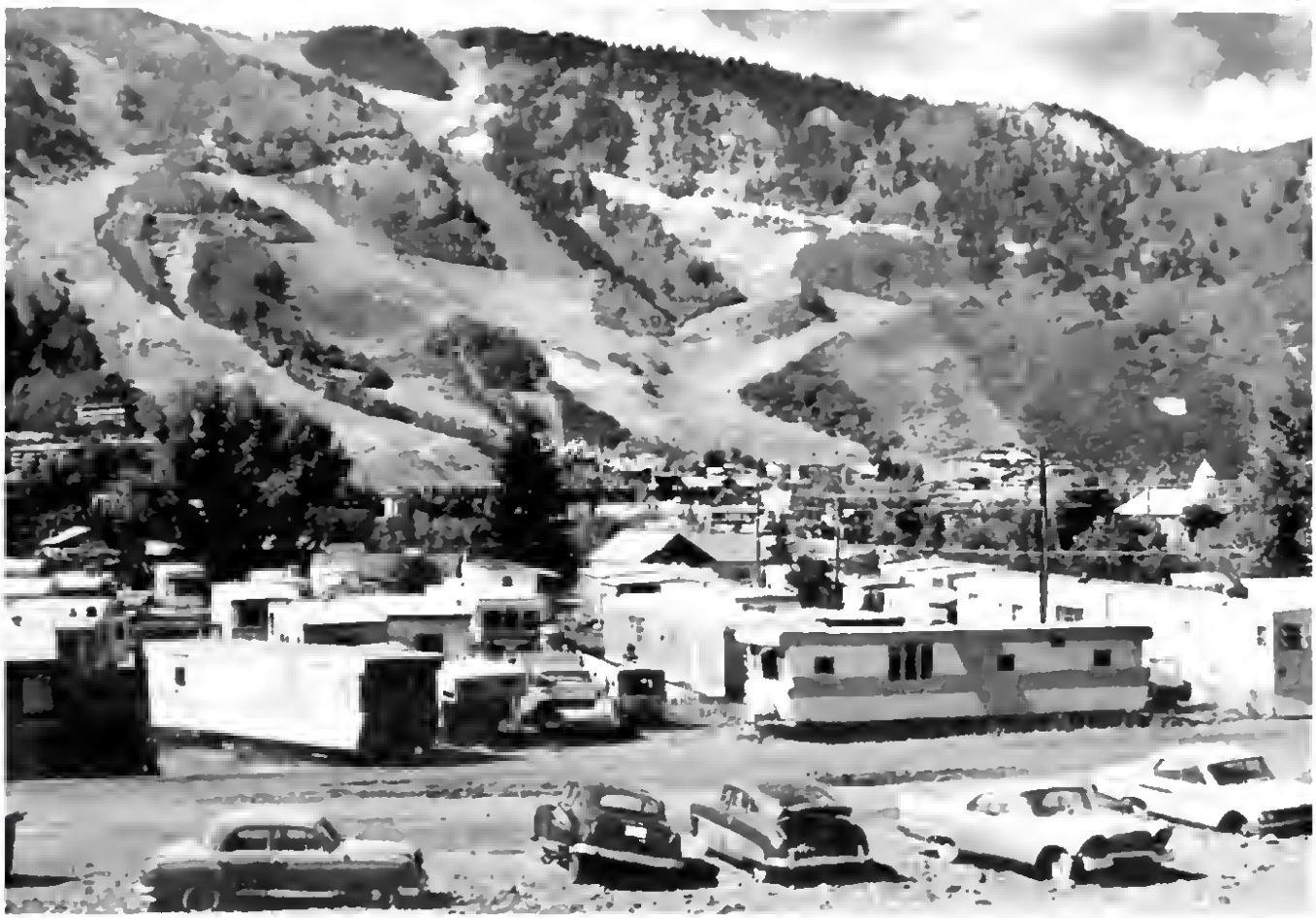
Already the highway into the famed ski resort is flanked by subdivisions, condominiums, gravel pits, iron-ore heaps, an airport industrial park, cement plants and asphalt-paving contractors. Developers plan to add 45,000 new beds, a sewage plant that feeds into the town water supply, parking structures and a four-lane freeway. "All this when a lot of us came here to get away from freeways," says Joe Edwards, a young Aspen lawyer who is a Houston refugee.

Even now, during its summer lull, Aspen has its Times Square aspects. Prices are high, traffic is heavy and parking is scant. The town reverberates to the roar of trucks and construction equipment.

Aspen natives have begun to rise up against the urban onslaught that they claim threatens to weld their town into the heart of a 60-mile strip of development stretching the length of the Roaring Fork Valley, from Independence Pass to Glenwood Springs. They are fighting with everything from moral suasion to dynamite. The Aspen Chamber of Commerce has stopped advertising, and Chamber Director George Odier discourages incipient subdividers. "I talk to them about tight money, zoning difficulties, transportation problems, the fact that we only have two seasons, ecological conflict and the hippies," he says.

Local vigilantes have already dynamited the windmill at Holland Hills, a rising subdivision designed like a quaint Dutch village. A local journal, *The Aspen Wallposter*, reports that police investigation of the dynamiting has been "hopelessly complicated by the vast number of good leads and suspects. So

Between a foreground of junked cars and a background of picturesque ski trails sprawls some of Aspen's slum-cramped trailer housing



many people have been threatening—for so long—to either burn or blast the windmill that when somebody finally got around to doing the deed, half the town panicked for lack of alibis." Aspen City Councilman Ned Vare says he is not dismayed by the $30,000 damage done to the windmill: "I think it's a much bigger crime to build that stuff than to blow it up. A lot of people hope that it will be blown up again."

D.R.C. Brown, president of the Aspen Skiing Corp., is using a different tactic to discourage overdevelopment. He calculates that the 45,000 new beds planned for the region will give Aspen a guest capacity that is twice the capacity of its ski runs. "If this is permitted to happen," he says, "the inevitable result will be crowded slopes, long lift lines and poor skiing conditions. In five years the day could come when we will have to place some sort of limit on the number of skiers we permit to use our facilities."

As Aspen woos more winter aristocrats, the town's freewheeling character is being usurped. Traditionally Aspen has been one of America's few small towns receptive to middle-class dropouts, radicals, longhairs, hippies, artists, writers and assorted oddballs. In the winter these urban expatriates found fabulous skiing. In the summer there was hiking, jeeping and swimming in the hot springs, and on warm Sunday mornings everyone could lie on the grass outside the Aspen Music Festival tent and listen to orchestra rehearsals.

Aspen bohemians even managed to circumvent the petty hassles that have suppressed youth culture elsewhere. Two years ago Lawyer Joe Edwards won a court injunction that prevents local police from harassing hippies. The kids have also retaliated against restaurant owner Guido Meyer, who refuses to serve hippies. They printed up several hundred FAT AT GUIDO'S T shirts that are now proudly worn by every freak in town.

But as the subdivisions rise, Aspen's life-style changes. Some residents have given up Alpine skiing, where the slopes are too often crowded, for cross-country. Dynamite blasts in an open-pit iron mine have circumscribed some hiking, the jeep roads are jammed and the fabulous Conundrum hot springs is overrun. Meanwhile, the Aspen Music Festival now asks admission for its Sunday morning rehearsals.

A housing shortage forces residents into temporary accommodations, ranging from tepees to lean-tos. Penny Curtis, who works at the Chamber of Commerce, lost her lease this summer, so she and her family of three are now living in a dog sledder's cabin without running water or electricity.

Studio apartments run $160 a month, and 8-by-36-foot trailers rent for $200 a month. More and more leases are being written to expire Dec. 15, when landlords can start taking advantage of holiday visitors at lucrative day rates. "I had to move six times in three years—ridiculous," says John Pond, the man who left Aspen for Crested Butte.

Even moving to outlying areas is no answer for seekers of quiet. For example, in 1961 Dave and Sharon Farny opened a mountaineering camp for boys at Ashcroft, 10 miles outside Aspen. Soon the Pitkin Iron Co. began working an open-pit mine nearby. Says Mrs. Farny: "Dynamite blasts rocked the canyon, trucks roared by day and night kicking up enough dust to kill some aspen trees and discourage friends from visiting us after dark." Last year the Farnys moved their mountaineering camp 200 miles to Telluride, Colo.

Pitkin Iron has paved its access road and is now erecting a trailer camp for its truckers. The camp will be complemented by a sewage plant that flows into Castle Creek, the Aspen water supply. The town of Aspen has lost a preliminary bid in federal court to enjoin Pitkin Iron from operating the sewage plant and is now appealing. Steward Mace, who runs dogsled trips from the Toklat Lodge near the plant site, says: "The judge told us that you can't stop someone from polluting the water until he actually pollutes it."

Of course, not all developers are having it their way, for some civic officials and several local ecology groups are working to implement tight zoning and to preserve open spaces. George Stranahan, head of the Aspen Physics Institute, recently outbid a commercial developer for 570 vulnerable acres in the Lenado area and he plans "to keep the land just the way I found it, undeveloped."

Hunter S. Thompson, the author of *Hell's Angels* and editor of the acerbic *Aspen Wallposter*, scorns friends who flee town and suggests they stay to fight it out politically. "Read *The Population Bomb*," he says. "How far can you run? And for how long? Aspen may not be the best place to live, but the ugly truth is that we are all running out of better alternatives."

Last fall Thompson and his friends fell just six votes short of electing Joe Edwards as mayor on a Save Aspen platform. This fall Thompson plans to fight the developers by running for sheriff of local Pitkin County: "Those comic-strip speculators would stay away if they knew they had me to contend with," he says. Thompson is trying to persuade like-minded friends to run for other offices.

Predictably, this surge of ecological consciousness is influencing some Aspen entrepreneurs. For example, there is Aspen-Wildcat, a rising complex that will accommodate 24,000 new residents over the next 15 years. An official says: "Our advertising program will reflect the company philosophy of conservation. All publications will softly treat the subject through the use of quality nature photography and subtle poetic copy." But will this be enough for people who are angry enough to blow up quaint Dutch windmills? **END**



Owner Ronald Timroth and his blasted mill.



Riding high and hard at Del Mar, Calif. last week, Bill Shoemaker booted home eight winners to equal one of sport's major marks—most victories by a jockey, a record held for years by Johnny Longden **by JACK OLSEN**

SHOE ON THE WAY TO 6033

Derby Day Boy, a little-known horse in a highly forgettable race, carried 117 pounds, and the most important of them were the 98 belonging to the corpus of an aging jockey named William Shoemaker. Derby Day Boy was boxed in at the head of the stretch—so thoroughly sealed off on the rail, in fact, that a trailing jockey taunted Shoemaker, "Come on: let him run," knowing full well that Derby Day Boy would have no place to run but up the west ends of the two eastbound horses in front of him. Then a thin corridor of light opened up between the two lead horses, and Shoemaker yanked Derby Day Boy hard to the right and guided him straight for the opening, like a halfback going through the two hole. A few minutes

later he rode his horse into the winner's circle and dismounted as a railbird tore up tickets and chirped at him. "The record's inevitable, so why take chances like that?"

"The record" was Johnny Longden's—6,032 winning rides atop the knobby vertebrae of racehorses. Last week Bill Shoemaker, racing's premier rider, steered Derby Day Boy and seven other horses to victory at the sunny little California track called Del Mar, and when all the arithmetic was finished he had equaled the record that many had thought would stand forever. At 39 and in his 22nd year of racing, Shoemaker will now, undoubtedly, pull steadily ahead of the retired Longden. If there was someone waiting in the wings to surpass Shoemaker, he was waiting very quietly. Shoemaker's nearest active competitor is Bill Hartack, with 3,995 wins, and behind him is Walter Blum, with 3,460. If Shoemaker rides another six or seven years, which would surprise no one, including himself, he will hang up his tack with something in the neighborhood of 7,500 wins, and that record should stand for decades, just as surely as you can say Babe Ruth.

Was Shoemaker excited? Well—no. "That's just not my style," the graying jockey explained. "I mean—I get excited inside, but I don't show it. To tell you the truth, I'm a little sorry in a way. That record's the most important thing in the world to Johnny Longden, so I have a little sad feeling about equaling it. The perfect thing would have been if I could have gone on winning races, hundreds and hundreds of races, but Johnny could somehow have held onto his record. That would have been beautiful." Coming from any number of other jockeys, the remark would have been rank and phony. Coming from Shoemaker, it was merely consistent with his attitude over two decades of racing. He came up as a deferential, shy, unexcitable stoic of 17, and he remains a deferential, shy, unexcitable stoic at 39. "That's the whole secret of his career," said a close friend as the record-equaling ride approached last week. "He doesn't push. He takes things one by one, as they come, an hour at a time, a race at a time."

"Bill excited?" said Del Mar Vice-President Clement Hirsch. "Are you kidding? Bill's the iceman. He doesn't get excited, he doesn't get mad, he just wins races."

"Oh, he gets sore once in a while," says Shoemaker's lifelong agent, Harry Silbert, a *Guys and Dolls* character from Brooklyn who views life through dark glasses and cigar smoke and smacks you on the knee when he makes a point. "Everybody gets mad. If you don't get mad you ain't human, right? (Whack.) But he don't cuss nobody out. He keeps it to himself. He don't hold no grudge. The beauty part of it is, he's been riding with these other jocks for 21, 22 years. Now nine out of 10 guys like that, you'd find at least four or five guys hate him with a passion, right? (Crack.) Well, nobody hates Bill. Nobody. You can go all over the country and you won't find an enemy of Bill Shoemaker. The worst argument we ever had? Him and me? Well, Bill will say in a roughish voice, 'I'd rather not ride that horse, Harry,' and I'll say, 'O.K.,' and that's the worst argument we ever have. (Bang.) And that's about once a year. Oh, he's a mean one."

In 1949 Harry Silbert took Shoemaker's book, and at the time neither Silbert nor the rest of the horse-racing fraternity was particularly impressed by the silent 98-pound apprentice boy. Shoemaker was the product of a broken home, which sometimes turns a child inward, and his mouth was full of misshapen and malocculded teeth, factors that tended to make him keep his mouth shut. When he won his first race on Shafter V, a Golden Gate track official tried to interview him, but a deep silence followed the first question: "How old are you?" Five months later Shoemaker bumped into the same official in the paddock and blurted out, "Eighteen."

If Shoemaker is somewhat quicker on the response these days, and less reluctant to open his mouth now that oral surgeons have effected massive repairs, he nevertheless seems to be happiest in his own company and his own counsels. His wife Babbs is highly gregarious, and the Shoemakers' summer beach house at Del Mar rings with the shouts of dozens of guests, famous and ordinary, who wander in and out at all hours. "That's the way we prefer it," Babbs says. "We live like that. We have open house all the time." But as the evenings wear on, one is likely to find Shoemaker, all 59½ inches of him, off to one side nursing a drink or totally invisible in the middle of a group of neighborhood children, with whom he has a mysterious and total rapport.

"He's like the Pied Piper," says Dan Smith of the Del Mar racing staff. "I was trying to get my 3-year-old son David to go into the water the other day, and he wouldn't think of it. Then Shoe lay down in the surf and said, 'Come on, David, swim out to me,' and the kid did it. I guess he looked at Bill and he said to himself, 'If that kid can do it, so can I.' "

The one place where William Shoemaker seems completely and totally at home is the track, where he functions as a sort of elder statesman, settler of disputes and all-round confidant of troubled jockeys. The role is odd, for Shoemaker has almost never been a troubled jockey himself. In his apprentice year of 1949 he was the leading jockey at Del Mar. He started fast and still hasn't slowed, but a jockey in a slump seems to depress Shoemaker vicariously. "He worries more about me than he does about himself," says Ray Blanco, a rider who broke his hand several months ago and hasn't won a race since. "He keeps trying to encourage me. He says, 'Don't worry, Ray, you're not doing anything wrong or doing anything different. You're just not getting stock that can win.' Maybe he's just bulling me along, trying to cheer me up, but he keeps me going, and I know eventually I'll get out of this slump if he keeps on helping me.'

Early in the Del Mar meeting, when he was still 30 or 40 races away from Longden's record, Shoemaker began watching and helping Ronald Mark, a 22-year-old apprentice, and Mark has since moved into the top 10 jockeys at the track. "He started telling me when I made mistakes," the ebullient young Mark said, "and naturally, when a Bill Shoemaker talks, you listen. Like the other day, I went through a tight hole on the inside, and later on he said to me, real quietlike, 'Don't do that, because that's an awful good way to get

continued

killed.' When I did it I knew it was wrong, but when Bill told me, I really knew it was wrong.

"He's taught me a lot of the trickier things, like how to trap somebody behind the speed horse. Maybe he taught me too well. The other day I was on a horse named Nitouche and Bill was on a horse named Captivated II, and I dropped him off behind a dying speed horse. I tried to keep him in there as long as I could, but when I took the lead at the ⅛ths pole I was afraid he'd get loose, and he did. He hooked me at the eighth pole, and it was neck and neck the rest of the way. When we went across the finish line, I hollered, 'I think I got you, Bill,' and he gave me that little Chinaman smile of his and said, 'Don't be too sure about that.' When they posted a dead heat, Bill said to me, 'It looks like you put your mark on me, Mark.'"

If there is any diminution of Shoemaker's own skills atop half a ton of horse, it went unnoticed by those who cheered him on to his record this summer. When he came off a 13-month pause after breaking his right femur in a race at Santa Anita two years ago, everyone looked for the customary signs of staleness and fright, and found none. "I was a little stiff at first," Shoemaker recalls, "but it didn't take me long to get over that." He went three-for-three on his first day back, sneaking through a small opening on the rail to steer a horse named Racing Room to a track record performance at 6½ furlongs. But not long afterward a horse rolled on him in the paddock at Hollywood Park and damaged his pelvis and bladder. Once again Shoemaker repaired to the sidelines, and once again he was examined for signs of fear or rustiness when he returned. But his winning average—an astonishing .25 over his lifetime—has remained fairly constant.

"My agent told me I was sitting higher on the horse than before my injuries," Shoemaker says ruefully. "I said, 'Sure, but I'm a little stiffer than I was, Harry.' But that didn't last long. I'm sitting the same as ever now." The only carry-over from any of his racing injuries is a slight residual soreness from a vertebra he cracked in 1954. "Some days you'll see me kind of ease myself off the horse instead of jumping down," Shoemaker says. "That's when my back hurts me a little bit. Or maybe I'm just getting old." But no one would have pegged him for any of the problems of gerontology a few weeks ago when his horse reared up in the paddock and lost his balance and fell down while onlookers gasped and wondered if history was about to repeat itself.

Shoemaker went over backward with the horse, but somehow in midair he managed to whirl around the rails and keep from getting pinned. As he jumped to his feet, another horse kicked out at him and missed him by a foot. After these near disasters, Shoemaker went out and rode in the race unperturbed, once again exhibiting the unflappability that has characterized his career.

"Cool is the word for him," says Harry Silbert. "And a pro. What a pro! One day this year he won four races, and the next morning he was out working a horse at dawn. Sometimes before a meeting opens, like Santa Anita, he'll come out to the track for a week or two and work out himself, to make sure he's in perfect condition. Sure, other jocks do things like that. But wouldn't you expect Shoemaker to be taking it easier on himself as he gets older? But he doesn't, and that's why he's riding as good as he ever rode before."

"He's a paradox," says Eddie Read, assistant general manager at Del Mar. "He never seems to change. He's cool, calm, all guts. He'll do absolutely nothing to a horse if that's what's called for, or he'll send a horse through a suicidal hole if that's what's called for. Fire and ice, that's it. I can't see any change in his riding over the years. He has an uncanny ability for positioning himself in a race, especially in a distance race. He's the master of the whole situation, and yet he never seems to be doing anything up there. He doesn't scrub and rub around on the horse, like some of the jocks. He's like a little computer, sitting up there, knowing exactly when to do what, and moving the horse with little clucks and touches.

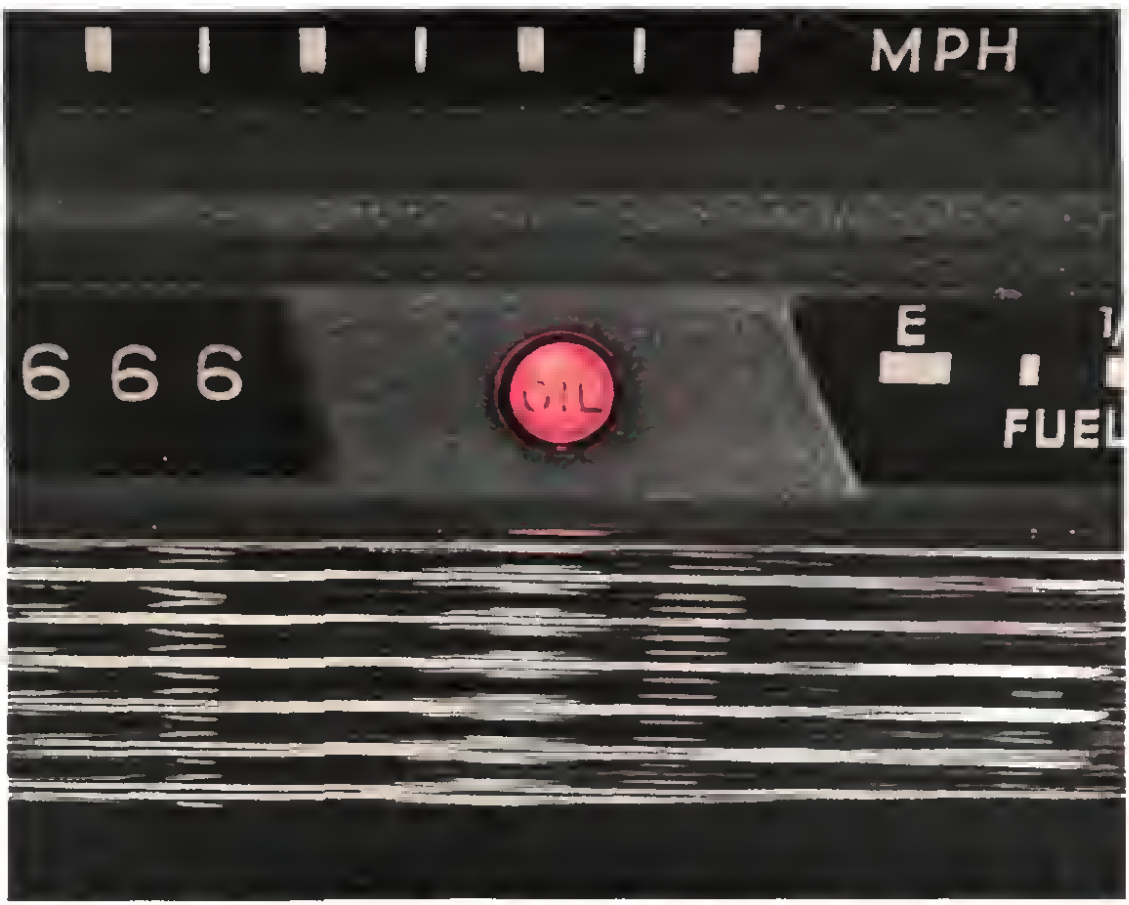
"Riding like that, Shoe doesn't take much out of a horse. The trainer gets the animal back in the same shape. It's not like a Hartack, or certain other jockeys I can think of. They'll win for you, but you might not be able to run the

continued



With handsome wife Babbs, Shoemaker walks the beach in front of their Del Mar home.

When the convenience light comes on, you're about to be greatly inconvenienced.



If this happens to you, stop your car. Right now. Go any farther and you may seriously damage your engine. Instead, start walking to the nearest quart of motor oil.

But if you'd rather drive than walk between oil changes, make sure your crankcase is always filled with Quaker State Motor Oil. It's super-refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State has natural toughness; it won't thin out and burn away, even in today's demanding engines.



Ask for Quaker State wherever they care about cars. It's America's most preferred motor oil.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.

CHEVY'S NEW IS OPEN FOR

We call it Vega 2300.

We also call it "the little car that does everything well."

Because it does.

Vega moves well, stops well, steers well, rides well, handles well, responds well, passes well, travels well, parks well, wears well, and is priced well under what you'd expect to pay for such a talented little car.

In our highway tests, Vega has been getting gas mileage in the neighborhood of the little imports, which isn't a bad neighborhood.

Yet unlike your average little car, ours steps right out when you step on the gas.

The engine is a specially designed overhead cam four with a lightweight aluminum alloy block. It turns slowly and quietly at turnpike speeds, with power to spare.

Disc brakes are standard in the front. So are bucket seats, except on the truck.

How we doing so far?

Numbers speak louder than words.

The wheelbase is 97 inches.

Total length is just under 170 inches, or nearly four feet shorter than a full-size Chevrolet.

Height is just over 51 inches, six inches



GM

V LITTLE CAR BUSINESS.

lower than the leading import.

Width: a nice stable 5½ feet.

Weight: 2,190 lbs. for the sedan.

Engine displacement: 2300 cubic centimeters, or 140 cubic inches.

Fuel economy: about 25 mpg, with the standard transmission, in our highway tests.

Horsepower: 90. (You can order 110.)

Seating capacity: 4 adults.

What it all adds up to is a lot of little car.

Three cars and a truck.

Vega turned out so well that we couldn't turn out just one.

So we're turning out four: the sporty little hatchback coupe shown open and closed in the foreground below; the sedan, on the right; the Kammback wagon, on the left; and the little panel truck, in the rear.

Oh, and a special GT version of the coupe and wagon which we'll show you later on.

September 10th is Opening Day.

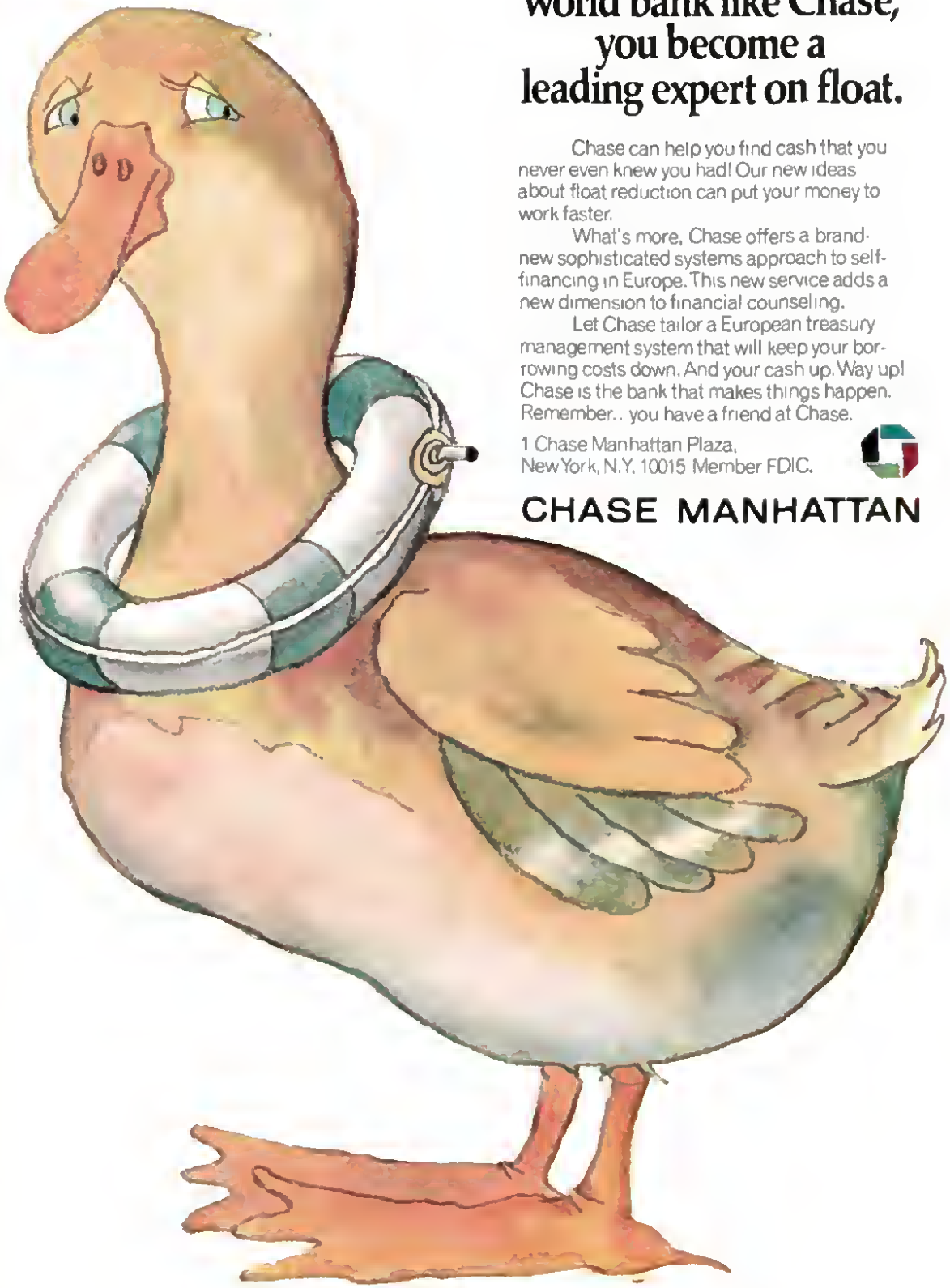
All 6,300 Chevrolet dealers are handling Vega, so you shouldn't have to go very far to see and drive one.

Chevy's new little car is open for business. Look into it.



VEGA

CHEVROLET



When you're a world bank like Chase, you become a leading expert on float.

Chase can help you find cash that you never even knew you had! Our new ideas about float reduction can put your money to work faster.

What's more, Chase offers a brand-new sophisticated systems approach to self-financing in Europe. This new service adds a new dimension to financial counseling.

Let Chase tailor a European treasury management system that will keep your borrowing costs down. And your cash up. Way up! Chase is the bank that makes things happen. Remember.. you have a friend at Chase.

1 Chase Manhattan Plaza,
New York, N.Y. 10015 Member FDIC.

CHASE MANHATTAN

horse for two or three weeks because they take too much out of them. Maybe that's why Shoe was so successful with Swaps and other Rex Ellsworth horses, the two complementing each other. Ellsworth is tough on horses and Shoe is patient. If you had a combination of Ellsworth and Hartack you'd have to shoot the horse after each race, but never with Shoe."

If there is a change in the world's most successful jockey, it is only that he finds it more difficult to get up for the less important races. "It's not that I don't respect the everyday races, the cheap races," Shoemaker says in his usual deferential manner. "But those sore-legged claimers are harder to ride than the good horses.

"So I don't always get thrilled by the prospect of riding one. But the good races are still fun to ride. Any kind of a big race, a good field, nice horses—then it's fun. You're not only on a good horse, but you're surrounded by good horses and good riders, too. But in the cheap races the horses are bad, and a lot of times you have some inexperienced young riders that're coming up and don't know how to do the thing yet. That's how I got hurt so bad at Santa Anita. Some young jock in front of me ran his horse up where he shouldn't have been, and his horse clipped another horse's heels and they went down, and I was right in the middle and couldn't get away from them. Sometimes I think about that when I'm in a squeeze in one of these cheaper races. I don't know—maybe that's why I'm so free with the advice to the young jockeys around here. Maybe it's just self-defense."

Another jockey might be thinking about retirement, but the idea doesn't seem to appeal to Shoemaker. Certainly, he is financially secure. His mounts have won over $43 million, of which his own share has been $4.3 million, less Harry Silbert's cut of about $1 million. Business investments have paid off for Shoemaker, and although he lives comfortably, he does not throw money around. His personal white convertible is five years old, and when he is at a track like Del Mar, half a mile from the seaside, he slouches about in an old pair of Bermuda shorts instead of showing off the fancy wardrobe that hangs in the closets of his luxury apartment in Beverly Hills. There will be no benefit racing cards for Mr. and Mrs. William Shoe-

continued

We made the tobacco for your favorite pipe.



Sail is blended in Holland from 14 of the world's smoothest, gentlest tobaccos. It's extra long cut to give you a slow-burning, cool smoke. Try it, it won't bite. Sail is imported in four blends from natural to fully aromatic. It will make your favorite pipe taste even better.

Made in Holland by Theodorus Niemeyer Holland's leading tobacco blender since 1819.
Available in handy pocket pouches and larger size export tins.

maker when they enter their dotage.

If Shoemaker's bank accounts seem to offer no special incentive for him to continue riding, neither does his racing record. He has done it all. Once he rode 485 winners in a single year and could have won 500 if he hadn't decided to take a vacation instead. He has led the nation's jockeys in winners five years, in money earned 10 years. He has won the Kentucky Derby three times and almost every major stake race at least once. He has raced nearly 25,000 miles sitting atop a straining, lurching horse surrounded by other straining, lurching horses for a distance equal to the circumference of the earth, an athletic feat almost without equal in sports history. His reputation is such that he singlehandedly distorts the pari-mutuels. "He makes a $20 bettor a $50 bettor," says Harry Silbert. "He makes a $50 bettor a $100 bettor. They play him with confidence. He cuts prices just by climbing up on a horse. I figure down through the years he's knocked off a point, a point-and-a-half on the average of every horse he's rode. Nowadays, if a horse is a natural 2-to-1 shot, Bill'll make him 6-to-5."

So what remains as incentive? "I don't know," says Shoemaker, "but I'm not ready to quit. I used to want to go to England or France and ride there for a year, but now I'm not so sure about that. To spend that much time—I don't think I'd like it. I rode in the Arc de Triomphe once, and I had a chance to go back this year on a horse owned by Earl Scheib, but I didn't take it. It's too much of a hassle.

"I guess I'll just go on riding here. I still enjoy it. I have a lot of things to remember, some good things, some bad things, but I'd do it all again. Horses like Gallant Man, Swaps, Round Table, Damascus. I always admired the distance horses the best. Jocks? Arcaro's still No. 1 to me. All by himself, nobody near him. He had everything: the style, the moves, the head. After him you skip down quite a few notches, and you come to jockeys like Jackie Westrope, Johnny Gilbert, and, of course, that great pro, Johnny Longden. There was never anybody more competitive than Johnny.

"People ask me what were my best wins, and I'll tell you, they all kind of blend together. My first win, on Shafter V, I remember clearly. But after that I have to think, to separate them all in my mind. I think the one race that I got the most satisfaction out of is one everybody else has forgotten—the San Juan Capistrano on the grass at Santa Anita, back eight or nine years ago. I rode a horse called Olden Times, strictly a miler, and the race was 1¾ miles. Nobody thought Olden Times could go that far, but I put him on the lead and slowed the pace down, and he just loped along nice and pretty. He had enough left to win it and fool everybody, maybe including me. Those are the races you remember, true tests, good distance races, not those short sprints that tear up your horse. But then I also remember a few



New from Dow.

One great cleaner for both chrome and vinyl.

There's never been anything like it. An exclusive new formula actually foams away mild rust deposits on chrome. Yet the deep cleaning action is gentle enough for vinyl tops and upholstery. If you feel special about that beautiful car, get something special to keep it that way. Get the one that does both jobs better. New Dow Chrome & Vinyl Cleaner.

© The Dow Chemical Co.

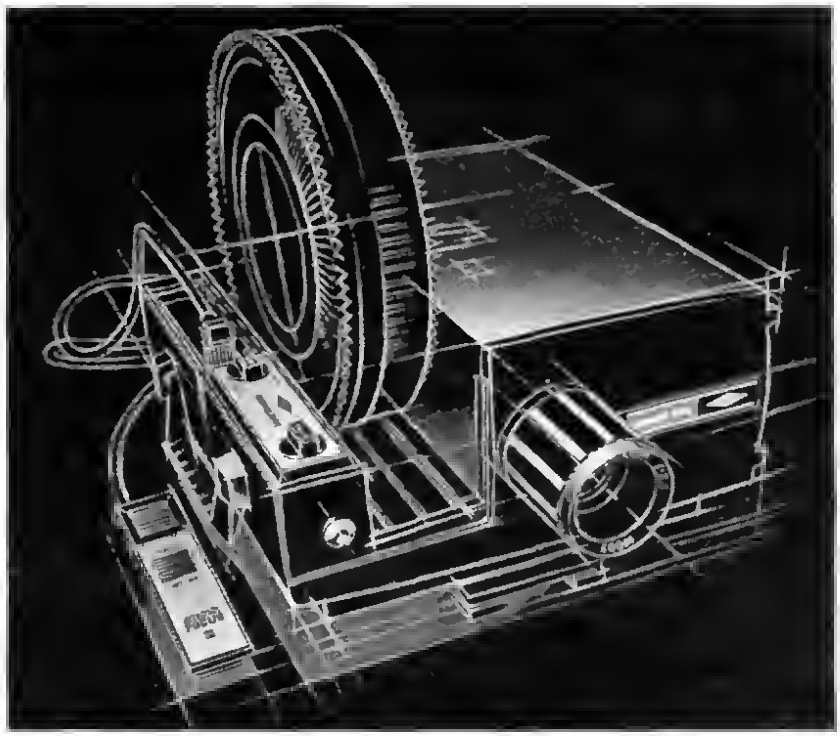
Note to home mechanics: try Dow's Super Line of car care products—including Dow Carb Cleaner, Carb & Choke Cleaner, and Super Brake Fluid. They're all engineered for high performance.

The Dow Chemical Company • Transportation Chemicals • Midland, Michigan 48640

sour notes. The worst one was when I misjudged the finish line in the Derby. That was a big disappointment to me. I didn't think anything like that could happen to me, but there's a lot of ways to lose a horse race. They're inventing new ones every day. The trick is to get out there and enjoy yourself. And I still do. When a good race comes along, with good horses and the best jockeys, I'm as excited as I was when I started."

Indeed, it would be hard to imagine a more rewarding and exciting summer for a jockey. When he turned 39 on Aug. 19, Shoemaker received a congratulatory telegram—collect—from Jack Benny. Last week he attended a state dinner hosted by President Nixon for Mexican President Gustavo Diaz Ordaz. All summer he hobnobbed with movie stars at Del Mar and played basketball and tennis and golf with his crony, Composer Burt Bacharach. He frolicked and gamboled and conversed with the kids of the neighborhood, and he drank a few whiskeys with the hangers-on who infiltrated his patio nightly. Professionally, he was at the absolute top of his craft, and his Chinaman smile and customary unflappability seemed to confirm a certain satisfaction with the life that flowed around him in the balmy seaside air of Southern California. If he had a problem, it was a minor one, and probably he would not even have thought of it if Harry Silbert hadn't brought it up. As Silbert explained later, "See, this has been the happiest association of my life, me and Bill. When I first took him I felt like I was his father. He knew nothing, you know? I just took somebody who was nothing. To me, it's a great feeling that I made him what he is. He was 17 when I was 38. Now I'm 59 and he's 39, and I still feel like his father. That's why I'm worried about this record. See, he's got to break Longden's record by at least 80 wins. You get me? You don't? Well, Bill didn't get it either when I told him. The thing is, Johnny's a very competitive guy, and if Bill just breaks his record by five or six wins, John'll come back. Sure as hell, he'll get out the old silks and he'll sneak up to Canada and he'll win enough races to get the record back."

When Silbert passed this word along to Shoemaker, they both laughed. Then they did a double take. At last report, Shoemaker planned to win at least 80 more races before retiring. **END**



SAWYER'S SLIDE PROJECTORS.
WE'VE BUILT IN EVERYTHING BUT OBSOLESCENCE.

From the moment you remove the wrappings you can see why the Sawyer's Rotomatic® 747AQZ slide projector will still be new years from now.

You're first struck by its slide handling versatility. The 747AQZ gives very special, individual care to your slides. And it handles them in any of five different ways.

It will accept a 100 slide Sawyer's Rototray® for regular slides. Or Sawyer's universal 60-slide Rotatray for metal or glass mounts. Or a Sawyer's Easy-Edit® straight tray. Or a Sawyer's Stack loader. As well as most universal 30-36 slide trays (you can probably use the trays you already have on this new Sawyer's).

There's even the Sawyer's Pop-Up Editor that allows you to reposition slides or feed them in, one at a time, by hand.

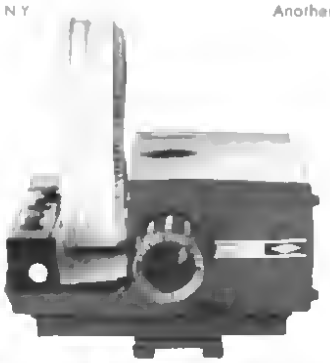
All that, plus Automatic Focusing (you only focus the first slide), Automatic Timer (for automatic cycling at any interval from 5 to 30 seconds), forward/reverse remote control, a 4" 6" zoom lens, 500-watt Quartz Halogen lamp, lighted control panel, patented title viewer and a power cord reel for easy rewinding.

All for the suggested retail price of $199.50. Ten other Sawyer's slide projector models start as low as $59.50.

Look them over carefully. With a projector that doesn't get old or lost, you won't be turning it in so quick.

© GAF Corporation, New York, N.Y.

Another fine product from gaf®



SAWYER'S SLIDE PROJECTORS.

140 W[illegible] [illegible], N.Y. [illegible] 10020

You can operate the SCM 111 for 21% less than the Xerox 720.

The ground rules for our comparison were simple and fairly typical: A) 7000 copies per month, B) 5 copies or less from each original.

The operating costs of our SCM 111 Copier (on a 12 month Copy Service Agreement) were then matched against the Xerox 720.

No Fine Print

SCM costs were 21% less. No ifs or maybes. A clear cut 21% less. An SCM representative can give you comparison figures for other monthly volumes.

And here's the kicker.

SCM will guarantee prices against an increase for up to 24 months. Xerox doesn't give you this protection.

Gentlemen, Start Your Stopwatches

Now, about our copier. The SCM 111 is faster than the 720. Our "first copy" time is 8 seconds. Theirs is 19 seconds. And in "copies per minute" we beat them 16 to 12.

The SCM 111 also holds more paper than the 720. 500 sheets versus 200.

It even has a simple push-button to choose between standard and legal size paper. The 720 offers only one size paper at a time.

Facts Galore

These are all facts. Call an SCM representative and he won't roll in a copier. He'll roll in facts. An armful of them if you want. Then you make the decision.

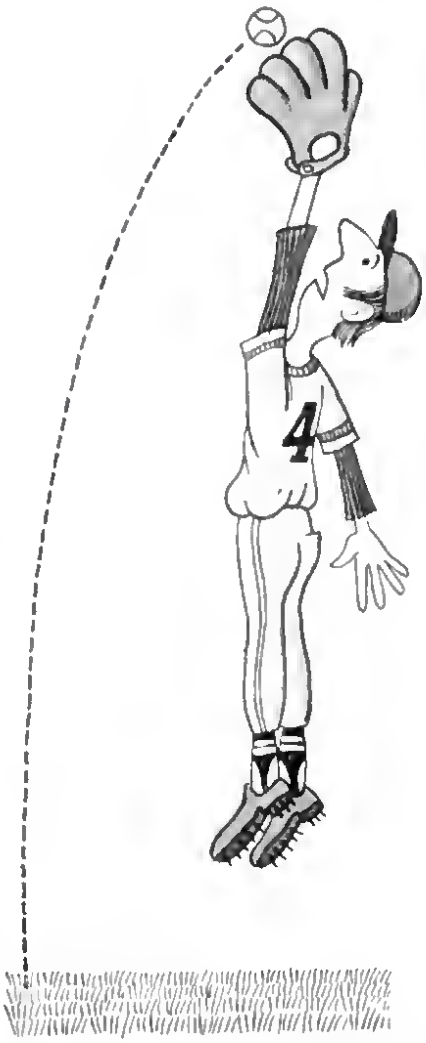
(P.S. If a Xerox man is talking "2400" or "3600" to you, please let an SCM man talk "111." It's a littler number. With littler costs.)

SCM SMITH-CORONA MARCHANT



The SCM 111. We made it to be better.

A SURFACE CASE OF BUGS IN THE RUGS



Suppoeedly a money sever, ertificiai turf is now the big thing in besebell. Faster and bouncier than grass, it le chenging the old geme—but not entirely for the better

by PETER CARRY

GRAS-TYME IS DOON, MY FODDER IS NOW FORAGE. . . .

Geoffrey Chaucer

IF A HORSE CAN'T EAT IT, I DON'T WANT TO PLAY ON IT.

Richie Allen

Grass, the old-fashioned, common, green growing stuff, is dying out, a lamentable death wrought of ambiguity and polyestered progress. In most cities more of it is found on air controllers' radar scopes than on the ground. Some people spend their time smoking it rather than mowing it, while others busily try to weed out the smokers instead of dandelions. Grass in America, it seems, has had its heyday, and no place is it less in clover than in one of its oldest strongholds, baseball.

This season ball parks in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and San Francisco have gone the way of Houston's Astrodome and Chicago's White Sox Park by sewing synthetic playing surfaces. Fake fields are easier and cheaper to maintain, say their owners, most of whom are steely traditionalists on other matters pertaining to the game. Players and managers, who do not approach the question of field conditions by first checking a five-year depreciation schedule, are at best ambivalent about the new surfaces and how they will affect the playing of baseball. Groundkeepers are unambiguous. They, like the purists among the fans, abhor artificial fields. In fact, the only thing that everyone can agree upon about the new diamonds is that soon there will be more of them.

Philadelphia will open its new park complete with an AstroTurf surface next season, and, although the stadium-building boom seems to have now run its course, many older parks, especially ones in which football and baseball are played, have already been surveyed for rugs.

With the exception of Houston, where the original synthetic field was installed when it was discovered, to no one's great surprise, that grass is difficult to grow indoors, the laying of artificial baseball fields has been guided by economics. It is estimated that, on an average, a surface pays for itself in reduced maintenance costs in seven years.

Impressive for stockholders or city councilmen but unconvincing to the players, if Cardinal Shortstop Dal Maxvill is any indication. Maxvill is the lone player representative on the Baseball Commissioner's artificial-turf committee, and he prefaced his remarks on the new fields with an obscenity. "I don't think any of us like it, deep down," he continued. "Oh, some guys may say they like it because they know it's here to stay, but, really, I don't think they do."

A SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sampling of player opinion on all major league teams reveals strong support for Maxvill's view. Very few players wholeheartedly approve of the new fields, although most can count some advantages for their personal strengths or their teams'. A significant minority, including Managers Ted Williams and Leo Durocher, are outspokenly against artificial turf.



Most of the complaints involve the heat on the playing surfaces and the hardness of their asphalt bases. The stiff foundations cause batted balls to travel at higher velocities and have given some players, mostly older ones, sore legs. Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium, which is covered with Tartan Turf instead of the AstroTurf used at the other parks, generally receives better comments from National League players. They feel its slower surface makes the ball travel at more reasonable speeds, and its better underpadding allows more comfortable running.

Houston's five-year-old AstroTurf field, the first installation of the sort anywhere in the world, is the most widely criticized except when the players talk of heat. (The air-conditioned Astrodome is always 72°.) Cooking thermometers have become a standard part of baseball equipment this season as managers, trainers and sportswriters have engaged in measuring the effects of the midday sun on field-level climate. Temperatures as high as 160° on the surface and 134° just above it have been reported in Cincinnati. On a 90° day in St. Louis, the temperature was 123° at the surface, and 114° six feet above it. The heat conditions are caused by the baking asphalt under the turf, which, unlike grass and dirt fields, does not give off cooling, evaporating moisture.

"It's like playing on a shopping-center parking lot on a hot day," says Brave Manager Luman Harris, who is otherwise uncritical of the synthetic fields. Last spring outfielders at games in St. Louis and San Francisco found that blisters formed on the bottoms of their feet even on cool days. Infielders learned the same lesson later in the season when Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium opened. There even the dirt infield has been eliminated, except for sliding areas around the bases and home plate. At all these fields players now wear innersoles in their spikes, but some, like the Giants' Bobby Bonds, have found they do not protect against blistering. Two Florida inventors have recently begun selling innersoles to the Reds that have built-in intake valves and exhaust vents to circulate cool air under the feet as the wearer walks or runs. Because artificial turf is not as easily pierced as dirt, the Pirates' Willie Stargell and others have switched to wearing ripple-soled shoes for better traction. A greater number of players, including the entire Giant outfield, have gone to wearing soccer-type cleats for the same reason. They must be careful to use shoes fitted with rubber or heat-resistant synthetic cleats, since the plastic fittings manufactured to be worn on grass melt on synthetic surfaces.

The heat problem is barely reduced on warm summer nights. During this year's All-Star Game in Cincinnati, Boston's Carl Yastrzemski, one of two men to play all 12 innings, had to change his sweat-soaked shirt three times.

The speed with which balls carom off the hard surfaces is the other primary source of players' complaints. Three Dodgers—Pitcher Don Sutton, Utilityman Bill Sudakis and Infielder Bill Grabarkewitz—offered typical critiques, even though their fast, spray-hitting team has won 16 of 24 games on artificial turf this year.

"It's like trying to catch rocks as they skip across a lake," said Sutton, who should know. Like other pitchers, he is the only member of the defense who cannot play deeper to allow the fast-moving balls extra room.

"It's faster—like stickball," added Sudakis. "It's like trying to play with a rubber ball on cement."

"No matter where you play in the infield, you're a third baseman. Everything hit is a shot," Grabarkewitz concluded.

Met First Baseman Donn Clendenon gave a casual display of the extra life in synthetic fields during a series last week in St. Louis. After taking a throw for the final out of an inning he dribbled the ball basketball-style to the mound as he returned to the dugout. Giant Coach Jim Davenport no longer says he is leaving for the stadium when he heads to a game at Candlestick Park. Instead, he says, "It's time to go to the basketball court."

Before the artificial turf came into wide use its springiness was well known. Because of it, certain changes in the game were predicted. Two of the most popular forecasts were that many more runs would be scored and that certain batters—like the Reds' Pete Rose and the Pirates' Matty Alou and Roberto Clemente, who are expert ground-ball and line-drive spray hitters—would suddenly revive the era of the .400 hitter. Neither has come true. Of the four teams that moved onto synthetic fields this season,

continued



two have averaged fewer runs per game on artificial surfaces than off them. The Pirates show an increase in scoring of seven-tenths of a run per game and the Cardinals only four-tenths. And the spray hitters have yet to turn the surface to their advantage. Alou has averaged .270 in Pittsburgh's new stadium, and Clemente has hit .323. Both figures are well under the players' season averages. Rose has suffered similarly in Cincinnati.

Pitchers are still moaning—"There goes another synthetic single over the bogus blades of the ersatz infield" or something to that effect—every time they see a grounder bounce over the shortstop's head, yet they deserve no sympathy. The higher, speedier bounces and the faster roll that baseballs take on artificial turf have indeed added hits on batted balls that would have been outs in the past. Yet, as the decreased number of runs scored indicates, they have subtracted hits, too. The truer bounce has made the ball easier to grab once it is caught up to. Even with the infielders playing deeper—some of them on the edge of the outfield—balls that formerly would result as forceouts become double plays, even in the case of such fast left-handed batters as the Dodgers' Willie Davis and the Cards' Lou Brock.

In the future smart positioning and quick hands probably will become more important than range for infielders. "Anybody who hits the ball in the air in a park with artificial turf should fine himself," argues San Diego Coach Bob Skinner. "Not only do you have a better chance of beating out the choppers, but the outfielders are going to be playing deeper and catching more of the long flies."

Outfielders tend to bunch deep in toward the power lanes in right and left center field to cut off doubles and triples. The synthetic turf does not slow ground balls as grass does, so unfielded grounders in the outfield will usually roll to the wall before they stop. This billiard-table effect, plus the unusually high bounces that line drives take, have made outfielders even more standoffish than infielders. A typical play could have cost the Mets a victory in their crucial series in St. Louis last week. A liner to right center that



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES FLORA

easily could have been contained for a single by Rightfielder Ron Swoboda on a grass field took a high, fast bounce into the alley. Only an ungainly leap, at full speed, by the Mets' fielder prevented an extra-base hit. The next day Swoboda gave up a triple when he missed fielding what seemed a simple single. To protect against balls rolling routinely to the wall, the defense will have to give up more Texas League singles and concede triples on hits down the foul lines that normally would go for doubles. However, extra-base hits in the alleys and long blows over the outfielders' heads may be rarely seen on synthetic fields.

The faster surfaces are also forcing managers to revise their strategy. "I won't play my infield in unless it's the last of the ninth and there's a runner on third who can beat me," says San Diego's Preston Gomez. Although drag bunting may be easier on artificial fields, since the ball will roll faster past the in-charging defenders, sacrifice bunts of the type that merely drop in front of the plate and stop may become extinct. Even with the first and third basemen laying back farther than they do on grass fields, the fast surface often results in cutting down the lead runner. Some managers have already begun to rely more heavily on hit-and-run and run-and-bunt tactics in traditional sacrifice situations.

The one aspect of the synthetic surface that is unanimously praised is the uniformity of the bounces it produces. Good fielders can pursue grounders more aggressively because they can be certain that they will not have to make adjustments with their gloves at the last moment to cope with bad hops. "The surface should help good fielders and hurt bad ones," says the Braves' Harris. Most infielders agree, even to the point of preferring Cincinnati's all-artificial surface despite the heat underfoot. "I thought the all-rug infield would cut down my range, that I wouldn't be able to get to a lot of balls I'd handle on dirt," says the Phils' shortstop, Larry Bowa. "But I was wrong. I discovered I could get a good jump and, with every hop a true one, I have to vote for this kind of infield." Third and first basemen, who play behind the sliding pits at their bases on the Reds' new field, are not as enthusiastic because of the irregular bounces grounders take in the pits.

The groundkeepers are among the few baseball people who have made a firm decision on the new turf. They think it is a pile of old-fashioned fertilizer. Matty Schwab, crew chief at Candlestick Park, used to water his field when it was dry, fertilize it a couple of times a year and cut it every Tuesday and Friday morning. Now a pair of his men spend two hours every morning vacuuming the field with a 10-foot-wide machine. Once a month the surface is sudsed up with detergent and rinsed off with a fire hose. Occasionally acetone is applied to remove globs of chewing gum.

Cigarette butts and football games are special problems. Visitors to the field who unluckily begin to light up are immediately set upon by legions of stadium guardians. Hot ashes, matches and crushed cigarette stubs leave the same sort of brown rings on plastic fields that they would on the Oriental rug in the living room. The lines drawn on the new surfaces are supposed to be washable with detergent and water, but, as anyone who has watched recent Sunday baseball games knows, it has not worked out that way. Attempts to remove the yard lines from football games preceding baseball games have left clear outlines of the gridiron on the field. They have also swamped the surface. Despite attempts to push off the excess water, blow

continued

Head-wetting?
At your age?



Get The Dry Look
Dry control. New from Gillette!

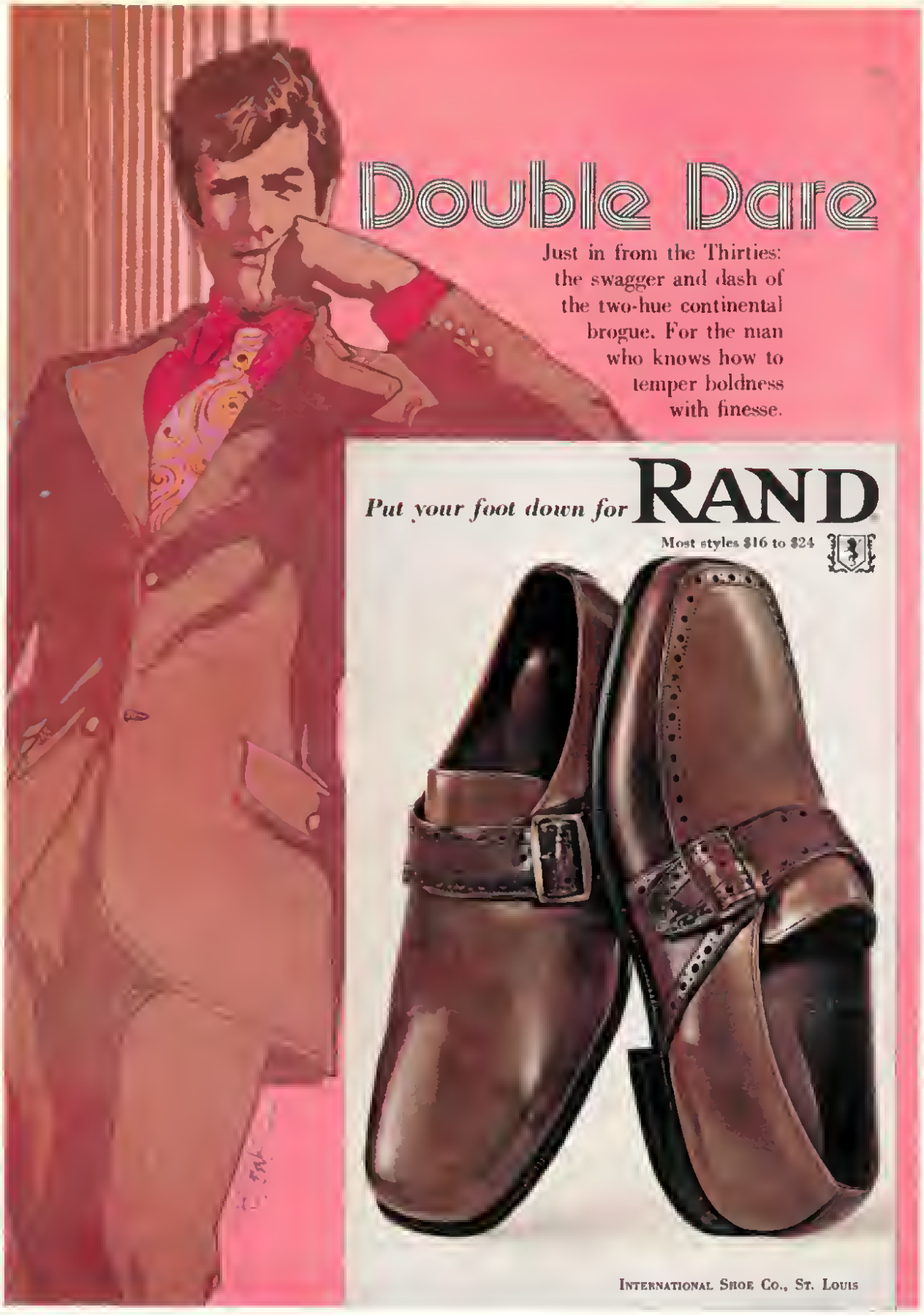
Wetting your head with oils, creams, even water, belongs to another age. Today, a guy wants his hair more casual-looking. And dry!

So Gillette invented The Dry Look. It's dry control in an aerosol can. The Dry Look lets you groom your hair in that easygoing, casual style, then keeps it lightly in place. And dry! And with the unique valve on top, you can set just the right degree of dry control for you. So remember. . .

The Wethead is Dead
Long Live The Dry Look!



© 1970 The Gillette Company Boston Mass


Double Dare
Just in from the Thirties: the swagger and dash of the two-hue continental brogue. For the man who knows how to temper boldness with finesse.
Put your foot down for RAND
Most styles $16 to $24
INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS

it off and wring it out, it still remains, often for days.

"If it was my grass, I'd kick you off it quick, but not this stuff," Schwab said to a reporter meandering across his new field this spring. Although Schwab retains the appearance of a gardener, with his tanned, leathery skin and a crumple, straw fedora, he hardly feels like one. "Pride is lost," he said. "There used to be some talent involved in groundkeeping. You'd find a worn spot—rake it—seed it—put a little fertilizer on it—water it. Now you don't get to see anything grow."

The biggest losers of all in the new ball parks of even bounces and inorganic sterility may be the fans. Already there are some who are saying that the traditionalist owners who like to assign a position for baseball somewhere between God and motherhood are—not to put too fine a point on it—full of polystyrene hunk. The game *is* sorely in need of a change in attitude, but not in fields. A plastic field, like a two-day-old bologna sandwich pulled out of a bus-terminal vending machine, fills a momentary need but is unlikely to attract a long-standing clientele.

Baseball cannot be readjusted to compete with football's violence or basketball's speed. Its lasting attraction must be its atmosphere of relaxation and naturalness. The Boston Red Sox and the Chicago Cubs still play day games in old, but very friendly, well-gardened parks. Their attendances are better than all but a few teams in baseball, even though their teams have been particularly frustrating also-rans the past two seasons. In both cities an unusually high percentage of young people attend games. The atmosphere is warm, unhurried, occasionally exciting and generally very healthy, roughly the sort that an older person would associate with a picnic or a younger one with a rock festival. Fifty-nine-year-old Twin Coach Frank Crosetti said early this season, "What they're playing on those fields isn't baseball. I'm glad I didn't have to play on it. The people who invented baseball intended that it be played outdoors on the good earth and under the sun. It's what I call 'a natural game'—on infields and outfields of grass." Or, as Richie Allen says, the kind that a horse can eat. **END**

If you just want to look good, don't light it.



COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1970

College football coaches have always lived with certain nightmares with intellectual linemen who jumped offside because they couldn't remember exactly what "hut" meant, with fullbacks who flunked Park and Rec, with quarterbacks who threw wobblers into the trombone section and with evil, left-leaning referees who hurled red flags on first-and-goal. These were horrid dreams, but the coach managed to erase them with some good old American hard hitting on the practice field and a reminder to himself that the danged old football just wasn't round. By Saturday everything would be O.K., and the team would go out to win one for the campus, the city, the state, the boys overseas, Mom and Pop and, just to inject a note of sentimentality, for the coach's job.

All of this was a long time ago, however. Several hours, anyhow. Enter now the fresh season of 1970, a whole new decade of the sport with so many problems of a complex and sophisticated nature that college football may never be the same again. Enter now a new kind of nightmare for the poor coach.

It begins with a newspaper headline that causes the coach to strangle on his cereal. The paper says: NCAA RULES COMMITTEE VOTES OUT FREE SUBS.

"There is too much scoring," a rules spokesman says. "Players should go both ways. It will help them become better computer salesmen. After all, this will put the foot back in football."

The nightmare continues with another story the following day, which causes the coach to strangle on his smothered steak in the training-room cafeteria. The paper says: NCAA CALLS FOR NATIONAL SCHOLARSHIP LIMIT.

"Twenty scholarships a year in football is enough for anybody," a scholarship spokesman says. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if Baptist Seminary could compete evenly with Alabama? After all, how many scholarships does gymnastics get?"

Now the nightmare turns to game day. Big game, big crowd, television. But things are not the same. Curiously every lad in the stadium wears a beard and hair like Ann-Margret. Everybody waves a pennant that says GO CANADA.

The coach notices that vandals have sneaked into the stadium the night before and painted P-E-A-C-E on the AstroTurf.

The goalposts are decorated with draft cards, the cheerleaders wear granny dresses and they give the locomotive for Ho Chi Minh. The card section spells out C-A-R-D S-E-C-T-I-O-N, and when everybody rises for the National Anthem the band plays *Me and Bobby McGee*.

Finally, on what is supposed to be the opening kickoff, the two teams jog casually toward one another, hug and kiss, light up strange cigarettes and romp off the field as one group, unfurling a huge banner that says: THE END ZONE IS WHITEY'S TURF.

It won't happen, of course. Not immediately, and maybe never. But the powers of college football are openly concerned about the "mood" of young people and how it might affect their game.

"All I know is, you can't talk to athletes like you once could," says Penn State's Joe Paterno. "You can't sit on 'em. They're exposed to too many things. They're too smart, too aware. If they're not convinced that self-discipline is for their own good, they're not going to perform like you want them to."

Coaches and athletic directors are also worried about money. They're afraid

ANOTHER NIGHTMARE FOR THE YEAR AHEAD

by DAN JENKINS

that burgeoning expenses may prompt the rulesmakers to throw the game back to the one-platoon era, which requires fewer good athletes. They know a move like this would only result in bringing back the quick kick.

The decade of the 1960s began this way, and it might be nice to reflect back on it briefly, since we may never know its pleasures again.

As the decade got under way, some coaches had already learned that they could platoon within the rules, with Chinese Bandits and such. Suddenly, the "wild cards" became unlimited substitution. And specialists started to mingle with dazzling new systems, all of them giving the college game more sweep and scoring than even the pros knew.

The defense still hasn't caught up with all of the full-field shifting, motion, deception, power *and* passing that has been generated by things called the I spread, the Pro Set, the Veer, the Shifting T and the Triple Option with Wishbone.

The only thing coaches know for sure is that they have to have a strong four-man rush and the capability of *four* alert, rangy linebackers, one of which ought to be a superathlete who can play defensive end, linebacker or cornerback a roverback on the order of Ohio State's Jack Tatum.

The 1960s produced record scores, record crowds and perhaps a record number of glittering heroes. There were passers like Joe Namath, Roger Staubach, George Mira, Gary Beban, Mike Phipps and Terry Hanratty. There were runners like O. J. Simpson, Gale Sayers, Mike Garrett, Floyd Little and Steve Owens. There were defensive stars like Tommy Nobis, Dick Butkus, George Webster and Jack Tatum, who is still around, just like Archie Manning (*see cover*), Jim Plunkett and Rex Kern are still around among the fairy-tale quarterbacks, and the way that Steve Worster, Joe Moore, Bill Burnett and Clarence Davis are around to carry the ball.

A new wave of geniuses among coaches appeared in the 1960s, and they are the same men who begin the 1970s as the glamour figures—the Darrell Royals, John McKays, Frank Broyleses, Joe Paternos and Bob Devaneys. They have long since joined Bear Bryant and Woody Hayes and a few others as proven giants in the profession.

These were the men who consistently produced splendid teams, those that hung in year after year in the top 10, captured most of the national championships and set the strategic trends for others.

It's interesting to contemplate what they accomplished and to contemplate further if they, or anyone else, can do so well in the next 10 years when athletes can hardly be expected to dedicate themselves so blindly.

From a won-lost standpoint the three coaches who enjoyed the most success were Bryant, Royal and Devaney. Each man had six teams that won at least nine games in a season, counting bowls. Bryant got pieces of three national titles, and Royal won two unanimously. Devaney got none, but Nebraska reached a status it had never known before.

In a recent poll of national writers and broadcasters conducted by ABC-TV, Royal was voted the Coach of the Decade. Possibly Royal won on the basis of his elaborate success in bowl games. Texas won the glittering biggies over Navy and Staubach, over Alabama and Namath and over Notre Dame. And this was quite aside from Royal's two No. 1s, his five Southwest Conference

continued

titles and the fact that he concluded both the decade and first 100 years by ushering in a new attack, the Wishbone, that will set the pace for the early '70s

There was a good case to be made for John McKay as the leading coach. It was McKay, after all, who broke open the era of passing and high scoring with his variations on the I formation. He, too, won a couple of No. 1s, went to five Rose Bowls (including a record four in succession, this could make five) and he had the added pleasure of coaching two Heisman Trophy winners in Garrett and O J.

For all of the repetitious winning of the usual powers—USC, Texas and Alabama—the decade will be remembered as the one that saw a climb to power of new giants like Arkansas and Nebraska, as well as the restored glory that came to Notre Dame, Tennessee, Georgia, UCLA and Michigan. Even some traditional have-nots like Kansas (1968), Indiana (1967), SMU (1966) and Purdue (Griese, Keyes and Phipps) had their fleeting moments of boisterousness.

Nearly every major college coach agrees that it would be a shame for the NCAA to order a cutback on scholarships, as is silently being discussed, or for the rulesmakers to boot the game backward to the one-platoon style in an effort to achieve a balance of power.

"The haves have generally been the haves and the have-nots have generally been the have-nots," says one coach, "regardless of the rules."

It's very true. Under any style of play the top coaches and the top teams will endure if not prosper. A place like Texas under Royal or USC under McKay can just as easily pick off the best 20 recruits as it can pick off the best 40. No effort to bring down the big teams has ever succeeded when smart coaches worked at big schools with winning attitudes and winning traditions.

The answer has always been for the have-nots to drag themselves up as, say, a Purdue, a Houston, a Florida State or an SMU has done. How? In some cases clean house. In others more vigorous recruiting, especially in the area of the blacks.

"Football has to make money," says Oklahoma's Chuck Fairbanks. "It has to support the spring sports. I can show you how to have a heck of a wrestling team. Let me recruit the guys who'll get us on top in football and we'll have good everything."

As another coach says, "Some administrations expect you to invest only $30,000 recruiting and make about $2 million with it at the gate with a winner. How many other businesses do it?"

There are real fears in the collegiate world about protests and demonstrations against football and about the lack of adequate incentive among athletes.

One coach who seems to be particularly paranoid over long hair, pot, militant blacks and so forth, says: "We hear they've got four television games picked out where they'll do something."

They *who?*

"Well, you know," he says.

For all the fears it is still not easy to envision a group of demonstrators in a stadium at South Bend, Austin, Los Angeles, Fayetteville, Tuscaloosa, Columbus, Baton Rouge or a number of other places and see them escaping with their lives or even their revolution shirts from the Army-Navy store.

Not that there aren't indications—mild ones, at least—that places are changing.

At Texas, for example, Darrell Royal for the first time is likely to have a black athlete in the starting lineup—a sophomore roverback on defense named Julius Whittier.

But already Whittier has been quoted in the newspapers as saying he might have more in common with the campus hippies than with his teammates.

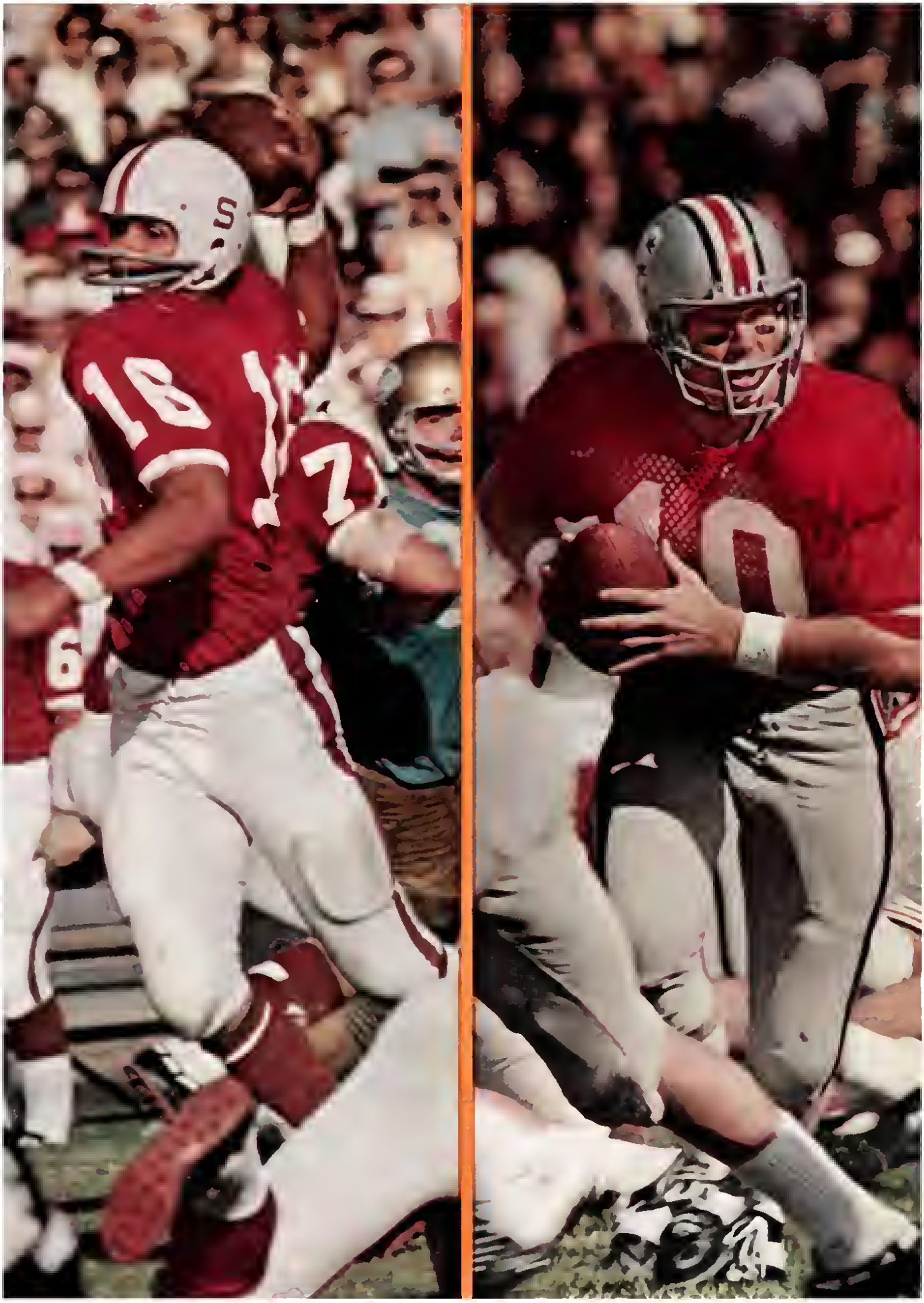
And how did that sit with Royal?

"I didn't say anything," Darrell explained. "I didn't have to. His mama jumped all over him."

Good mamas have always been the answer to nightmares. Ask any boy or college coach.

Red-Letter Year for Quarterbacks

Perhaps the loudest campus protest of the year will occur late in November when one quarterback and only one, emerges as the consensus All-America and, most likely, the Heisman Trophy winner. For instance, if that quarterback is not Jim Plunkett (right) then Stanford is going to let the rest of the country hear about it. If it is Plunkett, then Ohio State is going to be just as vocal, arguing that it should have been Rex Kern (far right). There will also be screams from Mississippi, Florida, Notre Dame—well, from all over. There are more outstanding quarterbacks this season than ever before, and those who are shown on the following pages are only some of the best. But not all. So let's not have any protests, please.





With no more handoffs to Steve Owens, Jack Mildren of Oklahoma can run his own show.



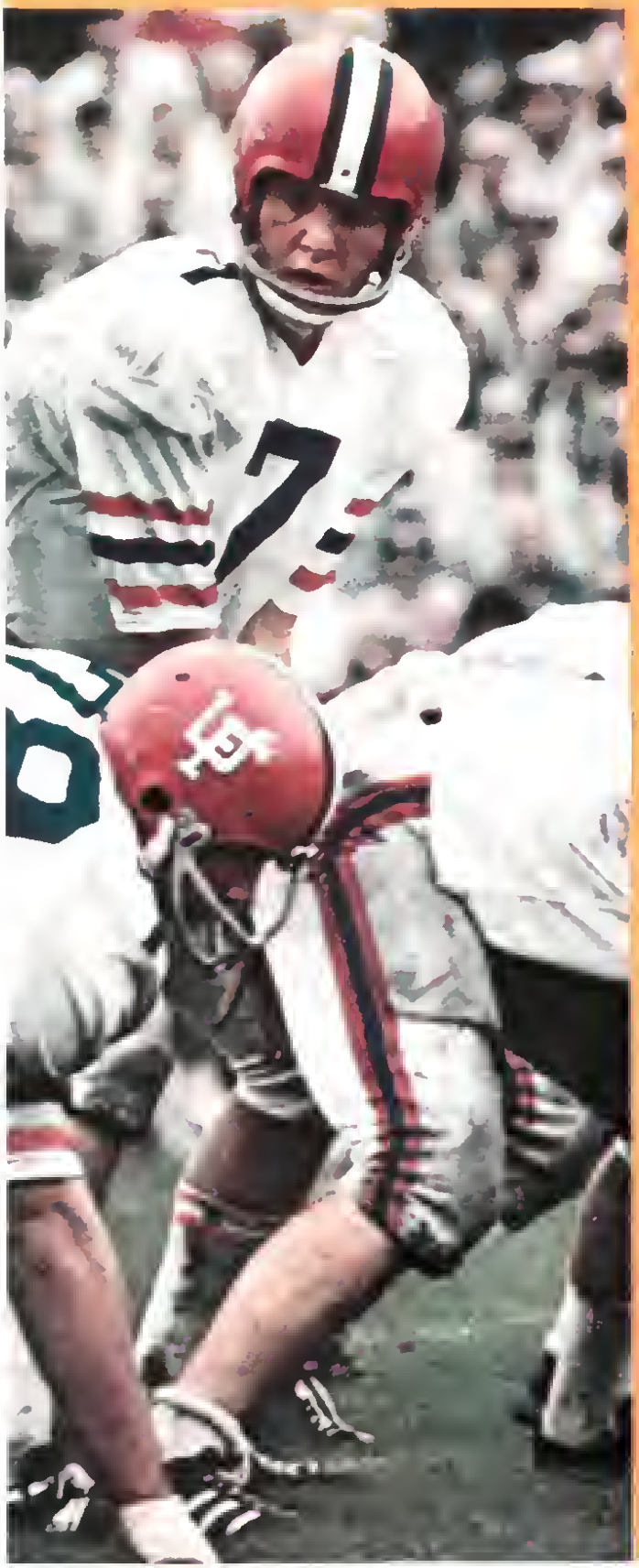


Joe Theismann is set to give Notre Dame a Lujack-Huarte-Hanratty kind of season.

It's Chuck Hixson back and not much else but even that will keep SMU's foes loose

Jimmy Jones can't pass, some argue, but somehow he led USC to an unbeaten season

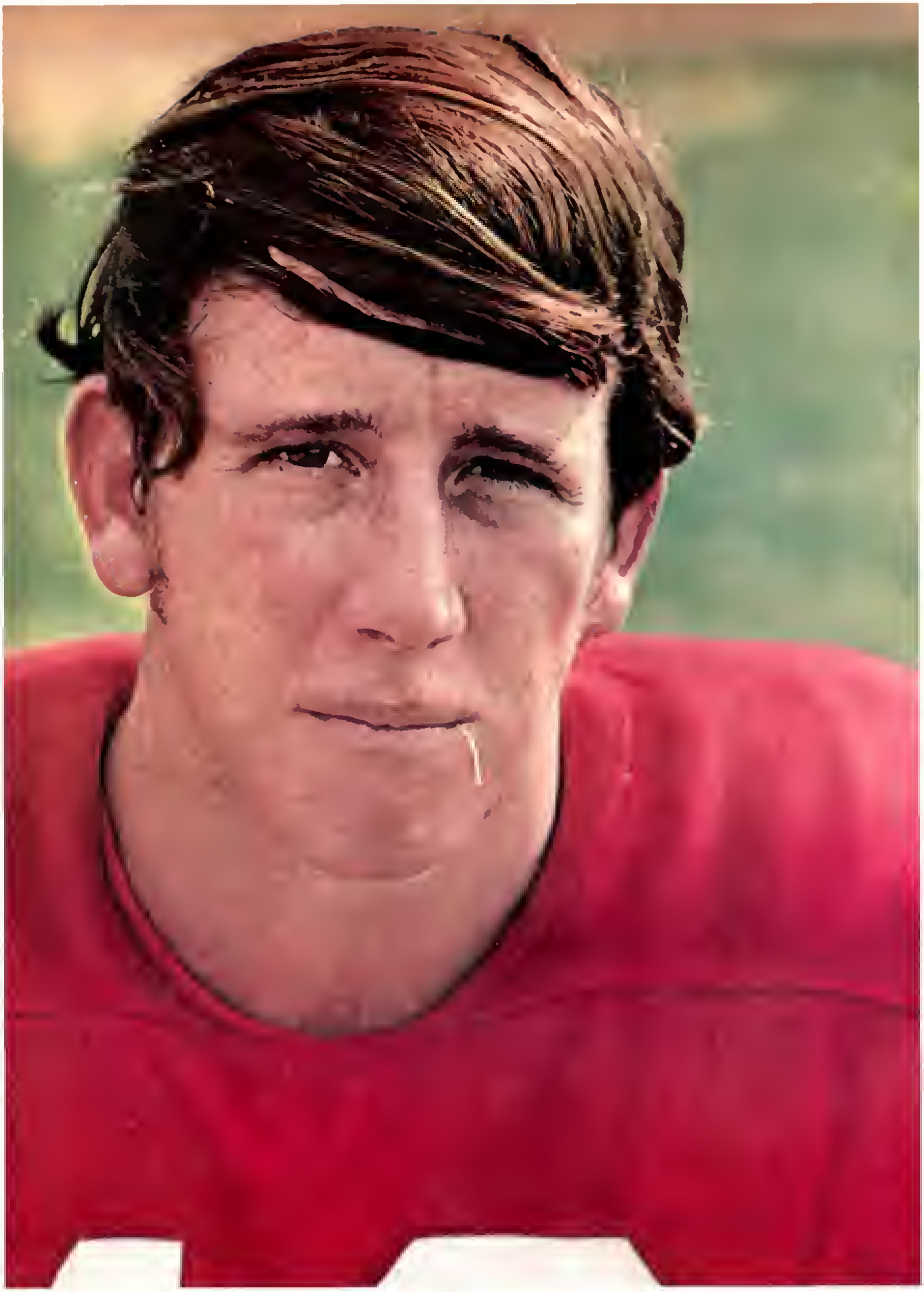
With John Reaves set to pass and Carlos Alvarez ready to catch, Florida is golden.





When Lynn Dickey chose Kansas State, Vince Gibson's Purple Pride really flowered





...and the best of them all is ARCHIE

by WILLIAM F. REED

Even his best friends would agree that Elisha Archie Manning III hardly resembles Mr. Good-Looking All-America Cover Boy Quarterback. He has red hair, freckles and a rather prominent nose, and his sturdy young face always seems to reflect a certain quality of sadness and rural innocence. The press has frequently called him college football's Huckleberry Finn and, in fact, it is not difficult to envision Manning back home in rustic little Drew, Miss. (pop. 2,143), sailing down the river on a raft or sneaking off to some secret shady fishing hole. All of which makes it rather remarkable that Archie Manning of the Ole Miss Rebels is not only the quarterback for this—or, perhaps any—college season, but also the object of one of the wildest displays of adulation ever accorded any athlete anywhere, anytime.

The phenomenon now known as "Archie Fever" began last fall when, as a junior, Manning passed and ran the Rebels to an 8-3 record—including an upset of Arkansas in the Sugar Bowl. First red-and-blue buttons inscribed "Archie" or "Archie's Army" blossomed like dogwood all over the Ole Miss campus in Oxford. Then some Tennessee fans came up with "Archie Who?" buttons, and the craze was on. After Archie and the Rebels wiped out Tennessee 38-0 in Jackson, Ole Miss came back with "You Know Damn Well Who" buttons. Lamont Wilson, a postal clerk in Magnolia, Miss., took the tune of Johnny Cash's *Folsom Prison Blues* and hastily worked up a ditty entitled *The Ballad of Archie Who*. Recorded on the Hoddy Toddy label by a guitar-twanging group known as The Rebel Rousers, the song sold 35,000 copies quicker than you can whistle *Dixie*, and young Manning became a sort of instant folk hero.

Now, with Archie starting his senior season, the fever has spread through the land. At least five writers have offered to tell his story, and this fall his soulful blue eyes will be peering out from several magazine covers. So great is the demand for his autograph that the Ole Miss athletic department has made a rubber stamp of his signature and assigned a secretary to handle his mail. Finally, a fast-food chain wanted to sell "Archie Burgers," and a Memphis manufacturer tried to put out an entire line of Archie products—including a life-size Archie balloon.

"I've never seen anything like it," says Ole Miss Coach Johnny Vaught, who has seen his share in 24 years as head coach in Oxford. "I guess it's the times, the desire to glorify athletes, like the Namath thing. Thank goodness Archie is a smart man, a sensible man and he hasn't let any of it go to his head. Why, I don't think he even thinks about it."

"Oh, sure, I've kind of wondered about it," says Archie, who blushes and squirms uncomfortably when forced into self-consciousness. "The only thing I can figure out is that Archie is a different name. Maybe if it were Bill or something none of this would have started. I don't mind too much because I've always wanted to be an athlete. The only thing that worries me is how my teammates feel. If they keep joking about it, then it's all right with me."

Beneath all the hoopla there is a marvelous football player. Two years ago Manning had the finest season, statistically, of any Ole Miss back since Charlie Conerly was running the single wing in 1947. He gained 208 yards rushing and 1,510 in passing as Ole Miss finished with a 7-3-1 record, including a Liberty Bowl victory. Last season Archie's statistics were even more impressive. He completed

continued

154 of 265 passes for 1,762 yards and nine touchdowns and ran 124 times for 502 yards and 14 more touchdowns. His 2,264 yards in total offense included 540 yards in one game, that wild, nationally televised 33–32 loss to Alabama.

His play earned him more awards and trophies than his mother could fit into the trophy cases at their home in Drew. The most noteworthy was the Walter Camp Memorial Award for the outstanding college back in America given by the Washington Touchdown Club. Attending the club's black-tie dinner to receive the award, Archie found himself seated between Supreme Court Justice Douglas and former Justice Clark, which is an awkward spot for a Southerner to find himself in these days.

"Well, young man," said Clark, waving a hand toward the 2,500 who attended the dinner, "I guess you're used to crowds like this."

"No, Mr. Justice," said Archie, blushing. "Why, there are more people here tonight than live in my home town of Drew."

Like most of the other fine quarterbacks of this season, Manning is big, fast, strong and clever. Says Vaught, who started using the split-T more than 20 years ago, "He's the ideal sprint-out quarterback—as dangerous passing as any man there is, and fine running the ball, too." At 6' 3½" Archie is tall enough to spot his receivers over the heads of charging enemy linemen. He runs the 100-yard dash in 10.2 seconds, which gives him speed to turn the ends, and he has built his once-scrawny body up to 205 pounds, which gives him strength to go up the middle. And his passing? "Archie has the arm to hit you with the bullet," says his favorite receiver, Split End Floyd Franks, "or he can float the long one up the field." Finally, Manning has the intelligence and football instinct to call the right play at the right time—and make it work.

"He has a great football mind," says Vaught. "I have now reached the point with Archie that anything he wants to do from any place on the field at any time is all right with me."

Beyond his ample physical and mental attributes, Manning also is blessed with something else—a clutch quality, one might say, that derives from his ability to snatch the Rebels from defeat, usually in dramatic fashion. Against Georgia last season, for instance, the Ole Miss fans were ready to toss in their Rebel flags after Archie hurt his neck late in the first half. But with the Rebs trailing 17–13 in the third quarter, Archie sprinted back on the field accompanied by a wild ovation—"That was the most embarrassing thing that happened to me all season," Archie says—and passed Ole Miss to a 25–17 victory. Against LSU, considered the strongest defensive team in the South, Ole Miss fell behind 23–12, but Archie scored two TDs and a two-point conversion to account for a 26–23 win after which Frank J. Polozola, a Baton Rouge attorney and staunch LSU fan, filed a suit in federal district court seeking an injunction to prevent Manning from "further harassment" of the LSU team.

Says Vaught, "The team has tremendous confidence in him. They've seen him do so many things under adverse conditions to pull a game out."

Almost from the day he was born, May 19, 1949, Manning was groomed to become an athlete. He was given a tiny helmet and uniform as soon as he could walk, and his mother can remember him standing on the corner outside their home watching the Drew High football team practice on the school grounds across the street. His sister Pam recalls that Archie often slept with a football cradled in his arms, but baseball is what mainly interested him through his grade-school days. Taught by one of his uncles to bat left-handed, Archie became the starting second baseman on the high school varsity when he was in the seventh grade.

"I only weighed about 100," Archie recalls, "and the baseball team didn't have regular shirts, so we had to wear old football jerseys. That baby would just *hang* on me. I bunted and walked mostly, but I still hit .300."

Growing up in the hot, flat midsection of Mississippi known as The Delta, a boy's life tends to be centered around box scores read in the cool of early morning, *The Sporting News*, the St. Louis Cardinals on radio and TV—all that and church. For 13 years in a row Archie never missed a Sunday at the First Baptist Church in Drew, and an old friend, Attorney Frank Crosthwait, says, "To me he's still the little redheaded, freckle-faced kid who always wore that red blazer to church." His mother, an elegant Southern lady known to everyone as Sis, says Archie caused her no undue trouble, except for the fact that he was always too busy playing to stop and eat, an oversight that Archie would come to regret as he grew older—and thinner.

Until he went to college, Archie was so frail he was too embarrassed to go swimming without a T shirt. "I guess I developed a complex about it," he says. His sister puts it this way. "My Lord, that child was emaciated." His skinny frame did not prevent Archie from improving in baseball, basketball and track, but he had problems in football. His ankle was broken in the eighth grade, his right arm in the 10th and his left arm in the 11th. At the beginning of his senior year, in fact, Archie had played in 12 games, only one of which was a victory.

Somehow Archie managed to escape injury his senior year and pull Drew to a respectable 5-5 record, including an 18–14 upset over arch-rival Cleveland in his final game. Nevertheless, Archie received football scholarship offers from only three colleges—Ole Miss, Mississippi State and Tulane—and everybody figured he would pass up football to play basketball, which had been his best high school sport, or perhaps even sign a pro baseball contract. (A shortstop who covers a lot of ground, has a strong arm and hits with power, Archie was drafted in high school by the Atlanta Braves.)

As Archie remembers it, "I wasn't sure I wanted to play football. I really love basketball, and I was averaging about 30 points through our first five games. One night the coach from Mississippi State, Joe Dan Gold, came to watch me. I made the first basket in the game and I thought, 'Oh, man I'm really going to show him something.' But then I went cold and I couldn't hit anything. And every time I missed I'd go slap somebody. I fouled out with four minutes left in the first half, and after the game I told Coach Gold not to come back, I was going to play football."

He was signed by Ole Miss Coach Roy Stinnett on Dec. 10, 1967, between the semifinals and finals of a basketball tournament ("Coach Stinnett was refereeing the tournament," says Archie, "and I must have shot 50 free throws that day"). The following summer, after lifting weights and working for a bricklayer to build himself up, Archie dispelled any doubts about his ability. Playing in the North-South All-Star Game before he entered Ole Miss, he came off the bench after starting Quarterback Bob White was injured and threw four touchdown passes to George Ranager, now a star receiver at Alabama. Archie was on his way.

The rest is history, with one tragic footnote. On Aug. 16, 1969, the summer after his sophomore year and only a week before Archie was to report to Oxford to begin practice for his junior season, his father, Buddy, killed himself with a shotgun. Not only did Archie come upon his father's body, he cleaned up after the police had removed the remains so that his mother and sister would be spared the sight. Almost immediately those closest to Archie could see him change.

"He grew up in a matter of two minutes," says his sister. "Any decision made in our household after that, Archie was the one to make it."

Says Archie, "Your first reaction is that you don't want to do anything, but that's not right. I think it gave me more determination to play harder for him."

His maturity, perhaps, has been one reason why Archie has been able to withstand the pressures of Archie Fever. Unable to explain or control the phenomenon any more than anyone else, Archie has tried to keep his perspective, to accept whatever comes his way with as much grace and understanding as possible.

"But sometimes my patience gets short," Archie admits. "Like when I'm introduced to somebody, especially women, and they say, 'Archie who?' and then laugh and laugh like they're the first person to ever say that. And sometimes when I sign an autograph I'll only sign my first name, not to be cocky, just to get through them all. Then people come back griping, wanting me to sign my last name, too, and that kind of hacks me off."

Mostly, however, Archie is just plain embarrassed. He forbade his mother and his fiancée, a dark-eyed Southern belle named Olivia Williams (from Philadelphia, Miss.), to wear an "Archie" button or to put an "Archie of Drew" bumper sticker on his car. He blushes profusely when his teammates play and sing *The Ballad of Archie Who* at parties or around the dorm. He declined offers to run for president of both the senior class and the lettermen's M-Club. And he vetoed—to no avail, as it turned out—a proposal by the Drew town council to erect highway signs identifying the community as the "Home of Archie Manning of the Ole Miss Rebels."

Besieged by autograph-seekers and hero-worshipers everywhere he goes, Archie has found that he can relax and be himself only among his friends and classmates in Oxford. At the annual Roaring '20s party thrown by his Sigma Nu fraternity, for instance, Archie was just one of the brothers, wearing an "Archie Who?" button himself, singing with the band, riding around on teammate Jim Poole's shoulders, then carrying Poole. Mostly, however, Archie likes to escape to the house outside Oxford that he rents with three teammates and a fraternity brother. He also prefers Oxford because of the relatively tranquil, essentially apolitical mood of the campus. Although he wears his hair so long that it curls out from beneath his helmet, the only way Archie likes rebels is as a nickname for the football team.

"I get real disgusted with some students," he says. "I've always gone along with whoever is running the show, like a coach. I might not think he's right sometimes—I get hacked off at Coach Vaught every now and then—but he's the one running things. I'm kind of proud of Ole Miss. We've had a few incidents, but it's all been minor."



What Archie Fever means ultimately, of course, is that Manning will go into this season under a mountain of pressure. To provide some measure of relief, Vaught personally screens his mail and contacts, hoping to weed out the fast-buck artists and opportunists. This gives Archie more time to think about football, and he admits there is plenty to think about as Ole Miss prepares to open its season.

"I have confidence in myself, but I can't help thinking what would happen if I didn't do it this season," says Archie. "Man, if the roof fell in, that would be sad. I remember last year, before the Tennessee game, I dreamed that we laid an egg, and the fans were throwing those damned Archie buttons all over the field. I've always worked hard for what I've got, though, and I don't plan to stop now. I know teams are going to be keying on me this season, but that just means somebody else will get the yards for us."

If Archie has some misgivings, he belongs to a silent minority in Mississippi. Everyone else is dancing and singing to the tune of you-know-what ballad:

The ball is on the fifty,
The down is third and ten,
He runs it down the sidelines;
Yes, Archie takes it in.
He plays for the Ole Miss Rebels,
Archie Manning is his name,
The best dadburned quarterback
To ever play the game. . . .

© Malaco Attractions 1969

CONTINUED

THE TOP 20

Ohio State

For eight weeks last year Ohio State was the No. 1 team in the country, starting with a 62–0 romp over TCU and ending with the total destruction of Mike Phipps and Purdue 42–14. That game, played on such a frigid day in Columbus that Coach Woody Hayes was forced to abandon his traditional shirtsleeves for a parka, gave Rex Kern, Jack Tatum and the rest of the talented Buckeyes 22 straight wins as a team and put them one game away from a second straight national championship.

Most people know what happened in the game that followed. Traveling to Ann Arbor, Ohio State was upset 24–12 by the emotionally aroused Wolverines. Ohio State looked flat, listless. Perhaps the Buckeyes themselves had been too aroused the week before and had nothing left for Michigan. Perhaps the lack of a Rose Bowl incentive had hurt them. (There is a Big Ten rule that prohibits a team from going twice in a row.) In any case, Ohio State had blown the championship.

Chances are nothing of the sort will happen this year. For one thing, State has Kern, Tatum and many of the others who put together that long winning streak. For another, its schedule, compared to that of other No. 1 contenders, is a cakewalk (Texas A&M and Duke are its nonconference opponents). Lastly, Woody Hayes is not going to let his players forget what happened that dreadful day in November. Last spring Hayes placed a large scarlet-blue-and-gray rug outside the door to the team dressing room, and every Buckeye, Woody included, had to tread on it at least four times a day. The rug had this curt inscription:

1969 MICH 24 OSU 12
1970 MICH OSU

Ohio State and Michigan will fill in the blanks Nov. 21 at Ohio Stadium in Columbus (right), and if Woody has his way, the game should convince the world that Ohio State is No. 1.

As one Ohio State player says, "Woody is a revengeful man, make no mistake about that. Why, deep down inside he's been playing Michigan every day since we lost. We might lose a game this year, but we *won't* get beat by Michigan."

The Buckeyes have 31 lettermen returning (they lost only five important players), and at least 15 of them will probably be drafted by the pros. Hayes has two experienced quarterbacks—Kern, the sleight-of-hand magician, and Ron Maciejowski, the Mr. Avis of college football—to operate his varied offense in which Larry Zelina, Leo Hayden and John Brockington handle the ground-gaining chores and Jan White and Bruce Jankowski take care of the pass catching. If all that is not enough, the Buckeyes also return two of the country's best deep defenders, Tim Anderson and Mike Sensibaugh, and probably the best college player in the land, Cornerback Jack Tatum. Tatum is a 6′, 205-pound senior from Passaic, N.J., who is almost certain to be someone's No. 1 draft choice this winter. Hayes, who personally recruited Tatum, has played him only on defense, always at cornerback on the wide side of the field, but many scouts feel that Jack will be a running back or a flanker in the pros. Playing defense for the Buckeyes, Tatum has stopped such great college runners as O. J. Simpson, Leroy Keyes and Ron Johnson—broken-field specialists who preferred the wide side.

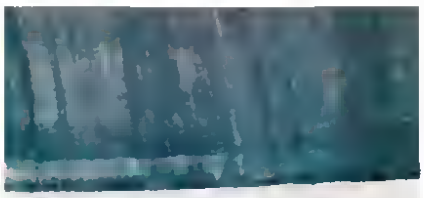
Nevertheless, when Hayes, always the pessimist, inspects his troops à la George Patton, he says, "We do have to rebuild the interior of our offensive and defensive lines." What Woody does not say, though, is that his sophomores—monsters such as Larry Graf, Shad Williams, John Hicks and George Hasenohrl—already are considered better than the graduates they have replaced. And with All-America Middle Guard Jim Stillwagon among the returnees, Hayes really should have no worries about "rebuilding." As a matter of

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN McMAHON



fact, Hayes should not have any worries at all this season, not even overconfidence. The rug should take care of that.



With the campus reflected in windows, Ole Miss students queue up for tickets.



Mississippi

For the benefit of incoming freshmen at the University of Mississippi here is some useful information that you may not find in your student handbook. First, there is a law in Oxford against selling beer, but don't sweat it, because cars leave at regular intervals for Minnie's or some of the other dim, dark watering spots in the towns nearby. Second, don't expect much in the way of grass (about the only marijuana on campus is grown by the school for government research) or, likewise, activism (Ole Miss has been remarkably peaceful since the James Meredith business eight years ago). Third, try hard to join a fraternity or sorority or else your social life will consist of listening to a lot of Billy Graham reruns on—get this—the radio. Finally, and this is most important, be sure to bring along your Rebel flag, your "Archie" button and a lot of raucous affection for the Ole Miss football team.

The latter, of course, is a must, because this just may be the year when the Rebels will conquer the world. At last report, you may recall, Ole Miss had upset Arkansas 27–22 in the Sugar Bowl, and its fans were muttering things like "Bring on Texas" and "Woody who?" That team won seven of its last eight games for a final 8-3 record, and this autumn no fewer than 40 lettermen are back in gear—including Quarterback Archie Manning. Add some nice talent from the freshman squad, and no wonder everybody around Ole Miss is saying that the Rebs may be headed for their finest season in the 24 years they have spent under the quiet, efficient direction of Johnny Vaught. And what is Vaught saying? Isn't he simply tickled?

"I'm concerned about how we'll play on defense," he says, sitting in his office overlooking the Rebs' 35,000-seat Hemingway Stadium. "And on offense, even though we lost only one starter I didn't realize how valuable he was until I had to replace him."

In Oxford, longtime Vaught watchers have learned to take his pessimism about as seriously as they take the beer law. Just as the students always find a way to get their brew, so does Vaught manage to come up with a winning team and a bowl bid. The Ole Miss defense will need some shoring up, perhaps, but it also has a nice sprinkling of veterans, such as Linebackers Bill VanDevender and Fred Brister. And, for that matter, so what if the defense does give up a few points here and there? Heavens, with its offense Ole Miss could probably afford to spot most of its opponents a couple of TDs—and still win going away.

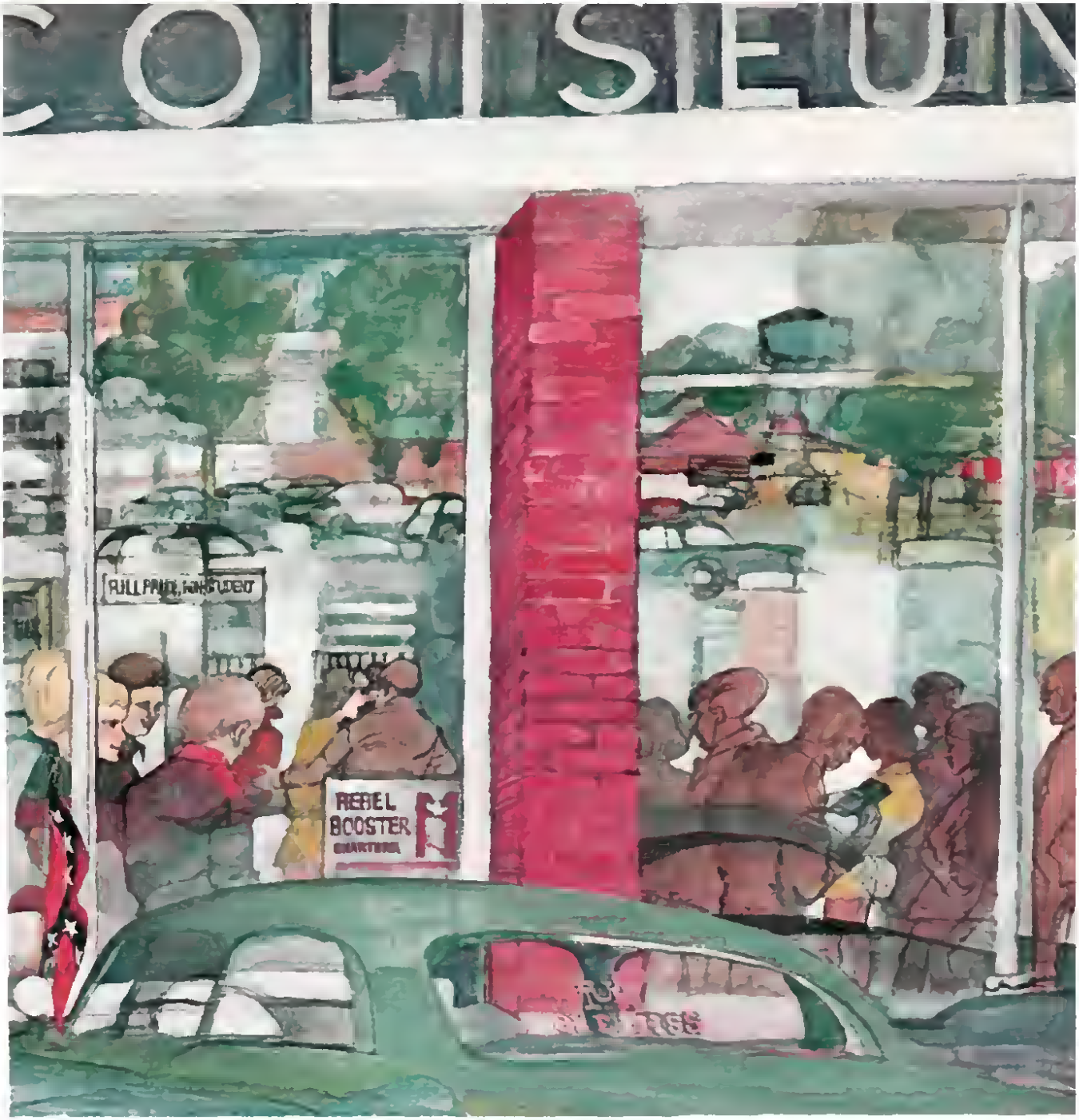
The only missing starter from last season's offense, one of the most explosive in Ole Miss history, is Fullback Bo Bowen, but even that loss may be relatively painless. Luther Webb showed in spring practice that he should be an adequate replacement. Says Vaught, "We hope Webb can get the yardage to take the pressure off Archie."

Ah, Archie. Once more the Ole Miss attack will revolve around Manning's dazzling sprint-outs and, more often, his passes to his favorite targets, Wide Receiver Floyd Franks and Tight End Jim Poole. Franks is a thickset, handsome blond who is known to his teammates as The Ice Man because of his cool threads and even cooler dates. Poole is the latest in a long line of uncles, cousins and brothers who have been All-America ends at Ole Miss.

Judging from the Ole Miss schedule, nothing else much should bug Archie or his teammates this season. Vaught did not elect to schedule an 11th game (with 15 bowl trips in the last 16 years Ole Miss generally plays an extra game, anyway), and he replaced Tennessee with—heh, heh—Chattanooga. Moreover, seven of the 10 games will be played on one or the other of Ole Miss' three "home" fields—in Memphis, Jackson and Oxford. If the Rebs get past Alabama on Oct. 3 in Jackson, they should be unbeaten going into their final—and most challenging—game, against LSU on Dec. 5 in Baton Rouge's howling Tiger Stadium. Oh, yes, freshmen, one more thing: plan on spending New Year's Day at a bowl game. Any questions, freshmen?

Arkansas

Arkansas. Home of the Hogs. Pig, sooey! And all that. But not much else. At least that's what they tell you down there. "Look, man. We have an old saying. There're three things in this state. Johnny Cash. Glen Campbell. And Arkansas football." "Damn right," adds Razorback Guard Ron Hammers. "And they're nuts over all three. But espe-



cially us That's why the Texas thing was such a nightmare. We not only let down the school. We let down the whole damn state of Arkansas."

That Texas thing was the last-minute loss of a football game and the national championship when James Street's long pass with time growing short set up the touchdown that gave the Longhorns a 15–14 comeback win. "I still see it," Hammers says. "I lie in bed and see it floating up there. Over and over again. There's no way to forget."

That loss, coupled with another in the Sugar Bowl to Mississippi, left Arkansas with two protruding warts, a fact well recognized by an image-conscious—or, better, poll-conscious—school. So when an 11th game was offered, Coach Frank Broyles looked for the toughest he could find. He ended up with national television, Stanford and its Heisman Trophy candidate, Quarterback Jim Plunkett. "If we have a good team," Broyles says, "it will help us get back the recognition we lost. If we're not good, well, it won't make any difference then, will it?"

Betting is the Razorbacks will get their recognition back, thanks in the main to a pair of the most unlikely roommates around. Quarterback Bill Montgomery, a shy, self-effacing leader, and Wide Receiver Chuck Dicus, flamboyant and irrepressible but just as valuable.

Montgomery is looked on as the best quarterback in Arkansas history, Dicus as the best end. But it is in performance that similarities stop. Montgomery, but-

continued

toned-down and crew-cut and horn-rimmed, looks like a someday preacher, a future Billy Sunday. Dicus, with, they say, "the personality to charm old ladies and to excite young girls," looks like an ad for hair spray. Montgomery "will have a social beer with you," a teammate says, "but he really prefers milk shakes"; Dicus prefers fun—any kind. Montgomery speaks in brief homilies, Dicus in understatements.

Montgomery's appearance is deceptive; like Clark Kent, once he takes off the glasses he becomes, well, says Dicus, "Bill becomes super-jock." Two years ago, at the beginning of his sophomore year, the coaches were somewhat reluctant to use him; they soon changed their minds. "We wondered," Broyles admits now, "whether we could win with a kid. We did. And now he's as good as a coach on the field."

And though it's true Dicus could think of better places to be than Fayetteville ("You know what the big movie here this spring was," he says with a smile. "Nothing like *Z* or *Easy Rider*. Naw. It was Walt Disney's *The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes*"), there is no one in the state who'd be willing to trade him. In his first two seasons he's already broken Arkansas pass-catching records that have stood for more than 30 years, and with former Colt Receiver Raymond Berry added to the coaching staff he can do nothing but get better.

With Montgomery, Dicus and Running Back Bill Burnett again to lead the offense and a strong defense returning, the *whole* Arkansas team will be as good, if not better. Again it plays Texas at the end of the season, and again the game may be for the national title. Last year there was a celebration scheduled at the athletic dormitory after the game. It turned out to be a wake. "This year," says Dicus, "we'd like to make it a real party."

Texas

Steve Worster, Texas' All-America fullback, has been called, at various times, King Kong, as in "Like King Kong, Worster plays anywhere he pleases"; Gorilla, as in "Worster runs like a 400-pound gorilla—crooked, but with power"; and Baby Huey, as in "Worster doesn't go around people. He's like Baby Huey, he just goes through them." Call Worster what you may. Texas knows, simply, that if it is going to defend its national championship successfully, much will depend on him. "Take away Worster," James Street is fond of saying, "and the Wishbone T becomes nothing but another broken bone."

Sure, there are still plenty of good strong boys left from last year's undefeated champions, 34 all together, including people like Jimmy Bertelsen,



whom they're already calling one of the best halfbacks in Texas history, and Cotton Speyrer, one of the top receivers in the country, and Bobby Wuensch, the All-America tackle, and Bill Atessis and Scott Henderson and Bill Zapalac on defense. And, sure again, like always, there are some tough characters moving up, especially that redshirt Eddie Phillips, whom everyone expects to take over at quarterback. And, yes, of course, Darrell's still around, sometimes losing to Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles in golf but beating him in football, and always offering up his homespun aphorisms. Such as finding a new team leader: "You don't select one. He'll emerge." And on not being complacent: "We not only have to want to win, but we must despise defeat as well." And on Texas' 20-game winning streak: "I don't know if we go out now and enjoy being winners or whether we fight to just keep from being losers."

Those sayings have become so habitual that cliches, though not quite as phlegmatic, are now coming from his players as well. Especially from that Worster, the stud of the crew. "Football is one of the few things left where you can work and watch everything fall into place," he says. "Other places it's not what you know, but who you know." And, "People want to know whether we'll go 10-0. Shoot, I don't know. I do know what we're working for." And, "You know, we seniors haven't lost yet. We'd like not to. Think of it. Beautiful!"

Worster is a model product of the Texas high school football factory. He went to the university trailed by a pile of press clippings and four years as a starter, the last as a high school All-America. National television filmed him during recruiting season, and the Houston bird dog became so familiar at his high school that Worster's own coaches set up a chair for the man and taped his name across the back. Still, going to the university wasn't easy for a boy from Bridge City, and now Worster smiles when he thinks of that transition from high school star to college nobody. "I was small town. I walked on campus carrying all my yellow and white sweat socks. That just showed how green I was."

Worster may be more sophisticated now, but on a football field he is all brute. He has scored 22 touchdowns for Texas, most of them while leaving fallen bodies behind him. This autumn he will score more touchdowns and leave more bodies behind him, often enough to keep Texas near the top of the heap.

With the Texas Tower in the background a pep rally swirls past Littlefield Fountain.

Nebraska

Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, has for decades been nicknamed the Holy City. There is an abundance of churches in town, most of them Protestant, and several store windows display Bibles opened to instructive passages. Although Nebraska ended Prohibition in 1934, the city prevented residents from purchasing liquor by the drink until 1968. Solemn Lincoln, then, is an appropriate reflection of Nebraska's citizens—clean living, God-fearing folk who, like their German and Russian ancestors, are content to pull a living from the soil.

In the fall, however, the Holy City becomes the state's entertainment center. Saturdays some 60,000 Nebraskans, dressed in red, drive over from towns named Aurora, Beatrice and Wahoo and stream into Memorial Stadium to watch the Cornhuskers play football.

Typical of them are four farmers from the village of Shelby who haven't missed a home game since 1962, Bob Devaney's first season. One Saturday their car caught fire on the way to Lincoln, so they abandoned it at the side of the road and hitched a ride to town.

No less enthusiastic toward Cornhusker football are the students and administrators at the university. Pep rallies are still held on Friday evenings, and the president, Dr. Joseph Soshnik, visits the locker room after the games. The Corncobs, a student organization, recently contributed $1,500 for athletic scholarships. Last spring 3,500 students demonstrated against the war, while the annual intrasquad football game, held the same day, drew more than 13,000.

"We are fortunate," says Coach Devaney. "Enthusiasm goes with football, and the atmosphere of the university and the state is largely responsible for the success of our program."

In his eight seasons at Nebraska, Devaney's successes have been abundant: six bowl games, five Big Eight championships and never a team with fewer than six victories. Nebraska this year, Devaney readily admits, "will be one of my best."

Devaney's Irish optimism can be attributed to the talent of his receivers, Split End Guy Ingles and Flanker Johnny Rodgers. Ingles, a senior, was overlooked by most college scouts during his high school career at Omaha Westside because he weighed only 140 pounds. He was discovered, quite by chance, during a game against Omaha Tech. Playing halfback, he scored four touchdowns and rushed for 170 yards. "Two Nebraska coaches happened to be at the game to look at guys on the other team," Ingles says. "If I hadn't had a good day it is likely I never would have played college ball."

Ingles comes from a wealthy family. His father is the manager of the Omaha branch of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith.

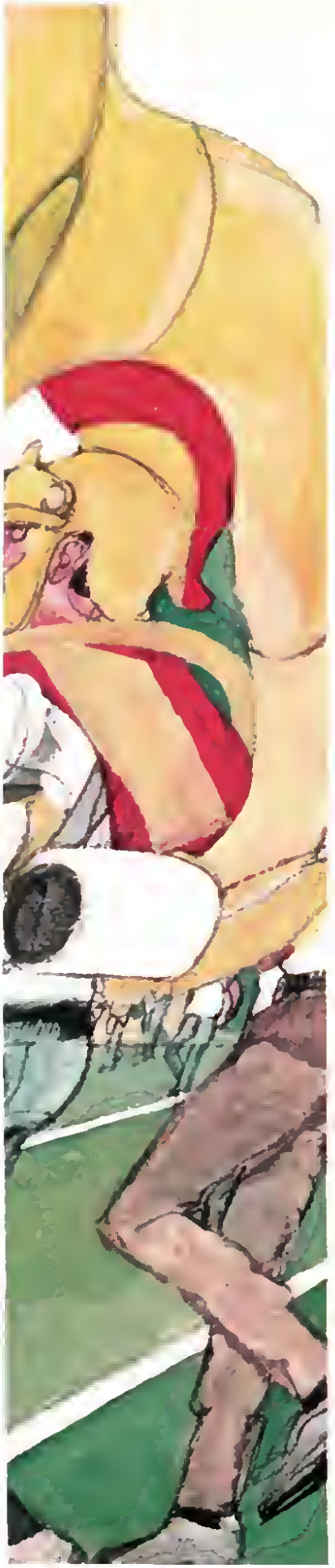
Johnny Rodgers, a sophomore, also grew up in Omaha, but under very different circumstances. Rodgers was raised in the ghetto and learned his football in the streets "dodging trash cans and telephone poles." He earned local prominence as a member of the Gene Eppley Boys' Club tumbling team when he was a third-grader. The team performed at places like The Crossroads shopping center, and tiny Johnny provided the act's big finish: a dive over a pyramid of schoolchildren ending in a complete flip. At Tech High, as a football player, Rodgers became a celebrity. He was named All-America twice, banquets were held in his honor and he accumulated 30 trophies. They are displayed in the boys' club along with a poster that reads, "John Rodgers says you can do it too—stay in school."

"Now I'll have to prove myself all over again," Rodgers said one day last spring. "Trophies and newspaper clippings don't count. Ain't nobody who knows what Johnny Rodgers has done."

The thousands of Nebraskans who will come to Lincoln six Saturdays this fall will learn all about Rodgers. Together with Ingles and a cluster of proven running backs, he will be an important part of the Big Eight's most devastating offense. Bob Devaney's Cornhuskers are, once again, the best show in the Holy City.

continued





Wearing what Trojans often wore—capes, helmet, jeans—the USC band tunes up.

USC

Basketball is a good way for football players to fight off flab and boredom in the off season, which is why Quarterback Jimmy Jones was playing on a pickup team last spring against alumnus O.J. Simpson. Jones' team fell behind 24–8, the story goes, but caught up and won, which prompted O. J. to think back and realize that young Mr. Jones had been on the winning side in game after game all afternoon. Jimmy Jones is nearly always on the winning side. With him calling signals the USC football team was undefeated last season (10-0-1). Same thing through his high school career in Harrisburg, Pa.

Despite Jimmy's aversion to losing, his 13 touchdown passes as a sophomore and his proven ability to scramble, Coach John McKay may use *two* quarterbacks, as he did in the national championship year of 1962 with Pete Beathard and Bill Nelsen (both now pros). Jones' rival/partner is sophomore Mike Rae, and he must be good to run and pass in such company. "They don't differ very much," says McKay. "Both have good height, both weigh over 190, both can do about 4.7 in the 40-yard dash and both are good students. They just have to play."

USC lost eight men who were drafted by the pros, including a big part of the defensive line known as the Wild Bunch, but the entire offensive backfield returns, bolstered and challenged by what McKay says is "as good a freshman class as we've had since I've been at the university." Back are Tailback Clarence Davis, the sprinting shotputter who was the fifth leading rusher in the country last year, hard-blocking Fullback Charlie Evans (both being pushed by sophomores) and, perhaps the most talented of the lot, Flanker Bob Chandler, outstanding player in the Rose Bowl last New Year's Day.

Chandler came to USC as a quarterback and decathlon man, but McKay and his staff made him into a receiver, just as they did earlier with would-be throwers Hal Bedsole and Rod Sherman, two Trojan heroes who went on to the pros. Chandler very likely would have been a strong All-America candidate last season, but injuries forced him to miss four games and be less of a threat in others. He's healthy now.

So the Trojans will have the ability to score by various routes, but so will just about every other team in what figures to be an offense-minded season in the tough Pacific Eight. What is needed is some sort of defensive Bunch to match last year's record of 95.6 yards rushing given up per game. Three good men are back: Tackle Lawrence (Tody) Smith, Greg Slough, an ex-Army drill sergeant who is one of the nation's best linebackers, and End Charlie Weaver.

The defensive backfield appears to be USC's biggest problem. The only starter returning is All-Coast Cornerback Tyrone Hudson. Bill Jenkins, counted on to start, was killed last spring in an auto accident. But the sophomore class is promising, and McKay is well known for finding replacement talent in California's junior-college system.

"We've got as much enthusiasm and as much raw talent as we've ever had," he says. USC will need it, because not only does it end the season against old, nasty rivals UCLA and Notre Dame, but it begins it with new, nasty rivals Alabama and Nebraska, which, along with the Trojans, have had the best won-lost records in the U.S. over the last eight years. The opener is this week, a night game in unfriendly Birmingham. Says McKay, "We'll have 78,000 Southerners rooting against us—and they don't even know I'm from West Virginia!"

Notre Dame

One of the abiding pleasures of a football weekend at Notre Dame used to be the pep rally in the Old Fieldhouse, that drafty, dirty, airplane hangar of a building where the Irish once played basketball. There was always a lot of singing and shouting and for the really big games, the ones against Purdue or Southern Cal, there was always a special emotional treat, like Pat O'Brien showing up to do his Rockne thing again.

A few decades of Notre Dame victories were foretold in that old gym but, alas, now it is gone. After the school's new multimillion-dollar Athletics and

continued

Convocation Center was built, the Old Fieldhouse was deemed no longer useful and an eyesore besides, and it was ordered torn down. This year the pep rallies will be held in the antiseptic atmosphere of the new Convocation Center, and if the rallies will just not be the same, one thing will be—the power and the glory of the Notre Dame football team.

Last season the Irish had a typical 8-1-1 season, but this was generally deprecated because Notre Dame played only two top teams—Purdue and Southern Cal—and failed to beat either. But in the Cotton Bowl, their first postseason appearance in 45 years, the Irish muffled their critics.

Now, with 24 lettermen back from that team, Coach Ara Parseghian should be able to deliver the Irish into another bowl—if bowls are still in with the Notre Dame hierarchy and if their beefed-up schedule permits. Besides Purdue (which has won three straight from the Irish) and Southern Cal, Notre Dame has replaced two easy marks—Tulane and Air Force—with Louisiana State and Missouri.

Although the Irish will be hard put to replace the likes of Tackle Mike McCoy (a consensus All-America) and Linebacker Bob Olson (who holds the school record for career tackles), Notre Dame still has its usual full complement of talented individuals. Split End Tom Gatewood is a swift, sure-handed pass receiver and Halfback Denny Allan is an inside running threat. And in Guard Larry DiNardo, who spent part of the summer touring the Vietnam war zone, Notre Dame has someone who can lead sweeps for Quarterback Joe Theismann, the skinny little fellow (6′, 170) who has been destined for great things ever since he first set foot in the office of Publicity Man Roger Valdiserri.

"Son, how do you pronounce your name?" asked Valdisern.

"*Thees*-man," said Theismann.

"Nope, from now on it's *Thighs*-man," said the P.R. man, "just like in Heisman."

Indeed, the young man from South River, N.J. is a strong contender for college football's top award, as befits someone who became the first quarterback since the storied Harry Stuhldreher to lead Notre Dame into a bowl. In his 14 starts the Irish have won 10, lost two and tied two. And Theismann has personally completed more than 55% of his passes, rushed for more than 600 yards and even caught a TD pass. With credentials like those the folks in South Bend are even willing to overlook the fact that Theismann belongs to the First Reform Church of South River. "Of course," says Joe, almost apologetically, "I go to mass more than a lot of Catholics."

Most of the teams on Notre Dame's schedule should go to mass before facing the Irish. Even without the Old Fieldhouse, Notre Dame still will be, well, Notre Dame.

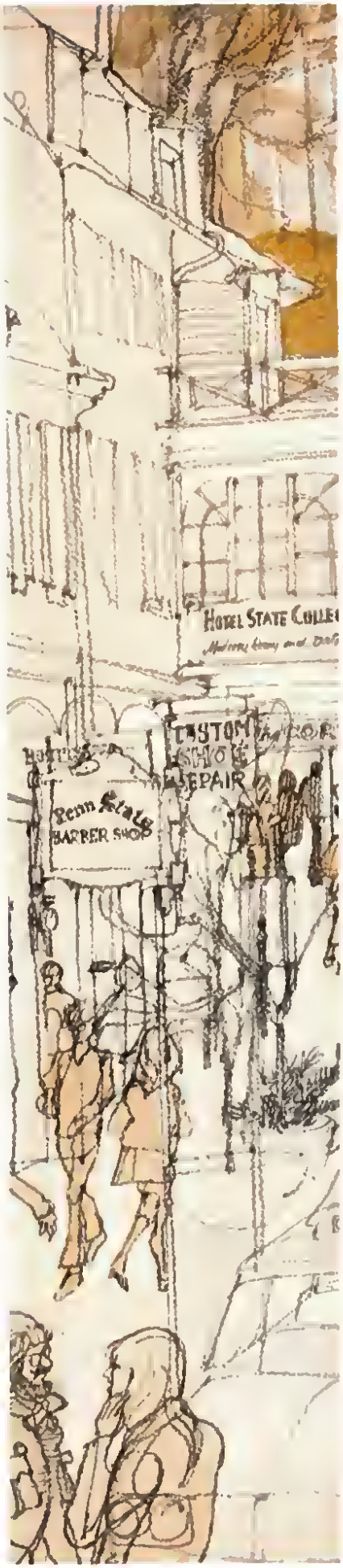
Penn State

If any college football team should be out to overthrow the Government this year it is Penn State. After all, the President and the polls overlooked the Nittany Lions last year at trophy time, naming Texas the nation's champion although State finished with a 22-game winning streak and the longest unbeaten string—30 games—since Oklahoma's 48 in 1953-57.

Coach Joe Paterno did go so far as to denounce the polls (not the President) last year as irrelevant, but now he says he is tired of talking about that subject. And although he says he might enter politics someday—"My wife and I have talked about it lately; in four, maybe five years, I might do it"—he will not be running on the revolutionary ticket. "The trouble in the country now," he says, "is too many politicians making too many promises, especially to the people in the ghettos."

With regard to social change and its relation to football, Paterno speaks as a moderate, progressive activist: "I don't think an athlete will buy this business that they'll do something just because you have 'Coach' in front of your name. Football is a product of a culture and it's got to adapt to society; society isn't going to adapt to football." The Penn State campus experienced a considerable stir this past spring, with the state police finally being called in for riot-quelling duty. But the disturbances had noth-

continued



Almost every business at State College is dependent on its neighbor, Penn State.


TAXI



ing directly to do with athletic policies, and in fact the football team this fall will probably have something of a social advance going for it: a first-string, and first-rate, black quarterback who is a patient and orderly man.

The idea of being State's first black quarterback "doesn't faze me," says 6', 185-pound senior Mike Cooper. "I know I'm a good quarterback and a good athlete." Cooper wears his hair neatly trimmed and avoids wearing his bell-bottoms around Paterno, "who likes to kid me about my mod clothes."

Paterno says only that Cooper, who threw four touchdown passes in the spring blue-white game, has an edge as the likely starter over 6' 5", 225-pound junior Bob Parsons, who threw three. But Paterno will pretty definitely go with Cooper as the more experienced.

Penn State, then, looks stronger at quarterback and better in general offensively since Running Backs Lydell Mitchell and Franco Harris will provide plenty of progress on the ground.

Defensively Penn State can hardly be expected to be so mightily deterrent, though, with seven of 11 starters departed, including Mike Reid, Dennis Onkotz and Neal Smith—All-America—and the consummately named Steve Smear. Jack Ham, who is not all that badly named himself, except that he is much quicker than his patronym implies, will be an All-America candidate at linebacker. He has already blocked four punts in two years. Another defender of notice is Charlie Zapiec, who passed up sure All-East and possible All-America recognition by volunteering to transfer from offensive guard, where he was All-East last year, to linebacker.

If Mike Cooper does start at quarterback, by the way, America will have black signal-callers from sea to shining sea, or at least one very good one on each seaboard. As a matter of fact, both Cooper and Southern Cal's Jimmy Jones grew up in the city of Harrisburg, Pa. So who knows, maybe the system won't be overthrown at all this year. And if they run a little faster than they did last year, neither will Penn State's receivers.

Michigan

The question asked most often around Ann Arbor this fall is not "What kind of year are the Wolverines going to have?" but "How is Coach Schembechler feeling?" Bo Schembechler, of course,

When Michigan holds a full-dress workout the rest of the world gets only a peek.

is the bright young man who took charge of Michigan's sagging fortunes last season and—quicker than you can say "Tom Harmon"—turned the Wolverines into the most surprising team of the year. Not only did Michigan win eight of its 10 games, including that implausible victory over Ohio State, but it tied for the championship of the Big Ten and earned a trip to the Rose Bowl. But all this eventually proved too much for Schembechler, 41, an intense, high-strung man. On the morning of the Rose Bowl he was admitted to Pasadena's St. Luke's Hospital for treatment of what was later diagnosed as a heart attack. With their coach in the hospital, where he was not even allowed to listen to the game on the radio, the Wolverines played an uninspired, listless game and lost to Southern Cal 10–3. Afterward his players and assistants were concerned about Schembechler's condition but not surprised. As one assistant put it, "He drives himself to the extreme, like nobody you've ever seen before. He wants to think football, football, football all the time. He never lets up."

Last spring, however, Schembechler did let up a little. He spent most of his time sitting on the sidelines in a folding chair while his assistants were out on the field doing most of the nose-to-nose coaching. But at the end of spring practice Schembechler was sounding more and more like his old self: "In the fall it's full speed ahead. I'm not holding anything back."

Michigan will have one of the finest defensive units anywhere. Ends Phil Seymour and Mike Keller, both returning starters, were held out of spring practice because of injuries, but they are ready now—and so are Tackles Fred Grambau and Pete Newell and Middle Guard Henry Hill. In Marty Huff and Mike Taylor the Wolverines have the league's finest linebackers, and Tom Darden is there to steady the defensive backfield.

Offensively, Schembechler feels he has the nation's most underrated quarterback in senior Don Moorhead, who last year outthrew both Purdue's Mike Phipps and Ohio State's Rex Kern in head-to-head duels. Tailback Glenn Doughty is returning, and so is Billy Taylor, who finished the season with 808 yards and a 6.1 average.

The schedule is not unkind. Three weak sisters—Arizona, Washington and Texas A&M—come before Michigan's first test, Purdue at Lafayette. After that, Michigan State and Minnesota both come to Ann Arbor before the grand finale against Ohio State in Columbus. Already the stories have been drifting into Ann Arbor about how Woody Hayes is plotting his sweet revenge, but Schembechler is not exactly looking for a place to hide. "If we're lucky enough to still have a shot at the title when we go to Columbus," he says, "well, let's just say that'll be one helluva football game." In case you didn't get the message it is this: Bo Schembechler and Michigan are feeling just fine, thank you.

Florida

The University of Florida campus is generally considered the hippest, in terms of exotic styles of hair and dress, in the Southeastern Conference. That is about like being considered the hippest nation in Eastern Europe, but still. "You are liable," says a member of the more conservative University of Georgia's coaching staff, with a sort of half-entranced shudder, "to see *anything* there."

As for what Florida's opponents are liable to see on the football field this fall, it is not going to come as a surprise, but it will still be mind-blowing: anywhere from a mile and a half to two miles' worth of forward passes (2,896 yards in 1969) being completed by strong-armed John Reaves, who led the nation in passing as a sophomore last year, and an astounding percentage of those passes being caught and carried to even more extreme lengths by fleet-footed junior Carlos Alvarez. That is assuming Alvarez will not be rendered gimpy by an extremely non-Aquarian disease—gout.

The Cuban-born Alvarez' father, a successful Havana lawyer at the time, did something rather groovy when Castro took over—he brought his wife and his three soccer-playing sons to Miami and opened a dress shop. The oldest son barely had time to convert to American football, just enough to break his wrist his senior year in high school. The middle son's promising career was ended by a back injury during his first season of high school ball. This spring, after having shown the world in 1969 how blessed it can be to receive (88 catches for 1,329 yards), the third son, Carlos, came up with a bad knee.

The original diagnosis was an inflammation of the knee lining, presumably caused by Alvarez' practicing, of all things, his starts. Starts are not exactly his weak point, unless you figure that anybody who moves from apparently stationary to well under way so abruptly must never actually have come to a complete stop. But, at any rate, Alvarez forsook Florida's sandy-composition football field briefly, just before spring practice, to work out on a harder asphalt track, taking off from starting blocks under the supervision of the Gator track coach. He had not been running on this unaccustomed surface long before his right knee swelled up, and that made him miss all of the team's spring drills.

After Alvarez had visited doctors all over the state, however, his problem was diagnosed not as asphalt poisoning but as an excess of uric acid, or gout, which is what Ben Franklin and a number of crusty and high-powered old men—but heretofore no recorded Cuban pre-law student who runs like the wind—have suffered from down through history, traditionally with one heavily bandaged foot propped up on a hassock. Now Alvarez is supposed to be back in shape, with pills prescribed for the next time one of his young joints gives him trouble.

Also providing the Gators with youth power last year was Tommy Durrance, a running back who will also be a junior, and whose toughness—especially inside the enemy four—must surely have caused some defenders last year to cry out, "Durrance is vile." Where Florida stands to be less imposing is in the traditional solid virtues of defense, line play and depth. Head Coach Doug Dickey, starting his first season in Gainesville after his controversial switch from Tennessee, was quoted as saying in the spring, in fact, that "in this conference you need 30 good players, and we don't have that many."

But who worries about traditional solid virtues in this psychedelic day and age? Especially when there are drugs to take care of things like gout.

continued

Missouri

Missouri's urban centers, Kansas City and St. Louis, are located at opposite edges of the state. Between them is Fulton, quiet and peaceful, where a group of oldtimers chaws tobacco on the courthouse steps and on Saturdays farmers drive to town to discuss grain prices. Occasionally they recall that big day when Winston Churchill stood at a lectern in Fulton and warned of an Iron Curtain. Up north is Hannibal, the famous village of Sam Clemens. The majority of Missouri's communities, however, are less notable—tiny agricultural hamlets such as Fayette. "I once appeared in a play there," says Joe Moore, tailback of the University of Missouri Tigers. "The sidewalks were made of dirt and the town looked bare and cold—the kind of place you see on TV with the wind blowing through and eerie music playing in the background. Hard to believe a place like that still exists."

Like their towns and cities, Missourians are diversified in their politics, there are hardhats in St. Louis, Birchers in the Ozarks, White Citizens Council zealots in the southeast and liberal representation in the U.S. Senate. But, surely, they band together in the fall in unified support of the state's only major college football team.

"Not exactly," a federal judge says. "We are congenital infighters by nature. You get a bunch of Missourians together at a game and, even in the flush of victory, they will warily size each other up for the mutual throat-cutting that will resume on Monday morning."

Unlike the state it represents, Missouri's football team is close-knit. Its unified nature, as much as anything, made the Tigers co-champions of the Big Eight last season.

"When I first came here the relationship between blacks and whites wasn't so good," Moore explained. "The whites didn't speak to us, so we didn't speak to them. The atmosphere carried over into our games and hurt us on the field. But last year we started talking to one another. Everyone made an effort, and suddenly everything was great. You see the guys walking around campus together now, and we room together on the road. I think we have a situation that is unique in college football."

Moore, after spending his sophomore season as a substitute, developed into a star for the Tigers last fall. Playing tailback, he rushed for more than 100 yards in nine games and concluded the season with 1,312, making him the nation's third-best-traveled ballcarrier.

Mel Gray, the flanker and Big Eight sprint champion, will provide Missouri with explosive scoring potential if the Tigers can come up with a quarterback to get the ball to him. Gray didn't begin playing the game until his sophomore year at Montgomery High in Santa Rosa, Calif. "I just went out because everyone else did. Football was a gas, nothing more. I remember running into the end zone and collapsing on the ground laughing. Here at Missouri things are, well, pretty serious."

Dan Devine's brilliant record (nine of his last 11 teams ranked in top 20 polls, and he has a 75.6 winning percentage over 15 years as head coach) is the product of a grim quest for superexcellence. His offenses are generally unspectacular, his defenses solid. His players call him "The Man," a term that indicates their respect for Devine and the fact that he is, on a personal level, complex and mysterious. "I wish I could really get to know him," Moore says. "I think I could dig that guy."

Rocky Wallace, a tackle who is the most talented member of the Tigers' traditionally tough defense, is in his fourth season as a Devine watcher. "None of us really know him," Wallace says. "We're not scared of him, but when you go into his office you do have a funny feeling."

His players also had to wonder about Devine at practice one day last year. Rain started pouring down on the field, and Devine, his face lined with exasperation, looked up at the gray sky and blew his whistle to call practice to an end. As soon as the whistle sounded, the rain stopped and the sky cleared. You have to respect a coach like that.

Houston

Fun time, right? It's something like that down in Houston. None of that nonsense about painful grass drills and tackles having to run six-minute miles. Coach Bill Yeoman doesn't like the thought of being called General. "There are enough serious things around to worry about," he says. "It doesn't hurt to laugh once in a while." So when Ted Nance, the school's sports publicity director, walks out to practice to get All-America End Elmo Wright to pose for pictures, there stand Yeoman and all his assistants and about eight million sweating bodies circled round, cheering. "And, Elmo," Yeoman yells over with a smile, "*please* come back when you're through. We'd sure appreciate it."

If there is anything less traditional than Yeoman's idea of a practice, it's his offense, the by-now-famous Houston veer-triple-over-under option, an experiment a lot of people had a lot of trouble taking seriously at the start. Until it won. Since 1965 Houston has been—or has been among—the nation's total-offense leaders. "It's really not that hard an offense," Yeoman claims. "It's just repetitions, a thousand repetitions. You eliminate the thought process and make each reaction instinctive."

The theory results in a limited offensive notebook (only 12 basic running plays), no game plan *per se* and adds the necessity of making adjustments during the game itself. "The blackboard doesn't do," Yeoman says. "They have to learn to read on the grass." It's his favorite phrase, and he repeats it often. "They have to learn to read on the grass."

This puts the pressure on the quarterback, a baby-faced, cocky junior with the comic-strip name of Moon Mullins—if he recovers completely from knee surgery he had last April. Yeoman made him a starter last season after the Cougars lost their first two games, and he carried them to nine straight wins, including an Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl victory over Auburn. "He's 5' 10", nearsighted, runs the 50 in 6.0 and can't throw," says Yeoman of Mullins. "Aside from that, he's fine. People rally to him."

Where Mullins is the leader, and a good one, Wide Receiver Elmo Wright is the star. Nicknamed Little E (Elvin Hayes, of course, stands as the Big E), Wright is on his way to becoming all-time national leader in career yards, career touchdowns and average yards per catch. "They ought to give him a red light and a siren when he gets the ball," says his teammate, Tackle Craig Robinson. "He's just flat dangerous."

Steve Tannen, the New York Jets'

No. 1 draft choice, will attest to that. They were in Chicago together before last season to be photographed for a magazine All-America team. Tannen walked up to Wright. "You're Elmo Wright from Houston, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," Wright said.

"Well, my name's Steve Tannen from Florida," he said, introducing himself. "And when we play you're not going to catch a pass off me."

Wright smiled. "No way," he said softly. There wasn't. When Florida and Houston met in last season's opener Wright caught six for 127 yards and three touchdowns. No one stops Little E.

And not many will stop Houston.

Colorado

"It's Boulder this summer," advised an advertisement in the Los Angeles *Free Press*, and hundreds of hippies crossed over from California and settled into the Colorado town located on an eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. A minister leased private property to provide the street people, as the residents of Boulder call them, with a campsite, but when his plan was opposed first by the zoning board and then the plumbers, who refused to install showers and toilets, many street people made camp along Boulder Creek, a stream flowing through town. There they tossed Frisbees, romped with dogs and rapped with one another.

Some preferred to congregate in an area called The Hill, located across the street from the campus of the University of Colorado. Their large numbers, however, ran afoul of a city ordinance concerning the obstruction of traffic. Police Chief Donald Vendel increased his force on The Hill, and by midsummer the street people and the merchants and residents of Boulder coexisted peacefully, if not happily.

While the street people poured into Boulder, Colorado Football Coach Eddie Crowder busied himself with his own campaign to attract people to town. His staff mailed out 750,000 flyers containing ticket-order forms. "Be a Buff Booster," they read. "Exciting afternoons will be yours when you become a Colorado football regular." Movie theaters flashed the number to call for tickets on their screens and a local radio station played several spots each hour. A Denver lumber company devoted its billboard to the question, "Do you have your Colorado tickets?"

"Ten years ago the pro sports were centralized in a few areas of dense population," Crowder explained. "But the sports market has made an immense transition. Now the pros are everywhere and colleges and universities are realizing it's a competitive market. A coach must take his case to the people."

Salesman Crowder has an interesting package to market. There is, for example, an extrovert named Bill Blanchard. Blanchard, a linebacker, has grown a mustache, rides a motorcycle and wears a surfer's crash helmet. He is an artist and delights in creating grotesque charcoal drawings of football players.

Blanchard's opposite, the team's introvert, is Defensive End Herb Orvis. During a practice last season he went up to Crowder close to tears and asked to be excused from ever having to talk to the press. An orphan, he was raised by his grandmother in Flint, Mich. By the age of 16 he had dropped out of high school and went to work in an automobile parts plant. Orvis completed high school in the Army, and Crowder discovered him in Germany during the summer of 1967 when he was playing for a service team called the Berlin Bears.

John Stearns, a sophomore defensive back, is Crowder's fiercest athlete—and a rather frightening one. "When I leave here I want to be known as the hardest hitter in the Big Eight," he says, beginning to get carried away with that prospect. "I can't enjoy football without going savage. Going psycho. I would like to be remembered around the conference as a bad dude."

Colorado's leader, the nucleus of a team that returns 16 starters from last season, is Don Popplewell. Penn State's Mike Reid has called him the nation's premier center.

Colorado will miss Tailback Bob Anderson, but Eddie Crowder feels he has enough "speed burners" to soften the loss.

"Five years ago this team would have had a shot at the national championship," Crowder says. "Now, because this conference has become so tough, we are content to be contenders for the Big Eight title. And we'll certainly be that!"

LSU

Aside from all those who were hung over, bless their hearts, the unhappiest man in America last New Year's Day might well have been Charlie McClendon, the good ol' country boy who coaches football at Louisiana State University. During the season his team won nine games and lost only to Ole Miss in Jackson (LSU's best record under McClendon), and "Cholly Mac," as he is known at Bob and Jake's and all the other hotspots around Baton Rouge, was looking forward to taking the Tigers to a bowl just as he had done six of the seven previous years. But then Notre Dame decided to end its 45-year moratorium on postseason games and that development touched off a wild game of musical, uh, bowls among the nation's top teams. At the end there wasn't a place left for LSU in any of the major events, so McClendon decided to spend New Year's Day watching the games on two TV sets, eating his heart out all the while. As McClendon puts it in his best fresh-off-the-farm manner, "Man, I was like to destroyed."

Maybe so, but it did not take long for McClendon to put himself—and LSU's team—back together again. In spring practice Cholly Mac shuffled a few veterans around, threw in a few sophomores to plug the holes and bang—the LSU Tiger came up looking as mean and tough as ever. "I wouldn't be surprised if last year's team wasn't the best I ever had," says McClendon, "and as a coach I've got to say that maybe this year's can be just as good."

What makes McClendon's optimism so interesting is that this year's LSU team will play one of the most ambitious schedules in the school's history. The Tigers warm up with five in a row at home, but then the going gets tough beginning with an Oct. 24 date at Auburn. In November the Tigers will make trips to Alabama, Notre Dame and improving Tulane. And, of course, there is the final game, the biggest of them all—Ole Miss and Archie Manning in Tiger Stadium on Dec. 5.

Just how the Tigers fare against their imposing opposition will depend largely on a young man with the lovely name of Casanova—Tommy Casanova, to be exact. A 6′ 1″, 195-pound junior, Ca-

continued





sanova is considered to be the best all-round athlete on the LSU team, a "real thriller," as Cholly Mac puts it. Last season Casanova spent 90% of his playing time at cornerback, the rest in an occasional stint at tailback. This season, however, McClendon says Casanova will play tailback 80% of the time and fill in at cornerback only at those moments when the Tigers are in deep trouble. It is a calculated risk, taking Casanova away from a defense already weakened by graduation, but Tommy made his coach look good in the spring game, gaining 198 yards. "He's got the moves to be a great runner," says McClendon. "On one play in the spring game, he got his head knocked off. He coulda quit if he had wanted to, but instead he gained 55 yards on the next play."

It is difficult to say whether LSU's fans are more excited about Casanova or sophomore Bert Jones, who might be the finest quarterback to play at Baton Rouge since Y.A. Tittle. A son of Dub Jones, the old Cleveland Brown star (and the only man in history to play for Tulane when it beat LSU and for LSU when it beat Tulane), Bert may become the first sophomore to start at quarterback for LSU since 1951—if he can beat out senior Buddy Lee. "If we were opening this week the quarterback would be Lee," says McClendon. "But Jones came awfully fast. It seemed like some of the defenses in the spring game confused him, but Bert's an intelligent athlete. It's going to be interesting to see what develops."

LSU's defense will be young and inexperienced, which can be a deadly combination when the Tigers face quarterbacks such as Manning, Alabama's Scott Hunter and Notre Dame's Joe Theismann. "We have to get our defense together," says McClendon, "but I think we'll be O.K. once we settle down."

If McClendon was unhappy about last year's bowl situation, he also is enough of an optimist that now he can say: "Maybe something good will come from it yet. Our people at home might not take going to bowls for granted. And it might be an extra incentive for our kids this year." Which means that Cholly Mac doesn't expect to spend this New Year's Day watching TV.

continued

Outside Tiger Stadium before a game, fans visit the LSU mascot—a tiger, what else?

Auburn

"Sweet Auburn!" wrote Oliver Goldsmith, "loveliest village," but Auburn, Ala. is less lovely than lively. Its basic stock is good old-fashioned fans. Toomer's Corner, downtown, is still the gathering place where the students paint the store windows, gather to talk football, eat hamburgers and French fries, tack up bunting and talk more football.

Auburn University now has 15,400 students, the preponderance of whom prefer football to revolution, and one head coach, who is one of the last of a breed. Ralph (Shug) Jordan is not interested in endorsements, special investment deals or other diversifications of his fundamental role. He loves to coach football and talk it, and he does not withdraw from people who want to draw him out on the subject.

Jordan has a 128-64-5 coaching record and a war record so distinguished that it is said he should have been dead about four times now, plus the time, a couple of years ago, when the writers had him dying of cancer. Today he says he is completely recovered from that disease and full of a zest that comes along with a new lease on life.

His football team this year should achieve preeminence in Alabama football—that is to say, it should overshadow Bear Bryant's team—and renew its old lease on the War Eagle spirit. The War Eagle spirit is hard to explain, in this day and age, especially to someone who hasn't felt it. Suffice it to say that Auburn's Tech Week, before the Georgia Tech game every year, is climaxed by a student parade through town, with band music and the works, including signs and placards bearing football rather than political slogans. Thousands of students descend upon Cliff Hare Stadium just as Thursday practice ends, and Coach Jordan comes over to the mike and makes a little pep talk. The scene gets to everybody on hand. As for the nonstudent Auburn fans, they are a tailgate crowd: fried chicken, potato salad, but very little drinking. An Auburn home game would never be described, as the annual Georgia-Florida game in Jacksonville has been, as "the world's biggest cocktail party."

And yet people have been so rude as to establish Auburn, a former agricultural college, as the southeastern focus of Aggie jokes. For instance, "Auburn football players won't be having ice water this year. The boy who knew the formula for ice graduated."

But the Auburn people are laughing all the way to the bank to deposit the proceeds from 22,500 season tickets, the biggest advance sale in Auburn history and three times as big as last year's. Fans are looking forward to this season with an eagerness they haven't felt since the Jimmy Sidle-Tucker Frederickson era in the mid-'60s. Thirty-seven lettermen are returning from the team that led the SEC in scoring last year, and one of them is junior Quarterback Pat Sullivan, of whom one scout says, "You don't realize it because he says yes sir and no sir, and he's humble, but Sullivan has a killer instinct. When he gets one touchdown he wants two. When he gets two he wants four." Last year, when Auburn tried to work out play-action patterns off the multiple T, Receivers Terry Beasley, Dick Schmalz and Alvin Bresler got downfield so fast that they were usually out of range when Sullivan finished his options. Still, Sullivan threw for 16 touchdowns and 1,686 yards as a sophomore.

This spring Auburn worked on dropbacks and Sullivan completed 68% of his passes in scrimmage. Mickey Zofko and Wallace Clark carried the ball well in the spring, and 145-pound unscholarshipped sophomore Gardner Jett kicked 20 extra points every day of practice without ever missing one, then kicked field goals of 45 and 40 yards to win the A-day game.

This is Jordan's 20th Auburn team, and it looks as if it could be an awfully jazzy one to be representing a lovely little village.

West Virginia

What do you do in Morgantown, W. Va.? Well, you can try to get out of it, but there aren't too many flights a day from Morgantown Municipal Airport. So why not stick around and sample some of the town's tourist attractions, like the glass factory where Luci Johnson bought a lot of stuff before she was married, or a few of the local coal mines? If it happens to be a Friday evening in the fall, head over to Mountaineer Field and join the "thuse." A thuse is a rally—short for enthusiasm, see—and these days, what with the Mountaineers of West Virginia winning all the time, a good thuse will draw as many as 10,000 kids, as before the Pitt game last year. Not like the old days when, even though the team was winning, pep rallies drew



On the day of a game nearly everyone in Morgantown goes to Mountaineer Field.

only 200 or so loyal rooters. That was before Coach Jim Carlen came to town.

It was Carlen as much as anyone who turned West Virginia from a basketball school—Jerry West, Hot Rod Hundley—into a football school. He arrived in 1966, and in three years he made the Mountaineers a power. Last year the team was 10-1, including a victory over South Carolina in the Peach Bowl. After that game Carlen announced that he would not trade his backfield for anyone's—not even for that of Texas, which is understandable since the backfield gained 356 yards.

Now Carlen himself has gone to Texas—Texas Tech—and his assistant, Bobby Bowden, is in charge. Bowden was head offensive coach, so his appointment as head coach is fitting. "There's room for improvement," he said when he took over, meaning he hopes his Mountaineers can go through the season undefeated.

Fortunately for Bowden, his backfield is around to help. Mike Sherwood, or "Cool Hand Mike," the quarterback, passed less than half as much as he did the year before because the Mountaineers' running attack was so strong. "He's a great passer," says Bowden. "We'd be foolish not to use him more this year."

Fullback Jim Braxton could have played pro baseball but wanted to go to college and had heard, via a cousin who

continued



had been a member of the West Virginia track team, how well blacks are treated at Morgantown. Braxton is more than just a running back (843 yards in 199 carries with 12 touchdowns and a 13th on a reception). He is also the placekicker, and last year had three field goals and 26 (of 30) extra points.

Bob (Punch) Gresham, the tailback from Yukon (W. Va.) Big Creek High, set a Mountaineer single-season rushing record with 1,155 yards. Halfback Eddie Williams was a reserve all last season until the bowl game, when he proved to be the peachiest person on the field, gaining 208 yards. Which is why Bowden, like Carlen, claims that he "would not trade the potential of our backfield with anybody. It has the potential to be the best in the country." In case a defense does figure out how to stop them, he hastily adds, "I want to emphasize *potential*."

In West Virginia, where potential often decides to move elsewhere, it's nice to see that the only moves the Mountaineers are making are on the field.

Stanford

Stanford's football history is spangled with excellent quarterbacks: Frankie Albert, Bob Garrett, Bobby Grayson, John Brodie. Even with all those brains and arms, however, Stanford has made it to the Rose Bowl only twice in the last 30 years and has lost to USC 12 times in a row (last season by a 34-yard field goal with 0:00 on the clock). This fall the Indians think they could have their best quarterback yet, a man capable of getting them to Pasadena on some other pretext than an alumni tea. School propaganda sheets refer to him as H.T.C. Plunkett and would have us believe his given names are Heisman Trophy Candidate.

Around The Farm, though, Plunkett goes by Jim. A senior, he already has broken most of the Stanford and Pacific Eight passing records, and last year he won the Volt Memorial Trophy as the best player on the West Coast.

Plunkett is a Mexican-American from San Jose, only 18 miles south of Stanford. His mother is totally blind and his father, who died last year, was legally blind, but he says there was never any need to feel sorry for them.

"My folks were poor and uneducated," he says, "but they accepted life for what it gave them. My mother cooked until recently. She could handle a lot of things. With extremely limited vision my father could go out to places, like the store or the park, and he needed only the barest help. Right now my sisters and I are helping to support our mother."

Plunkett was redshirted one year, so he could have left school with his original class and turned pro this season. Certainly his family could use the money. No doubt another crack at beating USC and a good chance to win the Heisman Trophy helped persuade him to stay. Coach John Ralston, who says he actually *likes* recruiting, is noted for his persuasive ways.

Stanford's receivers are good, especially All-Coast Tight End Bob Moore from Klamath Falls, Ore. He was the New York Mets' No. 1 pick in the 1966 free-agent draft but turned down a bonus baseball contract to play college football. Another example of Ralston's salesmanship.

There is enough talent elsewhere on the team to help the Indians improve on their 1969 record of 7-2-1, which so easily could have been 10-0 (Purdue beat them by passing for a two-point conversion in the fourth quarter, UCLA blocked a field-goal attempt as the gun sounded to keep a 20-20 tie). All-Coast Center John Sande and Defensive Tackle Dave Tipton and Guard Pete Lazetich anchor two strong lines, and Jeff Siemon, once touted as the finest player ever to come out of Bakersfield (making him supposedly better than Frank Gifford), should be a good replacement at linebacker. He was a defensive end last season. The area that needed the most improvement was the defensive backfield, which allowed Purdue's Mike Phipps, USC's Jimmy Jones and UCLA's Dennis Dummit to pass at will in the fourth quarters of Stanford's losing and tying games. Jones and Dummit are back this year with arms cocked and eyes on the scoreboard. "We must defense the fine thrower better than we did a year ago," says Ralston.

Luckily for Ralston, perhaps the finest thrower is on his side. Plunkett needs only 379 yards of total offense, 17 pass completions and four touchdown passes to break career Pacific Eight records. He is so good, long pass or short, that his excellent backup man, Don Bunce, decided to redshirt and leave the second-stringing to sophomores Mike Boryla (son of basketball star Vince), Jim Wise or Jesse Freitas. Freitas was so good in spring practice (10 of 11 passes for 119 yards, two touchdowns) that Plunkett's records should be put down in pencil.

Kansas State

Before Vince Gibson appeared among the limestone buildings on the campus of Kansas State University in Manhattan four years ago, alumni preferred to boast about the quality of the college of veterinary medicine rather than the football team. The Wildcats wore uniforms of rich purple, which, appropriately, is the traditional color of acute embarrassment. The team hadn't beaten Oklahoma in 34 years and arch-rival Kansas in 15. In fact, it hadn't beaten anyone. Only 12,000 spectators appeared in rustic, solemn Memorial Stadium to witness a losing streak that extended to 23 games. Not surprisingly, on Saturday afternoons students preferred to gather at Kite's, a tavern in the business section of Manhattan, drink beer and watch *real* football on the color television set.

Gibson was dismayed by this atmosphere and began to talk about something called "Purple Pride." He dressed himself in the school color from striped purple ties to ornate cowboy boots, and he drove a purple-and-white Buick across the state of Kansas stumping on behalf of Wildcat football. He talked to Lions, Rotarians, Kiwanians—anyone who would listen. At first, few did. He spoke to an alumni group in Wichita that numbered five people, but Gibson pressed on.

Back in Manhattan, he convinced the university to accelerate plans for a 40,000-seat stadium and an athletic dormitory which is, he says, "better than the Bear's." It includes a swimming pool, sauna bath, weight room and two dining rooms.

Enjoying their luxurious surroundings, the Wildcats won five games last year, including victories over Oklahoma

Surrounded by Purple Pride, Vince Gibson hopes Kansas State gets his message.

and Kansas, and lost to Penn State, Missouri and Nebraska by just three points each. Business at Kite's suddenly dropped off. "Last fall I cut my staff to two when the Wildcats were at home," said Owner Terry Ray. "Everybody was going to the game."

Deserving nearly as much credit as Gibson for Kansas State's football transformation is Lynn Dickey, the quarterback who wears white football shoes just like you-know-who. In a season and a half he has broken every Big Eight passing record except the late Paul Christman's mark of 25 career touchdown passes. Dickey now has 22—and an entire season ahead.

Dickey grew up in Osawatomie, Kans., where his father works as a brakeman-conductor for the Missouri-Pacific Railroad. Osawatomie, a community of fewer than 5,000 residents, claims historic significance as the place where John Brown started out. There is a statue of him, a lookout north of town named after him and a restored cabin where he once lived. As a child Dickey played touch-tackle football in John Brown Park. "Sports was all there was to do in town," Dickey says. "I was the Joe Athlete type in high school. I never had a beer until after the season my senior year." Gibson drove over to Osawatomie in search of a star to transform his Purple Pride theme into reality. Dickey recalls, "The first thing I noticed about him was that he was so down to earth. I was impressed by that, and by his enthusiasm."

Once Gibson signed Dickey, the rest of his football team fell into place. "That first year we whipped Kansas pretty good in recruiting," Gibson says. "After Dickey decided to come to Kansas State the word got around to the other prospects. One kid called another and the whole thing mushroomed. Last year those kids put K-State on the map."

This fall they are seniors—26 in number, including 17 experienced starters. The crowds who will appear in Manhattan this fall expect to watch Dickey lead the Wildcats to their first conference championship since 1934. That may be expecting a little too much.

Vince Gibson sat in his office not long ago, contemplating that prospect. He leaned back in his chair, placed his purple boots on his desk and said, "No matter what happens, this season people ain't laughing at us no more."

UCLA

The immediate future of UCLA's football team is obscured in what might be best described as, well, a cloud of smog. On one hand is the fact that 23 veterans are missing from last year's 8-1-1 team, a depressing state of affairs that caused Coach Tommy Prothro to say, with a weak smile, "We're well balanced . . . we have problems everywhere." Even so, those fans who follow the Pacific Eight are having a difficult time writing off the Bruins. Maybe because UCLA *always* manages to come up with some kind of a decent team. Or maybe because one of UCLA's five returning start-

continued



ers is Quarterback Dennis Dummit. Or maybe because whenever things look dark for the Bruins Prothro usually pops up with a few junior-college transfers who play as though they had transferred from the Rams.

"I always think we're going to be good, you know that," says Prothro. "I always figure us up there in the first three [in the Pacific Eight]. But this team has more question marks than any I've ever coached."

One main question mark is the status of the UCLA running attack now that Halfback Mickey Cureton is out for the season. As a junior Cureton was the team's No. 2 rusher, with 721 yards. But strained ligaments (the original injury occurred in last year's Stanford game) caused Cureton to sit out spring practice with his neck in a brace and orders to do no running, and in late August he was advised not to play this season. "It's discouraging," says Prothro. "There's no doubt about it, our running game needs bolstering."

Without a runner of breakaway potential, the defensive lines are liable to pour in on Dummit, a senior economics major who caused Prothro to make a major change in his coaching philosophy. Prothro used to be such a believer in the single wing that even after he switched to the T his quarterbacks sprinted out like single-wing tailbacks more often than they dropped back in classic T formation. But after getting a load of Dummit's arm Prothro switched to the Veer T and let his recruit from Long Beach City College throw almost at will. All Dummit did was set seven UCLA passing records and tie another.

This fall Dummit has a good set of receivers, led by Split End Rick Wilkes, who caught his throws for two years in junior college before moving with him to UCLA. Backing up Wilkes is Terry Vernoy, up from the redshirts, and moving in for George Farmer at wingback is Brad Lyman. As for the ground game, the Bruins' top runner—now that Cureton is out—may be a JC transfer, Marv Kendricks, a 5' 11", 200-pound tailback from Riverside City College.

Hopefully, UCLA's offensive will be able to score a lot of points because the defense's task is intimidating. Not only are the Bruins being asked to stop passers like Stanford's Jim Plunkett and USC's Jimmy Jones, they also will have to deal with three of the nation's most punishing runners, USC's Clarence Davis, Texas' Steve Worster and Tennessee's Curt Watson.

So UCLA could be very good or just plain ordinary, and not even Prothro can see into the smog. Or can he? One night after practice he was smiling as he hurriedly knotted his tie. "We should improve a great deal as the season goes on," he said. "And we might surprise a few."

Arizona State

All right, let's try it again. From the top, please. And try to get it right this time. What you see here once more is the Arizona State football team. Consistent quantitative analyses show it to be a very successful specimen. It wins 75% of its games (are you listening, Los Angeles?). Its given name is Sun Devils. A characteristic of a Sun Devil is that it runs very fast. Sun Devil linemen have to be uncommonly nimble to keep from being plowed over by Sun Devil backs, who move like prairie rabbits and spend a great deal of time hopping across goal lines. They run up scores like 79–7, 66–0 and 48–17 (pay attention, New York). According to NCAA statistics, the Sun Devils were the most offensive team in the nation the past decade, averaging 27.7 points and 359 yards per game.

They are coached by Frank Kush. That's K-u-s-h. Kush has a reputation for toughness. His September basic training bivouac east of Phoenix is not to be confused with a Boy Scout camp. One of 15 children of an impoverished Pennsylvania coal-mining family, Kush played a mean middle guard at Michigan State and made All-America at 170 pounds. When he reaches across a training table, grabs a handful of shirt and snarls, "*Tough*? You don't know what tough times are!" he means it. In 12 years at Arizona State Kush has never had a losing team. (Scared, maybe. But losing, no.)

Nor have his teams been truly appreciated. And this is what makes introductions of Arizona State tiresomely redundant. Three years in a row the Sun Devils have won eight of 10 games. Last year they also won the Western Athletic Conference championship and will probably win it again this year. Their star players—Tony Lorick, Curley Culp, Charley Taylor, Jerry Smith, Travis Williams, *et al.*—go on to make names for themselves as professionals, and Arizona State continues to make a name for itself in Tempe, Scottsdale and Mesa. Off the spine of the Rocky Mountains hardly anybody knows the name. The Sun Devils are accorded no high national rank, no bowl games.

No doubt this forced anonymity has weighed heavily on a single-minded man like Kush, but he no longer wrings his hands. In Arizona, Kush is now a big, big fish. He shows his team in a 51,000-seat stadium, with a 15,000-seat addition planned, and no competition from the pros because the school won't allow them to play there. His family has grown accustomed to the outdoorsy face of the land, and Kush has bought part interest in a fishing boat called *The Polish Navy*. He claims to be "perfectly content." But is he really? "Well," says Kush dreamily, "it *would* be a terrific shot in the arm to go to a major bowl game . . ."

To that end Arizona State will be a typical Kush creation this year: excellent running backs and receivers and enough solid No. 2 cuts of beef in the line (the Coast schools continue to get the prime) to make a good stew. And, of course, speed to burn. The Devils have to have speed to perform the precise traps and quick openers Kush designs. In the application of speed Kush says, "the advantage is always ours."

Of 16 returning Devil regulars, seven were All-WAC: Halfback Dave Buchanan (908 yards, 90 points), Tackle Mike Tomco, Guard Gary Venturo, Split End Calvin Demery (45 catches, 816 yards), Defensive End Junior Ah You, Middle Guard Ted Dlivo and—saving the best for last—Quarterback Joe (Spaghetti Joe) Spagnola. This is Spaghetti Joe: 6' 1", 175 pounds; born in Naples, Italy, came face-to-face with a football for the first time as a high school sophomore in Paterson, N.J.; a winner in 14 of the 17 games he has started at Arizona State. As a play-action passer, he led the WAC in total offense (1,745 yards).

Now once again the team (wake up, New Orleans) is Arizona State. The coach (you, too, Miami, Jacksonville and Dallas) is Kush, as in push. As in push harder . . .

CONTINUED

Flying 25 times a year on business doesn't mean you're a shoo-in for the American Express Money Card. But it's a good start.

You don't need to fly at all to qualify for the American Express Money Card.

But frankly, if you don't fly, or dine out in restaurants, or stay in hotels or motels, you aren't the typical American Express member.



American Express Money Card Member
040 072 493 6 400 AX
Broadcaster, author explorer

(A typical member is Lowell Thomas, one of the world's most famous travelers. He flies well over 25 times a year on business and pleasure.)

Most of our members are successful businessmen. But if you are just starting out, making at least $7500 a year, with a potential for earning more, you may have what it takes to use the American Express Money Card.

Pick up an application wherever the American Express Money Card is honored. Or write for one: American Express, Box 671, N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

AMERICAN EXPRESS.
FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

Advantages of paying for airline tickets with the American Express Money Card

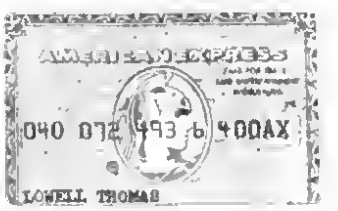
The American Express Money Card's Sign & Fly Plan is accepted by 99% of the world's major airlines. It lets you sign for tickets at travel agents, airlines and American Express offices. With the Sign & Fly Plan, you can pay for airline tickets on your next American Express bill with no *finance charge*, or take up to a year to pay. There is a *finance* charge for the extended pay plan, but the *annual percentage rate* is only 12%, compared to 18% on many revolving charge cards.

Rates per $100 cash price of your tickets financed with Sign & Fly®

Number of Months	Monthly Payments	*Finance Charge*	Deferred Payment Price
3	$34.00	$2.00	$102.00
6	17.25	3.50	103.50
9	11.67	5.03	105.03
12	8.88	6.56	106.56

No down payment

Pick up an application wherever the American Express Money Card is welcome. Or write: Box 671, New York, N.Y. 10003.



© American Express Company

THE CONFERENCES



Big Ten

Consider the plight of Bob DeMoss. For two decades as an assistant coach at Purdue he supplied Jack Mollenkopf with quarterbacks: a Lenny Dawson here, a Bob Griese there and everywhere a Mike Phipps. Now Mollenkopf has retired, and DeMoss, the new head coach, has inherited a potent offensive unit lacking—is there no justice?—a quarterback. "The last nine years we've gone with sophomore quarterbacks every three years, but it just worked out that way," he said. DeMoss probably will settle on Chuck Piebes, a 6' 2" sophomore from Valhalla—New York, that is.

Among other Big Ten teams, Minnesota seems the least likely to become fodder for Ohio State and Michigan, but Murray Warmath must solve a quarterback problem, too. Sophs will influence Indiana's fate as Ted McNulty and Dan Grossman, quarterbacks, and target Charley Byrnes will try to emulate the Gonso-Butcher-Isenbarger era. Indiana has neither Ohio State nor Michigan scheduled, but that is relevant only if the Hoosiers recover from the black boycott and revert to '67 form. Illinois may have the best crop of youngsters since Ohio State's Kern-Tatum lode. Mike Wells, a 6' 5" thrower, will aim for Willie Osley. Tackle Tab Bennett is, they say, a young Dick Butkus.

Wisconsin has Fullback Alan (A-Train) Thompson to ride the inner rail in the Pro-T. Backs Levi Mitchell and Tim Sullivan are healthy again and should boost Iowa's troubled program. Northwestern should apply for Ivy League membership. At Michigan State, Duffy Daugherty has made more position shifts than *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*.

Southeastern

One thing to remember about the Southeastern Conference is that for the last three years the consensus preseason pick for sixth place has come in first. That makes forecasting a hazardous enterprise, but it seems prudent [illegible] establishing Ole Miss, Florida, LSU and Auburn as conference favorites in that order, to suggest that either Tennessee, Georgia or Alabama should finish sixth. That is the best hedge available in college football today.

One thing that can be foretold unequivocally is that the SEC will be rich again in offense. Tennessee, with Curt Watson running, Chip Kell blocking and Lester McClain receiving, and Georgia with a new attack that should dispel the old joke about fire ravaging Coach Vince Dooley's office and burning up his pass plays—both of them. The Bulldogs' diversification will be the work of new Offensive Coach Fred Pancoast, hired last winter from Florida, whose fancy offense he had devised.

Bear Bryant, for his part, says there will be more defense this year, and maybe he is on to something, but Alabama's schedule is backbreaking. Vanderbilt, no longer predictably off the pace, should continue to come on strong under Bill Pace. Kentucky and Mississippi State appear to be out of the running for either first or sixth.

Southwest

Conceding first and second to Arkansas and Texas (or, depending on your state, Texas and Arkansas) has become as traditional in the Southwest Conference as that old saying of a few years back: the only predictable thing about our race down here is that it's unpredictable. The cliche still holds true—but now only in reference to the conference's six-team second division. To try and pick Nos. 3 through 8 accurately is as dangerous as predicting that one of them might beat the Hogs or the Horns.

No team will do that this year, though Texas A&M, hungry after much famine, has an outstanding sophomore quarterback named Lex James who should get the Aggies at least a few appetizing meals. They won the conference title in 1967, recently enough for them to remember what the glory was like and, with

James only one member of an outstanding sophomore class, Coach Gene Stallings hopes for another taste.

While the Aggies must ride with an inexperienced quarterback, SMU will support its much-experienced Chuck Hixson with rookie receivers. Hixson, the nation's leading passer as a sophomore and No. 2 last year, seems to have lost his top receiver of 1969, junior Gary Hammond, who's moved to tailback. But in Coach Hayden Fry's Alphabet Offense it's likely Hammond will still turn out to be a favorite target.

TCU has its own outstanding quarterback, junior Steve Judy, who ranked nationally in total offense and passing offense last season. The Horned Frogs have an improved defense, but a one-man offense is not enough.

Rice, Texas Tech and Baylor, alas, will again gain experience.



Pacific Eight

Cal Coach Ray Willsey doesn't even alter his tone of voice when the subject shifts to his new running back, Isaac Curtis. Isaac is the sophomore who ran 100 yards in 9.3 last spring for the Golden Bears' track team and caused his high school coach down in Santa Ana to say he was the "most fantastic athlete I've ever seen." Cautious Willsey will only say, "We're in a position to have our best team since I've been here." Which would mean a 9-2 record. With Isaac running, Dave Penhall passing to a good set of receivers and Willsey's traditionally strong defense, this isn't as unlikely as it sounds, and the Bears are only slightly nervous about their second game, at Texas.

The woodsy schools up North should finish fifth through eighth as is often their custom. Oregon and Oregon State have questionable defenses. Washington and Washington State are coming off miserable 1-9 seasons, but WSU has All-League Defensive Back Lionel Thomas, and Coach Jim Sweeney says the Cougars "are the most improved club in the conference." Washington has a quarterback named Sonny Sixkiller. It's a shame he's not on the special team for goal-line stands.

Big Eight

For Jack Mildren 1969 was a very long year. He had been looked upon as the hero to lead Oklahoma to a Big Eight title and national ranking, a super quarterback who, somehow, got out of Texas and away from Darrell. And yet his adventure ended with innumerable handoffs to Heisman winner Steve Owens and a mediocre 6-4 record. "I was like the new boy on the block," Mildren says of the experience. "Last year I didn't want to make any wrong moves. I felt like buying everyone ice cream or something, to make sure they liked me. Well, now we're playing with *my* football."

A revitalized Mildren will drive a veer-option offense this season, a refreshing departure from three years of Steve Owens blood and guts. "Before, our offense was just plain physical," Coach Chuck Fairbanks says. "This is a fun offense." But even if the veer is quickly geared Oklahoma will once again watch others fight for the conference title. The defense, which last season gave up 29 points a game, has not improved.

Pepper Rodgers has a tiger in Halfback John Riggins, four talented receivers, a brand-new offensive alignment and (thank goodness) a sense of humor. Pepper's Kansas Jayhawks concluded their 1-9 season with a 69-21 loss to Missouri. When asked if he thought the Tigers ran up the score because Dan Devine was mad at him, Rodgers replied, "It's not true. On the sidelines during the game I held up the peace sign and he gave half of it back to me."

Floyd Gass began his career at Oklahoma State with surprising success last year—the Cowboys managed a 5-5 record. This fall he has excellent ballcarriers to compensate for an inexperienced defense and to insure some more memorable upsets.

All Iowa State has put together are two new buildings.

continued

Western

Appropriately enough, the WAC showdown for second place, behind Arizona State, may be a battle between Cowboys and Indians, and this year, considering the recent skirmishes on Alcatraz and Ellis islands, looks like a big one for Indians. The Redskins of Utah, led by Bill Meek, the conference's 1969 Coach of the Year, even have a chance to win the WAC crown. Meek has 28 returning lettermen (nine of them starters from last year's offensive team), including Defensive Halfback Norm Thompson, who last year had five interceptions, running back three of them for touchdowns. Utah's big question mark is Quarterback Gordon (Scooter) Longmire, who won a letter as a sophomore at Michigan State, but is lacking in experience after a year as a redshirt.

The Wyoming Cowboys have experience problems, too. There are only six seniors on the top offensive and defensive units, although one of the seniors is All-America Bob Jacobs, the nation's top kicker last fall with 76 points and an NCAA single-season record of 16 field goals. Sophomores, including Guard Ron Voris and Defensive Back Eddie Schmidt, may be the key to Cowboy success.

Arizona, with 33 lettermen, is also a conference threat. Last year's multitude of sophomores is now a year older, and Coach Bob Weaver, whose last season with the Wildcats ended with a dismal 3-7 record, says, "I'm optimistic."

There's not much room for optimism in the rest of the WAC. The Miners of Texas El Paso could dig up a surprise or two, but Colorado State, New Mexico and Brigham Young will have a hard time ducking the flying arrows, bullets and footballs.

Southern

East Carolina's Clarence Stasavich has switched from coach to full-time athletic director, and with him goes the last major college remnant of that ancient gridiron ploy, the single wing. Born of strength and cunning some 60 years ago, it was already a rarity by the late '40s. Now in the second year of football's second century, it is extinct.

Under new Coach Mike McGee, 31-year-old former Outland Trophy winner, the East Carolina Pirates have opted for the T and its 10,000 variations, especially the pro set. To give it flair, McGee made former All-Pro pass catcher Sonny Randle an assistant.

ECU will field six junior college transfers, including two All-America linemen and a quarterback and center. The latter pair should eliminate that catchy T-formation problem of how to get the play started. One conference coach is so taken by the Pirates' new look that he considers ECU the league heavyweight even though it is coming off consecutive losing seasons. Adjustment problems make success unlikely, especially for the 26 lettermen unaccustomed to "quick guards," "strong tackles" and linebackers labeled "Will" and "Sam."

Most observers favor Richmond for its second Tangerine Bowl trip in three years, since the Spiders have the overall strength to absorb their heavy graduation losses. The Citadel, with a converted split end at quarterback, will have a ground-oriented offense, while William & Mary has quarterback problems but the league's best center in Bob Herb. Defending champion Davidson is rebuilding after the departure of key offensive personnel and a pass-minded coach. Furman and VMI had one win between them last year and can hardly do worse.



Mid-American

Once again in Toledo they're shooting for the moon, and there is no reason to doubt that the flight will be smooth. For one thing, Coach Frank Lauterbur, prepared to launch his Rockets to a third Mid-American title in four years, returns with 28 lettermen (15 starters) from last season's undefeated, untied and nationally ranked squad. For another, he has a quarterback who does best when it's most important, Chuck Ealey, the first sophomore in the history of the MAC to win Back of the Year laurels. Ealey will be joined by Tailback Tony Harris and Fullback Charlie Cole, and he will have reliable targets in Don Fair and Al Baker, both juniors. Toledo's greatest competition probably will come from Bowling Green. With need to replace half of its defense and still in search of

continued

Gillette World Series Cavalcade of Prizes

If you know how to pick'em you can win.



FIRST PRIZE

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Indicate Winner of Each Game By Placing an X in Proper Box

Game	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th
AMERICAN LEAGUE	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
NATIONAL LEAGUE	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

Total World Series Runs ☐

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

ENTER AS OFTEN AS YOU WISH
Mail Each Entry Blank Separately to
Gillette World Series Cavalcade of Prizes
P O Box 775
Rosemont, Minnesota 55068

All federal, state, local laws and regulations apply. Offer void in Washington and Wisconsin and wherever prohibited by law.

BE SURE TO INCLUDE PROOF OF PURCHASE, OR SUBSTITUTE (SEE RULE NO. 4)

10,101 PRIZES GUARANTEED TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

Leave it to Gillette to invent a contest with over 10,000 prizes—avery ona of them certain to be awarded.

And a simple contest at that.

Just guess who'll win the World Series. In how many games. Mail your entry and enjoy tha series on radio or TV (sponsored, as it has been for the past 31 years, by Gillette).

WIN A $12,000* EXCALIBUR SS CUSTOM CLASSIC ROADSTER

Somebody is going to drive off with the grand prize, a spectacular platinum-finish Excalibur SS Roadster. This is the limited production custom classic manufactured by SS Automobiles, Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. And one of the great cars of our time. But there are 10,100 other prizas.

*Suggested Retail Price

WIN ONE OF 100 COLOR TV SETS

We're also giving away 100 RCA-Victor color television sets, in snazzy platinum-toned cabinets. And that's not all.



WIN ONE OF 10,000 WORLD SERIES CLOCKS

Yes, ten *thousand*. Official Gillette World Series clocks, great for your den, playroom or kids' room. These are quality electric clocks with precision movements. And with ten thousand of them up for grabs, you've got a good chance of winning one.



ENTER OFTEN. YOUR GILLETTE DEALER HAS ADDITIONAL ENTRY BLANKS.

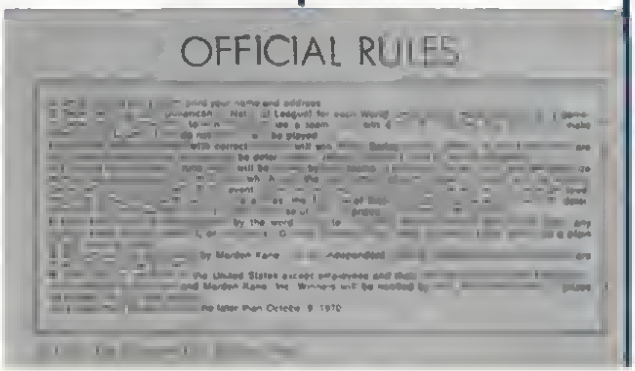
Enter as often as you wish. Just pick up additional entry blanks wherever you pick up your Gillette blades. While you're there, we hope you'll remember the fine family of Gillette products. Including our all-star trio of blades for avery kind of razor.

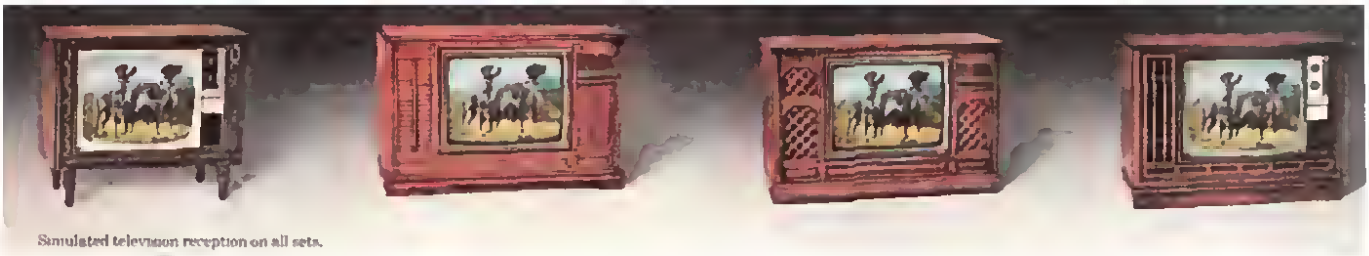
Platinum-Plus. . .the blade you've always wanted, and more, for your double-edge or injector razor. And Techmatic, the razor band that gets the nubs



Gillette
Cavalcade of Prizes

OFFICIAL RULES





Simulated television reception on all sets.

How to pick the right color television

What to look for in any brand–and why, feature for feature, dollar for dollar, we believe Sears is your best buy.

How good is the color?

How easy is the set to tune?

These are the two main questions to ask about any color television set.

Nearly every new feature you hear about deals with one or the other. But the features are often described in technical language that few people understand.

Sears will explain, in simple language, what these features are all about. Once you know, picking the right set with the right features at the right price is easy.

Color and two Sears advantages.

Today, many brands can give you good natural flesh-tone color.

The difference is that some provide it at the expense of background colors. You'll get people that look like people – but the background colors will be off. Skies will be green. And grass will be blue. Not all the time. Just enough to be annoying.

At Sears, we solved this problem.

We use Automatic Tint Lock. It's new. And a first with Sears. It gives you people that look like people – together with good background colors.

They'll hold true even when you change channels.



On some color TV's people will look okay – but the background colors will be off.



Sears Automatic Tint Lock gives you natural flesh-tone color – together with good background color.

For viewers who are particularly fussy about color, Sears has an extraordinary feature called Chromix. It allows you to add delicate shades of color you can't get from most other sets.

Ordinarily, you can add only two shades: magenta (purplish red) and green. Chromix adds two more: blue and brown. Four instead of two. For a complete range of colors. Whether or not you use them is up to you, but they're there if you want them.

In addition, Sears sets also have:

KEYED AUTOMATIC GAIN CONTROL. Keeps picture constant under varying conditions. That is, so it doesn't shimmy when a plane flies over.

AUTOMATIC CHROMA CONTROL. Keeps colors from fluctuating when programs change, or you change channels.

AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER. Gets rid of impurities in the color.

Not all brands have all these features. All Sears sets do.

Finally you should know that color quality varies from brand to brand. And not everyone agrees as to what is most pleasing. You may like the color of a particular set, but someone else may not.

The only way to decide if it's good or bad is to look at it. If the color pleases you, fine. If not, keep shopping.

Thousands of people who come into Sears never go any further. They like Sears color the moment they see it.

Automatic Fine Tuning and why Sears uses it.

Color television sets are becoming easier and easier to tune.

One reason is that an AFC – automatic fine tuning control – is on most of the better sets.



Sears sets range from less than $200 to $900. These are just 8 sets from a huge selection at all Sears stores and in the catalog.

AFC gives you a clear picture automatically as soon as you turn your set on. Or flip channels.

Is it necessary? Many people think so. Without it, you would have to fine tune your picture manually. And most people can't do it half as well as the AFC can.

The Sears automatic fine tuner is better than most because it can pick up signals that others miss.

Sears puts AFC not only on most consoles, but on many portables as well.

Ease of tuning, like color quality, varies from one set to the next. Some brands are more difficult to tune than others.

The only way to know if a particular model is easy to tune is to try tuning it yourself.

Wide screen picture, bright picture tube, bonded etched tube.

No doubt you'll be reading about the new *wide screen picture*. What is it?

With it you'll see the entire picture—just as the cameraman sees it. Up to now, part of the picture was cut off at the sides. Now you'll see everything.

Sears has the new wide screen picture on its new 25" (diagonal measure) color television.

The *bright picture tube* makes whites whiter, making the color picture brighter and clearer.

At Sears we use the best bright picture tube made. It gives you brightness without sacrificing contrast. In other words, without washing out the dark colors.

A *bonded etched tube* minimizes glare or reflection. You can turn on any light in your room and hardly get a reflection of that light on your TV screen.

The bonded etched tube costs more, so not all manufacturers use it. Sears has it in most of their sets.

How good are portables? At Sears, they're as good as consoles.

You'll get just as good color from a portable as you will from a console. Tuning, too, will be just as easy.

Electronically, consoles and portables are basically the same. It's just that everything's more compact in a portable.

Model for model, the only real difference between a portable and a console, other than cabinetry, is the size of the speaker.



Sears Medalist. America's best-selling color portable

Sears has a complete line of color portables. Including the "Medalist," the best-selling color portable in the country. (Based on an independent sales survey of portable color television.)

As far as general characteristics go, Sears portables range in screen size from 11 in. (diagonal measure) to 18 in. Weigh anywhere from 38 lbs. to 70 lbs. And start under $200.

Service and selection. You can't do better than Sears.

Be sure to ask about service before you buy any set.

Not all retailers service the sets they sell.

Sears does.

And you can count on Sears service, whether you move across the street or across the country.

We even check out the very set we sell you before it reaches your home.

Everytime someone buys a color TV from one of our stores, it's inspected before it's delivered. To make sure everything is in perfect condition. Not all retailers do the same.

As far as *selection* goes, Sears is your best bet.

We've got everything from portables to table models to full-size consoles with the new 25-inch (diagonal measure) wide screen picture. It's the largest available.

What it all boils down to, is that Sears can give you all those things that everyone else makes such a fuss over. Plus features of our own that practically no one else can give you—at any price.

If you like, you can use one of our convenient Sears, Roebuck and Co. credit plans.

With football games and specials coming up, now is a perfect time to get a color TV. Come into Sears—and we'll help you pick just the right set.

Sears

If their Canadian is this fine, why doesn't it look it?

Perhaps it's because the beauty you see outside reflects the care we take inside.

From the meticulous selection of grain right through aging and ultimate delivery, we coddle imported O.F.C., taste-testing it every step of the way.

Then, because we couldn't put as fine a Canadian as this in just any package, we cradle O.F.C. in the Dominion teardrop bottle. And seal it with a cork, so it opens to the same sound as fine wine.

Why take steps no one else does? Perhaps as testimony to a philosophy that things that look better, often are.



We do something they don't do.

Blended Canadian Whisky. Distilled, taste-tested, bottled and corked in Valleyfield, P. Q. Canada. 6yrs. old. 86.8 proof. Schenley Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

receivers for strong-arm Vern Wireman (he has 16 school passing records), the Falcons look lovingly to Julius Livas, a 190-pound speed boy who was injured last year. Miami (Ohio), 7-3 last year and tied for third, expects much the same kind of season, relying heavily on the defensive prowess of Dick Adams, while at Ohio University Coach Bill Hess has the biggest rebuilding job of all, with only four seniors left in the starting lineup. As for Kent State and Western Michigan—they're still in the MAC but out of orbit.

Atlantic Coast

ACC football started out well enough, with Maryland winning the national title in 1953, but since then the play has been increasingly minor league. The ACC has accumulated a nonconference record of 122 wins, 317 losses and 17 ties, and only two schools have fielded Top Ten teams. Defending champion and 1970 choice South Carolina yearns for the good old days.

The Gamecocks have threatened to go independent unless the 800 college-board-score minimum is dropped and the NCAA's 1.6 rule is accepted as the academic standard for recruiting. South Carolina also wants more than 35 scholarships. Six votes are needed to change the bylaws, but no more than four other schools are willing to go along. The critical moment could come in December, when a study committee makes recommendations at the winter meeting.

South Carolina's first battle, however, is on the playing field, where size, depth and experience could make this the first team since 1955 to go unbeaten in league games two straight years. If little Tommy Suggs (5′ 9″, 178 pounds) can take to drop-back passing and offset key running back losses, all should go well.

North Carolina, with runner Don McCauley and the league's best defense, is a formidable second. Frank Howard has retired after 30 years at Clemson, handing over an unbeaten frosh team and 38 lettermen to Hootie Ingram. Quarterback Leo Hart and Linebacker Dick Biddle make talented but depthless Duke a threat. Inexperience should end a reign of seven straight second or better finishes for North Carolina State. Maryland, Virginia and Wake Forest hope to improve by passing more.

Missouri Valley

At a July gathering of conference coaches, Memphis State's Billy Murphy said gleefully, "We're the team to beat." And he probably is correct.

MSU has been conference champ in each of its two years of membership, and this year should make it three. Center John Bomer is being touted as the best blocker at Memphis since Oakland's All-Pro Harry Schuh. Returning are three starting backs (Paul Gowen, Jay McCoy and Stan Davis) who averaged five yards a carry. The signal-calling falls to sophomore Steve Leech, a former high school All-America. If the defense holds, the Tigers should breeze.

North Texas State has lost Steve Ramsey, holder of all NCAA career passing records, and 20 other lettermen, but with Defensive Back Leonard Dunlap, who tied an NCAA record by returning three interceptions for TDs, and Center Willie Parker, the Mean Green should make a respectable showing.

Tulsa, Louisville and Wichita State should bring up the rear. Despite several blue-chip performers, each has a vulnerable defense.

West Texas State, which replaces departed Cincinnati (now independent), will be strong, but it is ineligible for the title until adequate conference scheduling can be arranged. Star Quarterback Clarence Redic, suspended last spring for scholastic reasons, attended summer school, and his return should make Coach Joe Kerbel happier. In fact, Kerbel may give him an A for effort.

Ivy League

Last year Cornell students became vigilantes, Princeton students became politicians and Yale students became girls. The Ivy League frenzy apparently rubbed off on the gridiron: Yale, which was supposed to fade out of contention, shared its unprecedented third straight title with Dartmouth and Princeton. Favored Harvard, meanwhile, tied for fifth.

In 1970, however, the old politics of certainty should dominate Ivy football. Dartmouth, which has the best winning percentage (.745) and most titles (six) in the 14 years of play since the formation of the Ivy League, is a slight favorite over Princeton and Yale. Dartmouth has 20 lettermen and graduates from an undefeated freshman team. The Indians lack depth at quarterback, but Jim Chasey is the league's best. Having lost 13 of 22 starters, Princeton Coach Jake McCandless will turn to promising sophs, led by Fullback Bill Early, who gained 289 yards in one freshman game. Yale's 1969 defense, second nationally, more than acquitted the New Haven 11. Nine defensive starters return to com-

continued



plement such offensive stars as Quarterback Joe Massey and Tailback Don Martin.

Titleless Cornell could be in the picture, too. There are 27 Big Red lettermen, and Ed Marinaro, second leading rusher in the nation, is one. Harvard Coach John Yovicsin, retiring after this, his 14th year, will have only 17 lettermen to help him win the one game he needs for a school record. Columbia will celebrate its football centennial, and that should be more fun to watch than its football. Penn has a good basketball team and Brown is in Providence.

PCAA

San Diego State was well-enough known as a small college (two championships in three years) to go into the big time in 1969, when the Aztecs shot to the top of their newly formed Pacific Coast Athletic Association. Everyone knows Dennis Shaw after a shower of All-Star Games, but they probably don't know that the Shaw-led alumni lost in the Aztecs' spring game 31-6, which should tell something about the 1970 team.

University of the Pacific (7-3) and San Jose State (2-8) are the conference's other major schools. Fresno State, Los Angeles State, Long Beach State and the University of California at Santa Barbara are still in the college division.

The Independents

In his second year Coach Carl DePasqua could give Pittsburgh its first winner since 1963. Ralph Cindrich, a linebacker, and Lloyd Weston, a defensive tackle, are All-America candidates. The running backs are strong enough to compensate for the quarterback spot, which is still an empty pocket. But Dave Havern, a 5' 9" junior, set three school passing records in throwing for 1,810 yards two years ago before sitting out last season with mononucleosis, and John Hogan might be even better. Except for a mere 190-pound split end, the offensive line weighs in at 215 or more. The time is coming when a game against the Panthers will no longer be thought of only as a Pitt stop.

Florida State, which has hovered in or around Top 20 rankings lately, is blessed with something most coaches would be happy to have—a whole reception line of returned passcatchers. Trouble is, there may be no passer. Tommy Warren doesn't have the strong arm to show off the receivers, but his short game is good. Rumor does speak of another Ron Sellers. Barry Smith is supposed to be a near equal of the All-America wide receiver, and he's only a sophomore. He caught 39 passes for 702 yards and scored five touchdowns in as many games as a freshman last year. Defensive Tackle Robert McEachern led the team in tackles last season with 69 and had half again as many assists. With him as a building block the defensive line will be no toy.

At the other end of the state, Charlie Tate's hard-luck Miami team of last year gave up only a few more TDs than it scored, yet ended the season at 4-6. Now Miami has Quarterback Kelly Cochrane, who has experience under his belt and two tough receivers in front of it. Cochrane didn't appear on the scene until the third game last year and still managed to break George Mira's passing records for touchdowns in one game (4), yards in one game (343) and touchdown passes in one season (11). He also managed to be in on four of the losses. Don Brennan and Joe Schmidt are the front men. Brennan was a junior college All-America, and Schmidt is considered one of the school's best receivers ever.

Marching up the coast to Georgia, one finds sophomore Quarterback Eddie McAshan as Tech's first varsity black athlete. McAshan has a passing percentage below .500, but seems able to score. On defense, Brad Bourne should burn opponents if the knee injury that forced him out last season doesn't flare up.

Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder is working on his 21st straight nonlosing season, but he may have trouble unless he can restore harmony with the black players on his squad. Ever since present-day collegians can remember, the Orangemen have always had one of those extra big, strong, barreling fullbacks. A name fullback. Last year's name, replacing Csonka, was Januszkiewicz. Marty (or Jan the Man, since three words in this case are shorter than one). His playing time was shorter still. After 59 yards and two touchdowns in the first game he was injured and redshirted. Now that he's back he'll give the Orange offense a lot more polish. Split End Tony Gabriel is the only starter coming back from the offensive line, but Quarterback Paul Paolisso, who missed all of last season with an injury, returns from 1968, when he threw for six TDs and 939 yards on a team known for grinding it out.

Holy Cross is wondering how groovy the Age of Aquarius is going to be. Somehow the water system on the practice field backed up last year, sending everything the team had been practicing down the drain. Thanks to a hepatitis epidemic thought to be connected with the failure of the water system, the season's last eight games were canceled. Then on the first day of the school's first spring practice in 19 years rain kept the team indoors. Coach Bill Whitton is optimistic despite the omens. "I just can't say enough about these young men and this team," he beams. "We're lacking for experience and lacking for depth, but we're not lacking for spirit, enthusiasm, dedication and guts."

Air Force will not treat fans to as many last-second thrills as it did last year. The lightest moments of the season may come during periodic weighins in the training room. The team averages out to less than 200 pounds. Coach Ben Martin will have to get his kicks someplace else. He faces 1970 without Placekicker Dennis Leuthauser (who was the leading tackler as well as the leading scorer). He also misses a good split end, quarterback and fullback, all of whom played better than the 6-4 record shows. Ernie Jennings is back, however, to add to the 51 passes he caught. Defensive strength looks like the key, but the best defense will be to escape injury, no mean feat against early-scheduled Wyoming and Missouri.

Army boasts a "potential Charlie Jarvis or Lynn Moore" in soph Bob Hines. But against Nebraska, Tennessee and Notre Dame (consecutively) and Penn State (with a week's breather) the long line has good reason to look gray.

Even Navy could use again from the depths. Last year's lacrosse co-championship was nice, but it will be nicer yet when this fall's biggest game isn't against Johns Hopkins. The task force is likely to be headed by Quarterback Ade Dillon, who is listed as a backup right now but threw a record 20 touchdown passes as a plebe.

Boston College has Frank Harris, a good quarterback even in this year of the quarterback. He alone may be enough to give the Eagles a winner.

CONTINUED

Isn't it time for a fresh look at cash value life insurance?

In today's world of deglamorized stocks and inflated interest rates, "old fashioned" cash value life insurance is still proving itself to be the soundest basic investment any man can make.

As it has for 130 years, experience shows that men prudent enough to build their estates on the solid foundation of cash value life insurance have more—including greater peace of mind—than those who were "too smart to give it to the insurance company."

"Buy term and invest the rest" has misled a lot of well-intentioned people. There is not one man in a hundred who will invest the rest—consistently and completely—year in, year out—market up and market down.

Even in times of inflation, men who would provide true security for themselves and their families need to invest in guaranteed dollars first—before making less certain investments.

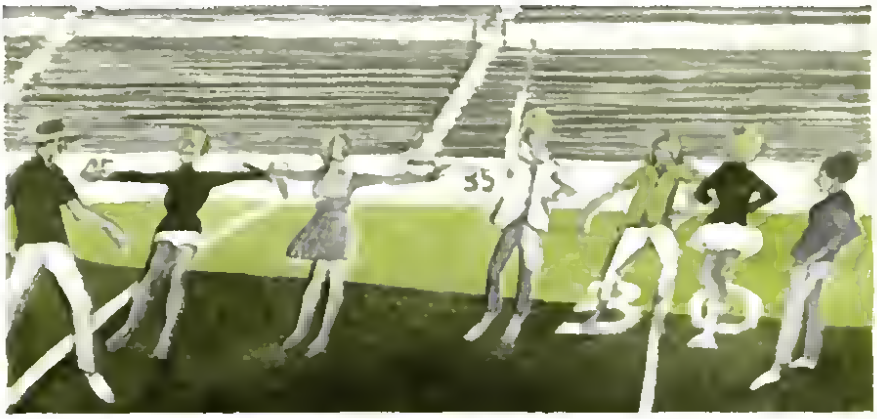
Life insurance premiums get paid faithfully because every man sees a picture of his family's trusting faces on each premium notice. That picture has proved to be the greatest incentive to protect families—and to save money—the world has ever known.

For a candid discussion about cash value life insurance in today's economy, write for free booklet "Questions and Answers..." Connecticut Mutual Life, 140 Garden Street, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.



Connecticut Mutual Life
the 'Blue Chip' company

THE SMALL COLLEGES



ST. JOHN'S (COLLEGEVILLE)

Quiet and scholarly, St. John's is located 70 miles to the northwest of Minneapolis-St. Paul on 2,400 acres of woods and lakes. Its Institute for Ecumenical and Cultural Research attracts students from half the states and several foreign countries. The school library includes a microfilm collection of manuscripts written in European monasteries before 1600 A.D. Athletics have become less important in such an atmosphere. Once St. John's 1,500 male students really cared about beating Hamline and St. Thomas, but now their interests are ecumenism and liturgical reform. And with John Gagliardi around as football coach a tradition of underemphasis is assured.

Gagliardi never cuts anyone from his squad, doesn't believe in physical-education majors, inspirational signs in the locker room, long practices and wind sprints ("I want the boys to stay fresh so they can study in the evenings") or even game plans. He also rejects the concept of training rules. "We don't need them because we don't get the type of boy that requires them," he says. "We have one rule: Be a topflight person at all times."

His relaxed approach to football has been remarkably successful. Gagliardi's Johnnies won NAIA titles in 1963 and 1965 and during one stretch lost only five of 50 games. Last season they compiled a record of eight victories (including a 21–0 win over Iowa's Simpson College in the Mineral Water Bowl), one loss and a tie.

"This year we [Gagliardi and his lone assistant coach] will have a hundred out for fall practice," he says. "And when it's all over I'm sure that our squad will number around 95 players." Most notable among them are the co-captains, Quarterback Tom Kafka and All-Conference Linebacker John Lynch. Lynch is an example of Gagliardi's "topflight person." He is an honor student and vice-president of the St. John's student body.

"We are outstanding on defense, and we outmorale the opposition," the coach says. "The feeling with the squad every game is we'll get them in the end." That is St. John's game plan. It is, like the rest of the school's football program, naive, charming and sufficient.

TEXAS A&I

There isn't much to do in Kingsville, Texas—Corpus Christi, the nearest city, is 30 miles away—except, maybe, visit the million-acre King Ranch, so students at Texas A&I University have learned to provide their own diversions. There is, for example, Speakers' Corner, where dissenters lecture on any subject that occurs to them. More popular are stage productions like *H.M.S. Pinafore* and *The Boy Friend*. Spring is the season for rodeos, and many of the students follow the A&I team, a member of the National Intercollegiate Rodeo Association.

But, as elsewhere in Texas, fall is a time devoted wholly to football. The students gather happily at Javelina Stadium, where the only modern fixture is the lighting system (Hurricane Beulah destroyed the old light towers when she paid a visit to Kingsville in 1967.) There they are treated to *Jalisco*, one of the school's fight songs, and the band will knock it out as many as 75 times a game if the team is winning.

The Javelinas, named after the wild hog indigenous to South Texas and Mexico, very rarely lose. In Gil Steinke's 16 seasons as coach, they have won 118, lost 44 and tied four. They were NAIA champions in 1959, came close in 1968 and won it again last season.

Karl Douglas directed the Javelinas to a 11-1 record and a 32–7 rout of Concordia College of Minnesota in the national title game. Douglas is back again, along with his favorite receivers, Dwight Harrison and Eldridge Small, and defensive stars Margarito Guerrero and Robert Young.

Their names aren't subject to debate at the Speakers' Corner, but they are familiar topics in the students' favorite hangout, the Tejas Room in the union. Familiar also is Henrietta, a real live javelina who roams her cage on a sideline in the stadium. For a while her predecessors enjoyed more freedom. School mascots ran wild through the campus until one day in 1929 when one of them bit Dr. R. B. Cousins, the university's

continued



Dashing Dover

Gleneagles introduces Austin Reed of Regent Street

Here is a smashing new trench weathercoat with typical British styling by Austin Reed of Regent Street, London, e name well-known and respected throughout the Commonweelth and Europe, and tailored in the United Stetes by Gleneagles. Zip-out wool liner. The shell is 50% Dacron® polyester/50% cotton protected by ZE PEL® against rain end stain. And it's wash-weer.



AUSTIN REED
of Regent Street

TAILORED IN THE U.S.A. BY
Gleneagles.

® DuPont registered trademark

For [illegible] of nearest dealer write: Gleneagles, Inc., Gleneagles Court, Baltimore, Md. 21204

Taste too hot to handle ?



first president. The animal was rabid, and Cousins was rushed away for treatment, while the javelina, from that day on, was sentenced to captivity.

GRAMBLING

There was a time when Grambling's football players shuttled to games across the dusty, clay countryside in north central Louisiana. The school was just a rumor to the rest of the country. Somewhere down South, it was whispered, a college produced almost as many professional athletes as Notre Dame. Then, in 1968, along came Sportscaster Howard Cosell with a cluster of cameras. The result was an ABC sports special and, consequently, instant recognition. Suddenly Coach Eddie Robinson's Tigers were in demand. In 1968 they drew a crowd of 64,000 to Yankee Stadium (a total of 75,000 people had watched Grambling the entire season before). Last year attendance shot up to 277,000 paid, despite the team's 6-4 record, the worst in a decade. But success at the school is judged by the number of pro draft picks as well as by victories, and last season nine players, a figure equaled only by USC, were selected.

This fall Grambling becomes a full-fledged, unabashed road show performing at huge stadiums in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and, best of all, in Houston's Astrodome. The crowds won't be disappointed.

"This is the finest group of talent I've ever seen at Grambling," says Will Walls, a Pittsburgh Steeler scout. Robinson calls Frank Lewis, a running back, "an instant coachmaker. If he doesn't go in the first round next January there must be some awful good ones around."

Halfback Willie Armstrong, Ernie Ladd's first cousin, and Defensive Tackles Rich Harris and Charles Roundtree are also potential first-round choices. But the Tigers' most exciting athlete, the man to make those huge stadiums vibrate, is Robinson's sophomore quarterback, Matt Reed. He is huge (6' 4", 225), and several scouts rate him ahead of Jim Harris, the Grambling graduate who now quarterbacks the Buffalo Bills.

Since publicity descended upon the small, Colonial-style campus, students at Grambling College have, on occasion, voiced dismay over their school's football-factory image. Robinson plans to take five top-ranked scholars along on one of the team's road trips to show it's just not so. "I know they are going to come back impressed," he says. "They're going to realize that our athletes are no different from other students. Just maybe a little bigger." And better traveled.

AKRON

A century ago a farm-machinery manufacturer founded a school on an Ohio hilltop. Thanks to his assets—$500,000—Buchtel College prospered. In 1893 John W. Heisman, as in trophy, became the school's first paid coach, and in his second season his team defeated Ohio State 12-6 in the only game scheduled that year. Although Buchtel College grew up to be the University of Akron, that victory proved to be the high point of its football history. Heisman departed after his undefeated season, and the Hilltoppers began their descent.

Rock bottom occurred in 1926 when a contest was held to provide the team with a new nickname. Students, faculty and fans competed for a $10 prize, won by a freshman named Margaret Hamlin. Her idea came from a pair of overshoes manufactured by the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company in Akron. The shoes were called "Zippers" and, consequently, so was the team. Today they are still known as the Zips.

When Gordon Larson left an assistant's job at Ohio State to become the Akron coach, Zip fortunes revived. In nine years Larson has never had a loser, and last season Akron went 9-1. The Zips should go undefeated this fall because Larson has 18 starters returning. Best of the lot are senior Halfback Jack Beidleman, who scored 98 points a year ago, and Split End Dan Ruff, who averaged 23 yards a catch.

Despite Larson's success, students at Akron are apathetic toward their football teams. They commute (11,000 by day and another 7,000 by night) to the school's campus in downtown Akron. The Zips' home field, the Rubber Bowl, is located five miles away on the city's outskirts. Even if all Akron's round-the-clock students were willing to make the trip, their attendance would barely dent the 35,000-seat bowl. The Rubber Bowl, however, is usually filled for the season opener, the annual Acme-Zip game, for which thousands of tickets are sold in the city's Acme supermarkets. Zip seats purchased by Akron's housewives right there alongside the TV dinners and detergents! What would Heisman think?

WILLIAM JEWELL

The college is as old-fashioned as the donor of its gym who, legend has it, stipulated that if a dance was ever held on campus the building would be burned to the ground. Just last year when a professor was discharged for using a four-letter word during a lecture the administration faced the first full-scale demonstration in the college's 148-year history. Students protested by cutting chapel. Then there was the censoring of the student newspaper for favorably commenting on Hugh Hefner's Playboy Philosophy. All in all, last year was uncommonly eventful for sleepy William Jewell College, a tiny school (900 students) consisting of seven red-brick, Colonial buildings built by the Baptists in the northwest corner of Liberty, Mo.

Of course, there was the usual stabilizing factor. The Jewell football team won its 11th consecutive Missouri College Athletic Union championship. The Cardinals have become a dynasty partially because they operate from a dusty single-wing-type formation with a few modern gadgets thrown in—a split end, wingback and a flanker. It is an unorthodox formation, so foreign to the opposition, in fact, that a rival coach once requested rescheduling the Jewell game to the final day of the season.

Like St. John's, Jewell has a no-cut policy. "Our philosophy is that football has educational implications just like our other extracurricular activities," says Coach Jim Nelson. "We try to give everyone who wants to a chance to sing in the choir, appear in school plays and play football. We tell our new players, no matter how unpromising, that if they will stick it out and be patient with us eventually they'll get to play in a game."

Jewell has its 12th conference title assured, thanks to the presence of four excellent athletes: Wide Receiver Alvin Lowery, Wingback Tracy Woods, Fullback Bill Cantrell and Quarterback Danny Brown. "Brown is like another coach," says Nelson. "He has initiated several of the wide-pass patterns we have installed in our offense."

Nelson can use the help. In his 20 years at William Jewell he has been a one-man athletic department: director, sports publicist and coach of the tennis, basketball and track teams. Recently he resigned as dean of men. He is an example of the small-college football ideal, the coach as Renaissance man. **END**

A little luck would be a relief

If anyone knows about being a relief man in tight situations, he is Washington bullpen ace Darold Knowles, whose experiences go back to January of 1968 and the Pueblo crisis. Among the first people called up was Airman First Class Knowles, an Air National Guard typist. Shipped suddenly to Japan, Knowles did his best to type the United States out of that jam, but, "I didn't like the call-up one bit," he says. "I even told President Nixon. It was before last year's All-Star Game in Washington. He said, 'You're the left-handed pitcher who just got off active duty with the Air Force.' When I told him I didn't like it, he just smiled."

Knowles enjoyed such access to the President because by then his luck had changed. Rejoining the Senators in late May, he went on to make the 1969 All-Star team and post a 9-2 record with a 2.25 ERA and 13 saves. "I wasn't throwing well," he says, "but somehow I was getting them out."

This year Knowles' luck has turned again, although he is throwing very well. He has the league's second-best ERA (2.02) and is credited with 25 saves for a team that has won just 65 games—yet he has a won-lost record of only 2-13.

The kind of thing that has been happening to Knowles is this: against Detroit last week he was brought in for Joe Coleman, and when the Senators scored to go ahead 3–2 Knowles was on the verge of winning his third game. But in the ninth the tying run scored on an error, and the Tigers reached Knowles for four runs—all unearned—to give him his 13th loss.

"Darold's record proves statistics lie a bit," says Ted Williams, who earlier called Knowles' won-lost mark "the phoniest record in baseball." Williams added that at 28 "he's the youngest of the top American League relievers. Only Wilbur Wood [Chicago], Mudcat Grant [Oakland], and Eddie Fisher [California] work more. He gets all the tough ones, but he's sound as hell."

"He may have a poor record," says Chuck Hinton of the Indians, whose home run is one of three off Knowles in 106⅔ innings this year. "But it's like Hawk Harrelson's for us last year. He hit .221 but drove in 92 runs."

And every now and then fortune favors Knowles, as in last week's 5–4 win over Cleveland when his save was saved by Centerfielder Ed Stroud's catch of a 380-foot drive by Ray Fosse for the last out with the tying run almost home. "I threw him my Atom Ball," said Knowles. An Atom Ball, explained Catcher Jim French, "looks like it's been bombed when they hit it, but it's right at 'em."

When a player is called up for crisis duty as often as Knowles has been this year—29 one-run games—he has to be philosophical: "Those close ones pay my salary," he says. And they beat hazardous military typing all the way down the line, even with unearned runs.

THE WEEK

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

NL EAST PITTSBURGH, clinging desperately to a faint lead and a fainter hope that some pitching could be conjured out of the hustings, acquired well-traveled George Brunet from Washington and unheard-of Eduardo Acosta from Columbus. Matty Alou hit his first home run in 1,041 at bats, but Roberto Clemente was sidelined with a lower back sprain and a game with the Phillies had to be suspended when part of the Pirates' new electric tarpaulin refused to go back into the ground. The next night the same game was suspended again, for 17 minutes, when all the lights went out. CHICAGO had Billy Williams, Jim Hickman and Ron Santo over the 100-RBI mark, and Randy Hundley said the Cubs were loose: "After the disappointment of last year, we learned that losing a ball game was not the end of the world." NEW YORK's always-dangerous Al Weis hit his annual home run—this time against St. Louis—but it did no damage. The Mets lost to the Cubs in a game in which Leo Durocher and Gil Hodges went head to head strategically. In one inning, the eighth, Durocher brought in the left-handed Juan Pizarro, Hodges sent up switch-hitting Ken Singleton to pinch-hit for left-handed Art Shamsky, right-handed Ron Swoboda pinch-hit for left-handed Ken Boswell, right-handed Bob Miller relieved left-handed Pizarro, left-handed Dave Marshall pinch-hit for Swoboda and, finally, left-handed Mike Jorgensen pinch-hit for right-handed Jerry Grote. Out of all that, the Mets, trailing by three runs, got one back. Things were going so badly for ST. LOUIS at home (30-41 for the year) that Manager Red Schoendienst tried to dial the bullpen on the phone but got the press box—which might have been a better idea, considering what the bullpen has been doing. "It's the damnedest thing I ever saw," sighed PHILADELPHIA Pitching Coach Ray Rippelmeyer. "I stood there for almost 20 minutes and watched Jackson warm up. He threw it all—the curve, slider, changeup and a fastball that kept popping. I kept telling myself he's going to give those Cubs a fit." That was Grant Jackson, who went on to give up four runs to the Cubs in 1⅔ innings. MONTREAL Manager Gene Mauch allowed himself to be fitted with a wireless microphone so that the Canadian television public could find out what a manager says to a pitcher when he visits the mound. Among the things Mauch said were: "Give them the run. . . . Harden up on the slider. . . . Are you still strong? Yes, well get him."

PITT 73-64 CHI 72-66 NY 71-66
ST. L. 65-73 PHIL 63-74 MONT 60-72

NL WEST CINCINNATI had lost four of five and nine of 13 when General Manager Bob Howsam said, "This is the time we'll find out what we've got." Maybe to more effect, reserve Outfielder Angel Bravo handed Gary Nolan a rubber ball. Carry the ball with you, Bravo informed Nolan, and you will pitch a low-hit game. Bravo also said it was important which pocket Nolan kept it in. "He put it in the right pocket, and I told him to change it. It only works when it's in the left pocket." Nolan shut out the Giants on three hits and said, "I was scared to go back into the clubhouse. I don't know what kind of voodoo he has." Next day the Reds showed Howsam what they had with their second in a row over the Giants, virtually clinching the division title. LOS ANGELES was looking ahead to next year, though no Dodger would admit it, and one of the prospects Walter Alston was looking over was a 22-year-old knuckleballer named Charlie Hough, who was glad to be in the same league with Hoyt Wilhelm. "You learn a few things each time you watch him," said Hough. After winning five straight series from Eastern Division clubs, including Pittsburgh, SAN FRANCISCO returned home to the West and promptly lost a series to the

Reds. ATLANTA's Wilhelm stroked his first hit in more than three years, a soft liner to center on which he was very nearly thrown out at first. Wilhelm worked six innings for the win over the Dodgers that broke a six-game Brave losing streak. The Braves got their expected youth movement underway, selling Tony Gonzalez to the Angels and calling up some farmhands. Included in the crop was one-time Oriole 20-game winner Steve Barber, who at least is younger than Wilhelm. SAN DIEGO's Clay Kirby, who was pulled from a no-hitter earlier in the year, beat HOUSTON with his first major league shutout. It was the first time the Padres had won in the Astrodome in 14 games, which must have made the Astros wonder whether they could safely invite anybody into their home.

CINN 69-51 LA 74-62 SF 70-67
ATL 66-69 HOUS 65-72 SD 53-84

AL EAST

BALTIMORE Manager Earl Weaver pointed to Sept. 16 on the calendar and said, "That's the day I think we'll clinch it." Then the Orioles managed only to split a four-game series with the Yankees, and Weaver was reduced to saying, "Come on, October 1." But that was talk. Dave McNally, Mike Cuellar and Jim Palmer, with 61 wins between them (26-6 since the All-Star break), were only six away from the 1952 total of the Indians' Big Three, Lemon-Wynn-Garcia. NEW YORK was, in fact, all but mathematically out of the race, although Manager Ralph Houk had a front runner for Rookie of the Year in Thurman Munson, who was hitting .294. Houk conceded that Billy Conigliaro of Boston and Roy Foster of Cleveland were having good freshman years too, but, "If I got on the phone right now, how long do you think it would take me to trade Munson for either one of them even up?" The experience of dousing two sportswriters with buckets of ice water cost DETROIT's Denny McLain only $3,500 in pay, as the club announced his suspension would be lifted after a week. But Commissioner Bowie Kuhn stepped in and said McLain could not pitch until he visited Kuhn's office this week for a review of his probation. Just as he was finishing a TV interview, McLain himself was hit with a bucket of water by someone standing nearby. "It's funny," he said. "It puts the whole hit in the right perspective." For BOSTON, Met castoff Cal Koonce pitched his first complete game in three years. Red Sox Owner Tom Yawkey said, "It seems like the players want everything. When we get rained out of a big date and have to reschedule a day-night doubleheader to try and get some of the money back, they scream about that. Well, where do the players think the money comes from?" CLEVELAND's Ray Fosse broke a finger, perhaps ending his season, but Ken Harrelson was pronounced ready for some work. After Manager Alvin Dark had Sam McDowell walk WASHINGTON's Frank Howard three times in one game, twice when Howard was leading off the inning, Howard protested. The fans had paid to see him hit, he said, and McDowell should be able to get anyone out. The Indians had been walking Howard all year, Dark replied, and they were 10-6 against the Senators. Last year the Indians pitched to Howard and were 3-15.

BALT 88-46 NY 76-60 DET 72-66
BOS 70-67 CLEV 66-72 WASH 65-72

AL WEST

Jim Perry, whom MINNESOTA tried to sell to anybody for $5,000 in the spring of 1965, achieved his second straight 20-win season with a shutout of the Brewers. Otherwise the Twins remained ripe to be taken by CALIFORNIA, but the Angels were not responding to the opportunity. They were missing the kind of season they had expected from Andy Messersmith—although, as Manager Lefty Phillips observed, "Right now Andy's the best relief pitcher in baseball. He's never failed me. He's done fantastic work with that cage the way it is." The cage Phillips was referring to was Messersmith's aching rib cage, which keeps him from prolonged appearances, and the work was Messersmith's recent record in relief: two wins, four saves and one run in 18 innings. "The other night," said Phillips, "he leaped high to grab a ball hit over the mound and then ran to first for the final out. That nearly killed him. But that's him." OAKLAND's Mudcat Grant estimated that he had warmed up 110 times this year, and he was so tired his ERA had climbed to 1.72. Wally Bunker of KANSAS CITY won for the first time since last Oct. 2, although the Angels loaded the bases against him in the first inning with nobody out and Alex Johnson up. "I just threw as hard and straight as I could, and things worked out," said Bunker. Bowie Kuhn showed up in MILWAUKEE to boost the Brewers' drive toward one million in attendance. Kuhn sat in the bleachers with the infelicitously named Brew Crew—the Milwaukee equivalent of Chicago's Bleacher Bums—and gamely raised his arm and shouted "Brewer Power" on cue. "My slogan tonight is 'Win One, Milwaukee,'" said the commissioner—an endorsement whose luster was dimmed by the fact that the Brewers were playing a doubleheader. The CHICAGO White Sox lost six straight, shook up their front office and told Manager Don Gutteridge his contract wouldn't be renewed. Gutteridge said his greatest mistake was shuffling the lineup every day at the first of the season. "I wanted to give everybody new a chance," he said.

MINN 60-55 CAL 76-61 OAK 75-62
KC 62-66 MIL 62-85 CHI 49-60



Cone Corduroy.
For a city-fied country look.

h.i.s. designs for the country gentleman who's at home in the city too. So when they designed this Norfolk jacket they used Cone Corduroy because it adapts to the country, the city or anywhere else.

Jacket shown is of Cone's Monterey. Sizes 36-46. In bronze, olive, hemp, willow and hickory. About $40 at fine stores everywhere. Always look for Cone Corduroy.

Cone

CONE MILLS ... Y. NEW YORK, N.Y. ...



TENNIS / *Gwilym S. Brown*

Fierce lass in quest of an elusive title

She is Margaret Court of Australia, and last week at Forest Hills she moved in on one of the rarest prizes in world-class tennis—a Grand Slam

A tennis player who had not been there for 17 years finally turned up once again among the 61 women performing on the spongy green turf of Forest Hills last week, someone with a chance to complete a Grand Slam. This girl was present in the graceful, tanned figure of Margaret Smith Court, the leggy, athletic, blue-eyed blonde from Australia who had already won the Australian, French and Wimbledon titles, the first three of the Big Four.

The men find Grand Slams just slightly easier to come by. Don Budge hit for one in 1938. Rod Laver did it as an amateur in 1962 and again as a professional last year. For the ladies, Grand Slams are all but impossible to achieve. The female of the species seems to be more vulnerable than the male to such things as fatigue, physical ailments and just plain shattered nerves. Only one woman has ever won all four major championships in the same year—the late Maureen Connolly of California. In 1953 Little Mo won hers in a breeze with the loss of only one set, polishing off Doris Hart 6-2, 6-4 in the final at Forest Hills. Since then no one has come into Forest Hills with three straight. Not until now.

As you read this Margaret Court's Grand Slam bid may have been upset, but defeat seemed remote in the hot, humid air of the West Side Tennis Club last week as the $176,000 U.S. Open tournament got under way. It is Mrs. Court's style to do things all-out and do them pretty quickly, as well. In her first match she needed only 27 minutes to get into full stride. By a score of 6-1, 6-0 Margaret demolished a cute, harmless, blonde young thing from Rolling Hills, Calif. named Pam Austin whose racket barely came in contact with the ball at all, except when she happened to be serving it.

"It's nice to get the first one out of the way," said Margaret, who played every shot as if it were match point in the finals, "but it wasn't quick enough to suit me."

Two days later, in the second round, she met Patti Hogan, the chubby girl from La Jolla, Calif. who had ended her streak of 42 consecutive match victories during the Marlboro Open in New Jersey the week before, and whipped her 6-1, 6-1, requiring just 35 minutes.

Mrs. Court, now 28 years old, is a sweet, simple country lass from New South Wales. Her tennis game, of course, is neither of these things. It is powerful, destructive, relentless and seemingly without a flaw. Definitely not on the sweet side. She is a superbly athletic animal, the physical equal of a great many men, but determination is really Margaret Court's chief trademark. For almost 10 years—outstanding even among the Hards, the Buenos and the Moffitt-Kings—this passion to excel has made her the dominating figure in women's tennis.

"Most of us tend to let up against a weak opponent," says John Newcombe. "We take it easy, relax, have fun. But not Margaret. It is in her makeup that she must go all-out no matter who she is playing. She'd certainly have more fun on court if she relaxed a bit. Who knows, she might even play better, if that's possible."

Newcombe remembers Margaret from 10 years ago, when she first became a player of note in Australia, as a pleasant but retiring string bean of a girl.

"She wasn't the sort you'd notice at a party," he said last week. "In fact, she seldom went to parties. Maybe because she was from the country. But you certainly noticed her determination at tennis. She used to be a skinny girl, but she lifted weights, ran, trained hard and played hard. She'd be good at most any game. She'd probably be pretty great as a runner, at the 220 or 440. She's very fast and strong."

Margaret's part of the country was Albury, a junction town on the main Sydney-Melbourne railway line and notable in her youth for not much more than the fact that it was where the tracks changed gauge and where the grumbling passengers, therefore, had to change trains. Margaret, whose father worked as a foreman in an Albury cheese-and-butter factory, took up tennis at the age of 9 on the public courts across the street from her family's two-bedroom house. By the time she was 15 only the boys were good enough to play her, and she had won 60 tennis trophies. One day Margaret rode on down the rail line to Melbourne to find out what big-time tennis was all about, moving in with former Australian tennis star Frank Sedgman and his family. Sedgman put her on a vigorous training program that packed muscle on her scrawny frame.

Almost immediately the new muscle made points. In 1960, at the age of 17, Margaret won the Australian championship, defeating Brazil's Maria Bueno in the finals. She was the youngest girl ever to win that title, and it was merely the first of seven consecutive Aussie championships. During those years she also added two French, two Wimbledon and two Forest Hills titles. Then, at the end of 1966, she got fed up and retired.

"I just got tired of traveling, of packing and unpacking suitcases, of seeing tennis balls all the time," she says. "I'd won everything, and I was getting bored. I wasn't able to give my best."

Not being able to give her best was a cardinal sin to Margaret. For the next few months she was visible behind two giant portholes cut into the brick front of a boutique—it was called The Peephole—that she had opened with a friend in a middle-class suburb of Perth. Margaret's career at The Peephole lasted not long beyond October 1967 when she married a Perth wool broker and champion yachtsman named Barry Court. Her retirement from tennis lasted only a few months longer.

Court, a tall, assured man a year older than Margaret, claims some of the credit for getting his wife back into the world tennis picture. "I'd traveled around Australia," Barry says, "but I'd never been out of it. I talked about how I would like to see the world, and the next thing I knew Margaret was back on the tour."

Another reason for her return was that

continued



Announcing the new Classic Series by Weaver.

Weaver proudly presents the 3-power Classic 300, the 4-power Classic 400 (shown above), the 6-power Classic 600.

They're for the shooter who wants the accuracy, dependability, and features of the K models — *plus* true years-ahead styling.

Plus a satin black, anodized aluminum alloy tube.

Plus feather-light weight.

All this and an unsurpassed optical system, accurate micrometer click adjustments, exclusive triple weatherproofing, constantly-centered reticle.

See the new Classic Series. Priced from $49.95, at leading dealers everywhere. Or write for free 1970 catalog:
W. R. Weaver Company, Dept. 40, El Paso, Texas 79915.

The Classic Series by Weaver.

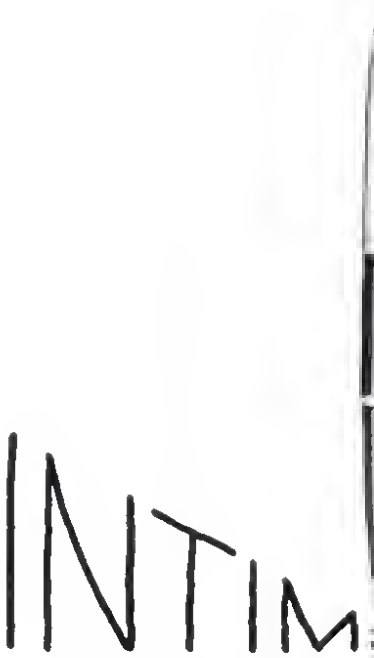
the foot fashion for Fall is

P.R.* by Wigwam

Smart, comfortable . . . and it's available in 26 fashion-keyed solid and heather colors. Knit of fabulous Orlon '31 Acrylic for luxurious comfort and long wear. Machine wash and dry.



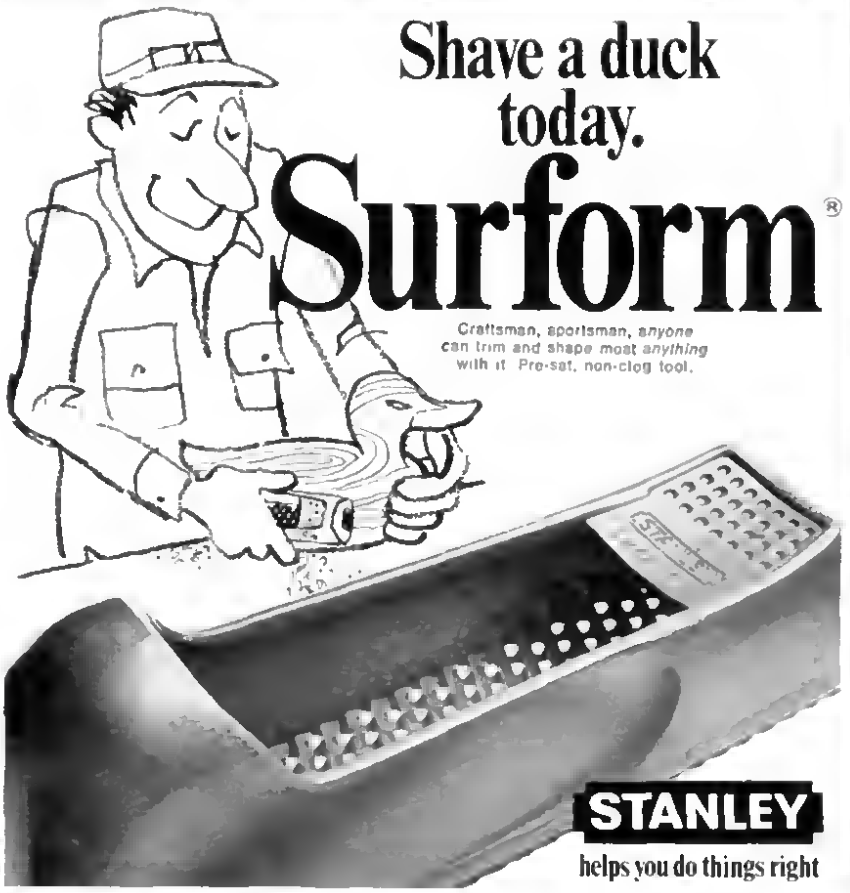
WIGWAM MILLS, INC. • Sheboygan, Wisconsin 53081
In Canada Hanson Mills Ltd., Prov. of Quebec



INTIMIDATE

The Executive **FLAIR**

Flair can be nakedly aggressive—or tactful—or subtle. Because Flair has a smooth, tough nylon point and rich, vivid ink that writes the way you really feel. In this executive edition, Flair comes handsomely cased in very business-like colors. Flannel Gray, Money Green, etc. The Executive Flair. **Only $1.95. Refillable.**



Shave a duck today.

Surform®

Craftsman, sportsman, *anyone* can trim and shape most *anything* with it. Pre-set, non-clog tool.

STANLEY

helps you do things right

Margaret had begun playing friendly matches with some of her old touring buddies. Despite not having touched hand to handle for 16 months, she found she could still beat them. The yen to play more seriously returned.

"The challenge is still there," says Margaret, "and traveling is so much more fun with Barry. I am more relaxed and I am playing better. I enjoy it more, too, and I've actually found it a lot easier to play well. It's all the experience adding up, I guess. I've learned so much, and my thinking about how to play the game has improved a great deal."

With Billie Jean King recuperating from knee surgery and England's Ann Jones, the 1969 Wimbledon champion, choosing not to play the big tournaments this year, Margaret seemed to have an almost clear field for her Grand Slam bid as the rest of the tennis world gathered last week at Forest Hills. The only thing that might possibly cause a bad stumble would be the pressure of the task; Mrs. Court can be highly nervous.

How the pressure might affect her was a source of some disagreement. "It should help me," said Margaret. "It will just make me try harder."

Not so, says one of her challengers. "The pressure of going for a Grand Slam should hurt Margaret," declared the sprightly, pixie-faced Aussie, Kerry Melville, who has lost four finals matches to Mrs. Court in tournaments this year and beaten her only once in eight meetings. "With someone like Billie Jean the pressure would be an advantage. Billie Jean really *would* bear down and try harder. I think Margaret is probably going to win here at Forest Hills, but her nerves are her only weak point. You can't outhit her, you can't beat her staying back at the baseline, and she's almost impossible to pass at the net. I've tried every way to beat her, and the thing that works best is to throw everything into the first few games, try to stay with her, to win early. Put her under pressure like that and she gets rattled. You can beat her. But let her win a couple of games right off and it's almost hopeless. When she gets confident Margaret is just about unbeatable."

As the week ended Margaret Court was at her confident best. With two down and only four mere mortals to go, the Grand Slam seemed only a couple of smashes away. **END**

Why Bob Pichette uses a Pitney-Bowes postage meter for as few as 5 letters a day.



Twelve years ago, Bob Pichette set up his own business in LaSalle, Quebec, as a photographer. Since then, it's become his way of life! He married a photographer, their home became their studio, and as leading photographer in his community, he's on call at all hours. It's even made him something of a philosopher. "Nobody," he says, "nobody is really ugly." And he has pictures to prove it.

To business. About a year ago, some of Bob's mail went out with insufficient postage. Irritated, Bob looked around for a way to prevent this happening again. He decided to get a Pitney-Bowes postage scale to make sure his mail would be weighed accurately. And while he was at it, he ordered a postage meter as well.

Bob got the meter simply to ensure having the correct postage on hand at all times—but to his delight, he found he'd got a whole lot more than he bargained for.

For a start, he's able to cut down on trips to the Post Office—and no more scrambling to get there before its doors close. What's more, he has a ready record of all the postage he used (a help to his accountant at tax time!).

Another useful thing for Bob is the fact that the meter postmarks all postage. If Bob tells a client he will "mail the photographs by Thursday," he has the dated metered stamp to prove that he did.

Bob even feels that, indirectly, his postage meter helps him sell more pictures. For example, if he covers a wedding on Saturday, he can have sample pictures ready by Sunday. And being independent of the Post Office, he can send them out right away so his potential customers get them by Monday—which is so soon after the happy event, that they are in a good mood to buy.

And Bob has one more benefit to come from his meter. Remembering the advice received from one of his teachers "make sure people know you," Bob is busy devising his own little ad. And his Pitney-Bowes postage meter will be happy to print it for him, right beside the postage.

If the story of Bob Pichette, his postage scale and his meter makes you think you might have some use for them too, please call us and our demonstrator will come running to show what we can offer.

Pitney-Bowes
POSTAGE METERS

For more information, write Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 9054 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904, or call one of our 190 offices throughout the U.S. and Canada. 50 Years of Solving Paper-Handling Problems: Postage Meters, Scales, Mail Openers, Addressers, Printers, Folders, Inserters, Collators, Counters & Imprinters, Copiers, Fluidic Controls, Labeling, Marking and Plastic Card Systems.

Big amateur shoot-out at Generation Gap

Young Lanny Wadkins won the U.S. championship over a field that showed as little respect for its elders as it did for the record book. Meanwhile, the seniors at Waverley could always fall back on Spiro and Red

Youth came to ferocious grips with the Establishment again last week as the American Legion, the People's Army Jamboree, the Vortex I rock festival, Spiro Agnew, Ross Perot, Red Skelton, the National Guard and, of all things, the United States Golf Association assembled on assorted fronts in Portland, Ore. in a continuing effort to stay as far as possible on their own side of age 30.

While the rock patrons blew grass out on the Clackamas River and the legionnaires listened to Ross, Red and Spiro making jokes about doves and unwashed people, and the National Guard applied distant scrutiny to a "Victory to the Vietnamese People" parade, hardly anybody paid attention to the nation's finest amateur golfers.

Too bad, this annual sparse crowd at the country's biggest no-dollar tournament, because the Amateur championship, staged for the 70th time, is more deserving, more important and certainly more fun than the average weekly pro tour affair. Considering, too, that the tournament at the Waverley Country Club gave to America a 19-year-old champion and 20-year-old runner-up on the one hand, and the usual flock of silver-haired ancients running the event like a starched collar on the other, the Amateur was worth seeing if only because it seems to be the last sanctuary where young longhairs and old button-downs can stare at each other without opening up the grenades.

This Pacific-Northwest version of the Amateur was won by a blond, pocket-size Virginian named Lanny Wadkins, who wandered through the glistening pines and firs of Waverley in 67-73-69-70—279 (one under par) and came from behind on the last four holes to defeat Texas' Tom Kite by one shot.

Wadkins' victory did not come as a shock to his peers, who remembered his attaining Walker Cup eminence last year at a tender 18 and then watched him win the Western, Southern and Virginia State Amateur this summer. The Wake Forest junior had also thrown away the Porter Cup and the NCAA Championships with shaky final rounds that belied the sarcastic nickname Boy Wonder given to him by some of his Walker Cup teammates. These same peers claim Lanny is petulant, abrasive and has some maturing to do. (He was nearly ejected from the Virginia Amateur for blowing up over an official's ruling.) "Boy Wonder needs a personality transplant," says one amateur. "The only thing he knows is golf. Ask him about anything else and all he can say is, 'Ah changed mah grip and ah hit it flat supuh.' "

Wadkins fashioned his victory among a group of gentlemen whose collective occupations and life-styles are as diverse as may be found under one clubhouse roof in any sport, amateur or professional. For instance, in attendance at Waverley last week were an Army private, an automation engineer, a former state representative from Ohio, a candidate for the state senate in West Virginia, a dairy executive, the world open court tennis champion, the former owner of the Chicago Playboy Club, a professional hockey executive, an airline pilot on strike, the Israeli Open champion, a cheese company executive, a guy from Alabama named Elvis, and one named Bubba and—beat this, Buhba—a doctor of psychology who raises orchids, is a brown belt in judo and

continued



WADKINS AND THE WUNDERKINDER . . .



. . . BURIED ED UPDEGRAFF'S LEGIONS


Some people really know how to live.
Right down to their whisky. It has to be V.O.
Very smooth. Very special. Very Canadian.
Seagram's VO Canadian
Seagram's
V.O.



This is where it's at: ALABAMA, ARKANSAS, BOISE STATE, BOSTON, HOFSTRA, HOUSTON, ILLINOIS STATE, INDIANA, INDIANA STATE, KANSAS STATE, MARSHALL, MISSISSIPPI, NEBRASKA, NORTHERN ILLINOIS, OREGON, OREGON STATE, PITTSBURGH, PENN STATE, PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHERN METHODIST, RICE, TEXAS, TEXAS A&M, TEXAS TECH, WASHINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA



and the CINCINNATI Bengals, DALLAS Cowboys, HOUSTON Oilers, PHILADELPHIA Eagles, SAN FRANCISCO 49ers, ST. LOUIS Cardinals.

Yesterday's comer seems to be today's All American. AstroTurf® stadium surface has been installed on 30 athletic fields this year. Now, over 50 athletic fields have AstroTurf.

No wonder you'll see so many AstroTurf games on TV. Four college games will he nationally televised. And NFL teams will battle it out in 41 games on the tube.

For facts on AstroTurf, the surface that makes sports more fun, write AstroTurf, Dept. 327A, Monsanto Company, 800 N. Lindbergh Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63166.

AstroTurf®
SURFACES BY Monsanto

Guaranteed loss-proof, theft-proof and termite-proof.



Or your money back.



Lost cash is a lost vacation. But lose your Bank of America Travelers Cheques and you get a quick refund. Anywhere in the world. And for the full amount. This money-back guarantee comes with every purchase—together with the promise that you can cash them wherever you travel. Money-back money is sold by leading banks everywhere and it's backed by the world's largest bank. Ask for it by name: Bank of America Travelers Cheques.

BANK OF AMERICA ... MEMBER F.D.I.C.

once won the Luxembourg International, whatever that may be.

If there were any way the USGA could keep its graying, venerable stars, its Charlie Coes, Bill Campbells and Ed Updegraffs on top and winning, it might try. But it can't, and so the older men and their still-sound games are fading under the sheer weight of numbers: 50% of the golfers in the field this year were 22 and under; 14% were teen-agers. "It used to be that we got two or three good youngsters in a five-year span," said 46-year-old Coe. "Now they're under every rock. They play more in four or five years than I played in 20. They don't even know that this game is supposed to be hard."

By the end of the tournament, the percentages had been borne out. Sixteen of the top 20 finishers were under 30. Thirteen of the 17 under-par rounds were scored by men 23 or younger. "This is nothing but a children's tournament," said Vinny Giles, a ripe 27. "If you don't wear bell-bottoms, you can't make the cut." In perhaps the most flagrant accommodation made to the young crowd all week, USGA President Phil Struhing, resplendent in rep tie and blazer, just gave up. He used the word "uptight" at least three times.

What gave Waverley's Amateur an extra dimension were the fruits that would come to its titlist and those who came close—namely, high consideration for the four-man World Amateur Team Championship in Madrid, and for the Walker Cup in St. Andrews next May. The glamorous trips and opportunities for international competition have kept some of the youngsters—those over 12—from turning pro this summer. Or even admitting their intentions.

Though Waverley was a departure from the classic Amateur courses of the past few years and, in fact, is the shortest course (6,496 yards) ever to host the event, scores were kept respectable by two of the finishing holes, the 206-yard 16th, which calls for a blind, downhill tee shot to a green on the rim of the Willamette River, and the 448-yard, par-4, dogleg 17th, which bends with the river and is normally a par-5. Steve Melnyk, the defending champion, called the 16th "the worst hole west of the Mississippi," while the 17th, though fairer, yielded only three birdies during the entire tournament.

Melnyk and Giles, the pretournament favorites, have had their troubles off the course this summer. The rotund, balding Melnyk was embarrassed by a personal diary containing unkind observations of some pros at the British Open that got printed in a Jacksonville newspaper. Giles had his amateur status taken away for two months after he admitted "thoughtlessly" accepting six dozen balls from a manufacturer. Reinstated July 20, he was thus able to try for a rare, if flawed, grand slam—four consecutive second places in the Amateur. It didn't work out. As it was, he never made his customary late charge and wound up in sixth place.

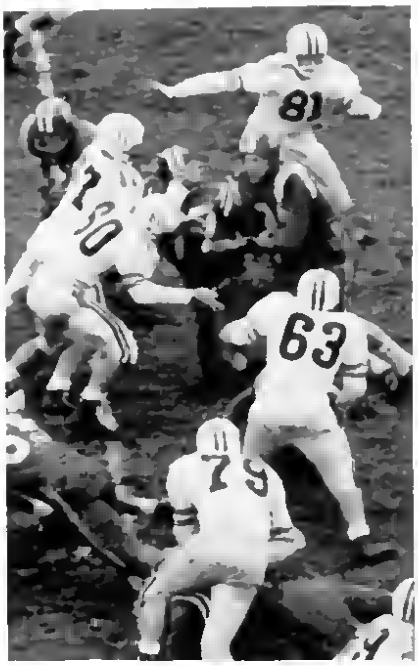
Melnyk did have a chance after plodding around in the morning rain and mud of the second round for a magnificent 68. If it had kept raining he might have lapped the field, but that afternoon the sun came out for a while, the fairways dried and the leaders pulled away.

By that time, the Amateur had suffered an assault on most of its medal play records—the low first-round score (Wadkins' 67), low 36-hole score (Kite's four-under 136), low cut (148) and a tie for the lowest 18-hole round ever, a second-day 65 by Texan Kurt Cox.

By late in the third day it seemed to be down to a one-man tournament. Kite stood at the 17th Friday with a six-stroke margin on the field. Moments later, in a sequence of events that was to turn the tournament completely around, Kite bogeyed 17, Wadkins lofted a wedge 60 yards into the cup on 18 for an eagle, and then Kite bogeyed 18 to reduce his lead to two shots.

Wadkins had defeated Kite in the semifinals of the Western Amateur, had beaten him by eight shots in the Southern and just a day before had told a friend, "Kite doesn't want to win. He might be scared of it. He'll have to lead by six shots to hold up."

And so it was. On a final day of nipping cold and buffeting winds that only a fur trapper could love, Wadkins caught Kite early, and the two were tied after 12 holes. The Texan got the lead back with a two-foot birdie putt at the 13th but lost it two holes later when he double-bogeyed. Play on the final three holes bordered on lunacy, as both collegians birdied 16, butchered 17 with twin double-bogeys, then birdied 18—Wadkins with a 20-footer that clinched it and gave the wonderful old Amateur a Boy Wonder champion. **END**



Binoculars, like quarterbacks, don't have to be big to be good.

Try a pair of Nikon "ultra-compacts" and see for yourself. These are true prism binoculars, made by the same people who make the famous Nikon cameras.

Despite their pocket-size elegance, they offer as much viewing brilliance in daylight as the biggest and most expensive glasses you can buy. Their superb Nikon optics are so precisely collimated that you can view for hours without eyestrain or fatigue.

You enjoy this exceptional performance whichever of the three Nikon "ultra-compacts" you choose: 6x18, 7x21 or 8x24. Each provides the pull-in power and full-field coverage to take you right to the heart of the action. And each is accompanied by a 25-year guarantee.

Prices start at under $50, including zipper case and neckstrap. At better photo, optical and department stores. Or write: Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)

Nikon Prism Binoculars



A whale of a hand—and a player, too



In bridge circles—which are not exactly the same as pro football circles—you would not normally belittle a man who weighs 170 pounds. But in Boston recently, when the largest field ever to contend for the Life Masters Pair title had finished three days of play, Mike Moss, one-half of the winning pair, became known as The Shrimp.

The reason Moss suffers this nickname becomes obvious when you turn at the table to meet his partner, Paul (The Whale) Heitner (*above*), who proudly announced in Boston that he had trimmed down to a mere 430 pounds. Not since P. Hal Sims, who weighed only 300 pounds when he and Waldemar von Zedtwitz beat out the Ely Culbertsons in the first Life Masters in 1930, has bridge had a champion of such stature. Heitner, a computer expert from Trumbull, Conn., and Moss, a New York investment counselor, edged Jim Mathis and Bob Freedman of Buffalo for the title, 1,208½ to 1,191. One of the deals that led to this victory also illustrates why I have never been persuaded of the value of weak overcalls.

The Heitner-Moss partnership entailed a compromise of divergent methods, glued together in a one hour poolside discussion only a couple of days before the event. Heitner is an original devotee of Animal Acol, so titled from the nicknames of its proponents—The Snail, The Seal, etc. It is an adaptation of a British system making use of featherweight opening bids plus early entry into the auction. Moss is a Roth-Stone conservative. Obviously the pair found a sound middle ground, which included the forcing artificial opening bid of two clubs—showing a whale of a hand—with which Heitner began the auction shown.

North dealer
Both sides vulnerable

NORTH
♠ Q
♥ K J 7 6 4 2
♦ 8 7
♣ 10 6 3 2

WEST
♠ 9 7
♥ Q 9 8 3
♦ 10 9 6 5 2
♣ A 7

EAST
♠ A K 4
♥ A 5
♦ A K 1 3
♣ K Q 5 4

SOUTH
♠ J 10 8 6 5 3 2
♥ 10
♦ Q J
♣ J 9 8

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
PASS	2 ♠	2 ♠	PASS
PASS	DBL.	All Pass	

Opening lead: ace of clubs

Since North had passed, South knew that the opponents must have at least a game, if not a slam. Nevertheless, his vulnerable two-spade overcall was an extremely risky proposition.

If Heitner had held a strong one- or two-suited hand, he would have rebid a suit, so his actual double was for penalty, not takeout. Accordingly, Moss passed, and he and Heitner then carefully cashed their top cards before presenting South with a chance to go wrong. They took their three club tricks, two diamonds and the ace of hearts before Heitner led his fourth club. Had the fourth club been led earlier, South could have saved a trick by discarding a loser rather than ruffing. South might still have saved a trick if he had guessed the exact trump situation and ruffed with the 10. Instead, he ruffed with the 8. West overruffed with the 9 and the defenders still had their two top trump tricks for a 1,100 penalty. Since none of the other East-West pairs bid and made the slam in diamonds, The Whale and The Shrimp earned top score. END

Owens-Corning explains the high cost of not enough insulation.

Fiberglas 6&3 insulation could save over $3,000 toward your mortgage

6″ of Fiberglas* insulation in ceilings and 3″ in walls can cut heating and cooling costs as much as 30% a year.

It's true. Skimping on insulation could be the costliest error a homeowner might ever make.

Owens-Corning—world's leading manufacturer of home insulation—recommends 6″ in ceilings and 3″ in walls.

This is more than FHA minimum property standards require. But the cost is only around $200 more. And the difference in insulating ability could save a homeowner as much as $3,000 toward payments over the term of a 25-year mortgage.

How much you might save depends on the size of your house and where you live. But in *any* part of the country, the Fiberglas 6&3 plan can cut your heating and cooling costs. Locate where you live on the map. Then estimate your savings on the charts at right.

Free booklet tells you more. It's called *The Full Story of Full Insulation*—and it could be the smartest 6¢ you ever invested. Send to Owens-Corning for it today, then tell your dealer or builder you want Fiberglas 6&3.

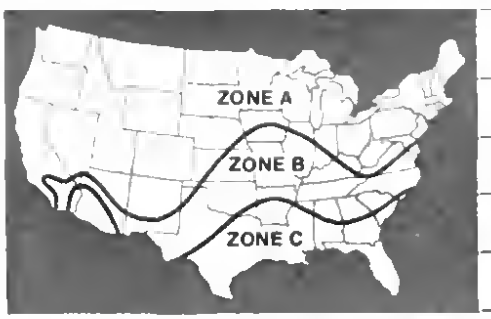
Write Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, Attn: C.N. Meeks, Box 901, Toledo, Ohio 43601.

*Trademark Registered Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp.

Calculate your possible savings—add heating and cooling savings for total in your area.



HEATING ZONES**			
Floor Area, Sq. Ft.	Zone A	Zone B	Zone C
1000	$1,650	$1,150	$475
1500	$2,225	$1,575	$625
2000	$2,700	$1,925	$775



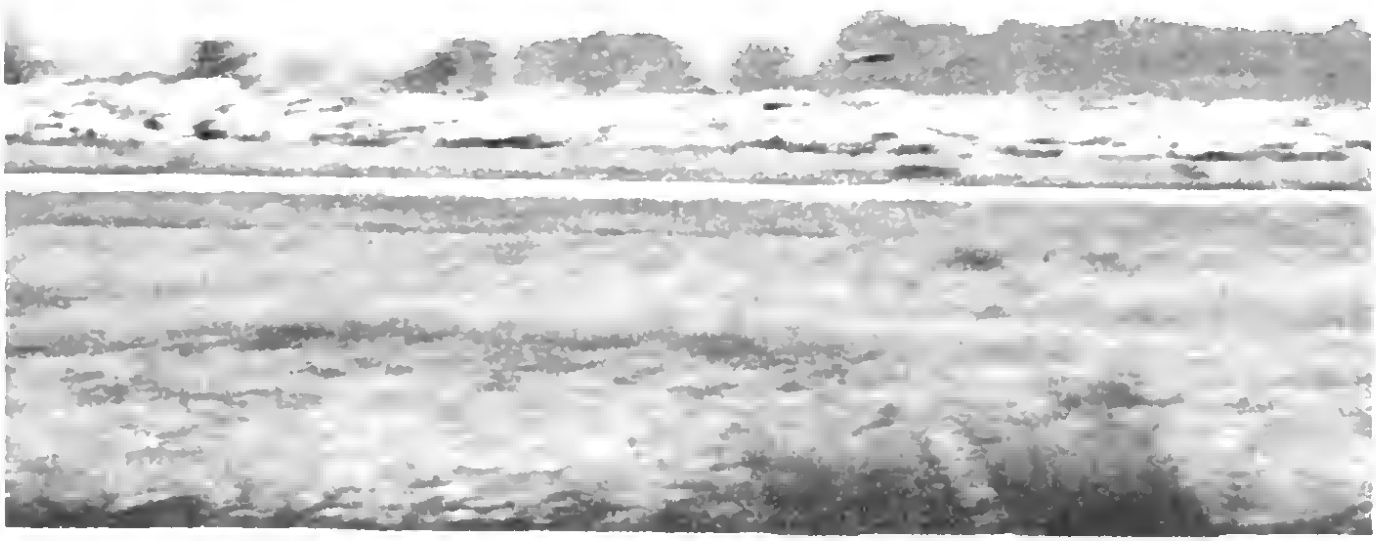
COOLING ZONES**			
Floor Area, Sq. Ft.	Zone A	Zone B	Zone C
1000	$200	$425	$650
1500	$275	$550	$825
2000	$325	$650	$950

**Estimated savings. Ranch house on slab, 15% glass area, over 25 year term of mortgage. Heating costs 10¢ per therm, cooling costs 0.02¢ per KWH. 6″ x 3″ versus insulation meeting FHA minimum property standards.

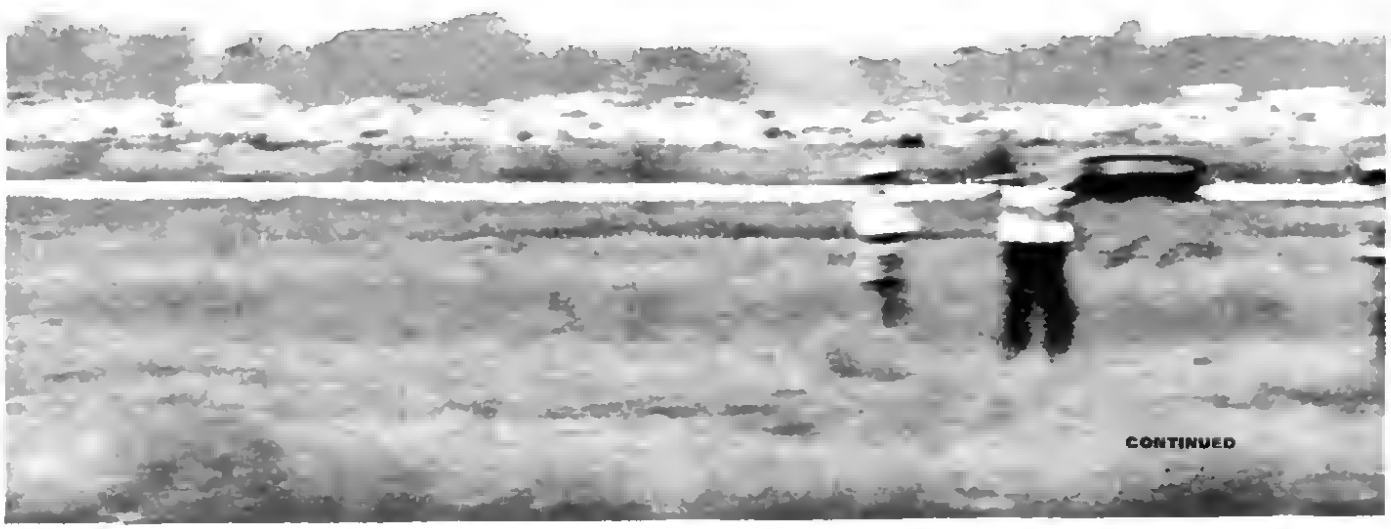
Owens-Corning is Fiberglas

OWENS/CORNING FIBERGLAS


N5696S



Look, Ma, No Hands...













Lincoln Beachey (left) shook up the President by buzzing the White House. Mabel Cody, traveling 60 mph in a biplane, plucks a passenger out of racing car

That's the way it was decades ago when air circus pilots flew deadly competitions—and that's the way it is still as sports like Bevo Howard (preceding page) take to the skies and perform flights of fancy

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

Perhaps it is not the kind of question that would bring a man bolt upright in bed, blinking into the night looking for an answer. But it is worth asking: whatever, for heaven's sake, happened to the flying circus? Are there no more stunt pilots in silk scarves? Where are the wing walkers of yesterday, the batmen and the rope-ladder artists who once did their mad acts above the pastures of this land? Who does barrel rolls under bridges? Who storms church steeples? Who knocks the weathervane off the barn with his landing gear in order to bring the farmer's daughter hurrying into the yard? Who is raising the hair on small boys' heads and who is turning the milk sour in the nation's cows?

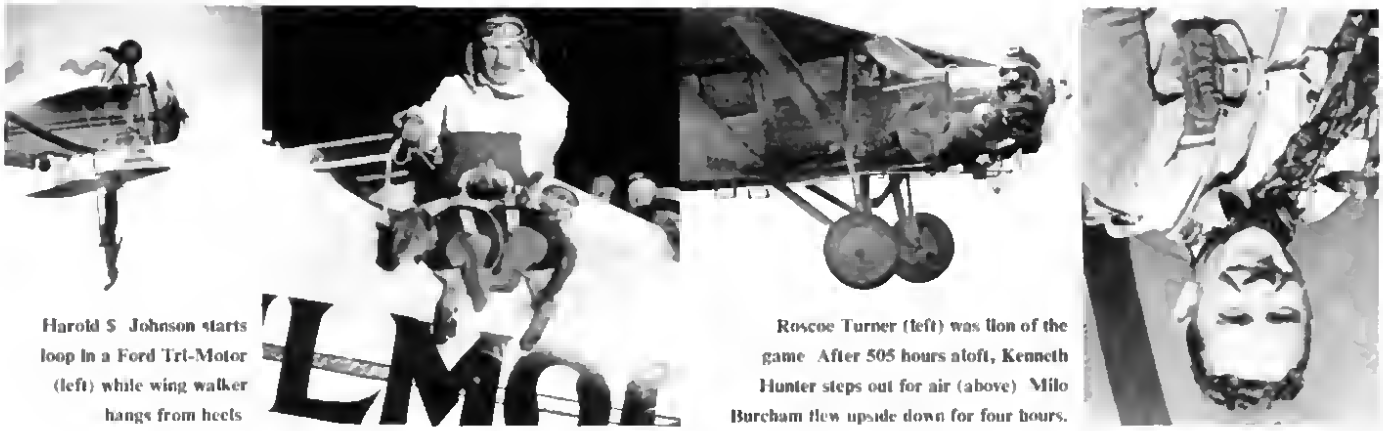
Are there no more daredevils in the air above us?

Of course there are. It is slightly more than a year since the night we watched a man plant humanity's first footprint upon the moon. What more daring feat of aeronautics could one ever expect to witness? It was one in a millennium. Yet it was so remote, so hard to grasp. It was all done on cue from Walter Cronkite. Incredible, yet one was forced to focus upon the machines and technology, upon computers and telemetry and, perhaps mostly, upon the strangely bloodless grand *teamwork* that put the whole miracle in place.

There could be no sense of flamboyance, no foolishment committed merely in the name of carnival in that splendid achievement. Spacemen are brave men but such bland men. Aviation has come to symbolize nothing so much as caution and comfort, an image of conservative men in their middle age shepherding enormous power plants across the sky, while inside the planes rows and rows of people order their steaks done precisely to their liking. All quite businesslike. Utterly Establishment.

Where are men like "Professor" Washington Harrison Donaldson? One of 19th century aviation's truly certifiable maniacs, he would electrify gawking thousands by swinging by his ankles from a trapeze attached to the basket of a balloon. From a height of 3,000 feet (in those days considered not far below the altitudes inhabited by God's own angels), the professor would toss upside-down kisses to the throngs. He once promised to ascend in a paper balloon over Reading, Pa., set fire to that grand and fragile bag, then parachute to safety. Unfortunately, the thing caught fire prematurely and Donaldson had to leap for his life. Another time, the professor announced that he would cross the Atlantic with a lifeboat instead of a basket dangling beneath his balloon, but he loaded the boat so full of supplies the balloon split its seams. His last balloon disappeared in a savage thunderstorm over Lake Michigan in July 1875, but Professor Washington Harrison Donaldson's reputation for derring-do remains—as well as tales of his unearthly seductive successes with the many young ladies he took riding in his basket. (Could NASA teamwork rival such achievements?)

Then there was the late, brave Lincoln Beachey. He was called The California Flying Fool and, though he stood but five feet tall, he was a giant of aviation in the early days of this century. With checkered cap spun beak backward, goggles firmly fastened to protect his eyes from the bite of wind and water roaring through his unprotected pilot's seat, Beachey horrified a group of honeymooners in 1911 by piloting his plane to the brink of Niagara Falls—then plunging in a nose dive down the cataract, holding firm through the mist and flotsam in the maelstrom and coolly gliding out of the gorge, wet but unscathed. He was the first to fly through a hangar and live, and for a while held an altitude record of 11,575 fe... Beachey brazenly buzzed the White House, scaring the devil out of Woodrow Wilson, and after performing a madman air show over Washington, touched down on the lawn of the U.S. Capitol. Policemen rushed out to arrest him, but Beachey loftily explained that he had done it all to prove to the President that the nation needed an air corps. Beachey was blamed by one newspaper for being responsible for the deaths of 22 pilots, all of whom crashed attempting to imitate his fantastic feats. He died in a hot new plane he was testing when a



Harold S. Johnson starts loop in a Ford Tri-Motor (left) while wing walker hangs from heels

Roscoe Turner (left) was lion of the game. After 505 hours aloft, Kenneth Hunter steps out for air (above). Milo Burcham flew upside down for four hours.

wing wrenched off during a screaming high-speed dive over San Francisco Bay. A grandstand packed with shrieking people watched as Lincoln Beachey fell like a rock into the water.

There were other memorable performers in those times. Walt Hunter of the Hunter Brothers Flying Circus would hang by his knees from the landing gear of a plane and drop off into a haystack—all *sans* parachute. In Steubenville, Ohio in 1928 a pilot named Bill Brooks broke all known records for passenger hopping by landing and taking off 490 times with riders. In 1933 a former burglar-alarm salesman named Milo Burcham set a world record by flying upside down for four hours, five minutes and 22 seconds. Around that time, in Portland, Ore., Tex Rankin broke the record for consecutive outside loops by doing more than 500.

Perhaps the most extraordinary day in air-circus history came in 1924, when the proprietors of two feuding circuses—a dashing ex-Air Corps lieutenant, Doug Davis, and the busty, blonde aviatrix Mabel Cody—flew a demented acrobatic dogfight that began with a series of head-on collision-course dives, progressed to an upside-down race beneath a bridge and finally wound up with Doug and Mabel merging their shows, a deal they sealed with a handshake atop a moving freight train after both had landed their planes on a flatcar.

Regret it or not, we have missed all those things and we will not have another chance. The days of flamboyance and baling wire are long gone. The flying fools are dead. Yet the age of the air circus is by no means over. No, indeed. A few stunt men and rope-ladder swingers and wing walkers survived and they are thriving. True, the circus does not come to town with a roar anymore, only occasionally can one see true, competitive aerobatics contests, and no one storms silos or buzzes the water tower upside down. The FAA will have none of that. And there is no money at all to be made in hopping passengers—not in a day when half the country has already seen all it wants of Nebraska or Manhattan from the porthole of an airliner six miles high.

Yet the air circus lives. Harold Krier, 48, a graying, laconic flying wizard who won the National Aerobatics Championship in 1965, makes most of his living stunt flying: "Five years ago there weren't more than three, maybe four or five of us who could keep busy flying air shows," he says. "All of a sudden I'm doing 40 shows a year and the place is crawling with circuses every single weekend." Another busy man is Duane Cole, 56, who was for 17 years lead pilot for the Cole Brothers Air Show. "There's never been such a demand for air shows," he declares. "There used to be a couple a month. Now there are a dozen a weekend. Everywhere—out West, out East, down South, up North—the interest is coming back. Don't ask me why."

In a sense it is like the good old days, when the whole town turns out to watch torque rolls over Oshkosh, Immelmann turns over Odessa, Cuban-8s over Farmersville or the lovely Lomeevak (falling leaf) over Dothan.

There is no really dependable census of the number or variety of performers willing to stunt fly. Some work in leaky AT-6s, fouling the air with noise and smoke while doing limp barrel rolls in front of the stands. Some soar in the sparkling hummingbird beauty of the tiny biwinged Pitts Special. Others appear in flip little clipped-wing Cubs, in snorting 450 Stearmans, in mystical aerobatic Piper J-3s, in De Havilland Chipmunks and—yes, occasionally, in whining P-38s or even that grotesque tin goose, the Ford Tri-Motor.

The cockpit geniuses may be men like Hal Krier or Duane Cole or Bob Hoover, who wears a schoolteacherish black suit and flies his Shrike like a demon. Or Barbara O'Connor, mother of two, from Fayetteville, N.C., or Bud Fountain, the crop duster from Modesto, Calif., or perhaps Bevo Howard, the fellow who loves nothing so much as hanging upside down, his hands waving at the crowd from his open cockpit, his propeller kicking up dust from the ground—which is streaming past about five yards below his head.

It is natural to assume that Bevo Howard is one of an admirable but utterly incomprehensible breed of rakish bird, somewhere between Smilin' Jack and Steve McQueen, flying a Buecker Jungmeister, a dashing red and white biplane that was made in Germany in 1936 and transported to the U.S. via the dirigible *Hindenburg*. Howard thrills half a million or more people each year with his act.

continued



Unlike early stunt flyers, Beverly (Bevo) Howard is a businessman and community leader.

Every weekend for a fee that is never less than $500 he dons a soft leather helmet and goggles, cinches himself into the cockpit of his snarling museum piece, cries "Contact!" to some fellow who cranks his propeller and vaults into the skies over Charleston, S.C., bound for Pensacola or Santee or Bridgeport. Howard has a routine of three dozen delicate maneuvers, and he ends his performances by gracefully rolling the Buecker on its back and roaring inverted beneath a red ribbon stretched 18 feet above the ground. Sometimes he does it with no hands—the stick pressed between his knees—and the crowds adore him. Whenever he steps out of his plane Bevo has to sign autographs. For Bevo Howard is an authentic defier of death, is he not—a crazy aviator, a smiling flyboy, vintage Lincoln Beachey?

No, really he is none of these. Beverly E. Howard is 56, with a snow-white crew cut and a well-seamed face that can break easily into a grandfatherly smile or set severely into an expression of elderly disapproval. To stay in shape he swims each day at the YMCA pool, and he is quite proud of what he has done. "I've swum 1,850 miles in 6½ years. My goal is to go 2,200 miles in 7½ years because that's the distance from Charleston to Los Angeles." He is president of Hawthorne Aviation, Inc., and in his paneled suite of offices at the Charleston airport there are dozens of mementos of his flying feats. There are autographed photos from the Air Force's Thunderbirds inscribed to "The Master" and from the Navy's Blue Angels addressed to "The World's Greatest Aerobatic Pilot." There are oil paintings depicting Howard in his inverted flying position and a favorite painting hung in the office shows several Canada geese flying upside down.

Bevo Howard does not want visitors to mistake his major purpose in this world. "People look at my gray hair and they say to me, 'Bevo, why? Why do you do it? You have all the success, all the honors a man could want, so why do you keep flying air shows?' And I tell them that it is my hobby and that I love it. I tell them I would not do it if it weren't extremely challenging." Howard's blue eyes become rather hard and he speaks with distinct emphasis. "I'm a businessman first and an aerobatic-show pilot second. Hawthorne Aviation employs 700 people and we have eight affiliated businesses in six different states. We are extremely diversified. We do $11 million in sales a year. I have been president since I was 21 and I am the sole stockholder."

When Bevo Howard flies into town for a show, instead of doing a couple of chain loops and roller coasters over Main Street to announce his arrival, he passes out to the press and to the air-show announcer mimeographed sheets which list some proud accomplishments: voted in 1943 South Carolina's most outstanding man by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, member of the board of the Citizens & Southern National Bank, listed in *Who's Who in the South and Southwest*, chairman of the 1967 Charleston United Fund campaign that raised $846,000. Howard makes it clear that he would like the announcer to use this information in introducing his act.

Beverly Howard is a stern and straightforward fellow, and neither his positions nor his values alter when he changes from his executive blue suit and tie into dungarees, white sneakers, red shirt and that leather helmet and goggles.

"When I throw my leg over that cockpit there's nothing on my mind but concentrating on flying—on doing my maneuvers so that the crowd gets its money's worth. I'm no daredevil. What I do is perfectly calculated. If I had to believe I was risking my neck every time I flew upside down, I would soon enough grow bored with it." The Buecker goes bump-bumping down the runway and climbs into the sky, only to come raging back upside down with Bevo Howard waving both arms. It is hard to believe that the man at the controls is not some kind of swaggering freak or madcap kid. It is hard to believe that on the ground he can fade into a crowd of Rotarians without a ripple.

Howard is no aviation aberration. For the world of air circuses is not generally inhabited by the young, the romantic or the *Easy Rider* kind. "I suppose it is a little depressing," says Carl Craft, a 42-year-old pilot from Shreveport who stars in a Pitts Special. "But you don't see much but grayheads around this business anymore. There are many more good aerobatic flyers in the country than we've ever had, but the majority are in their 40s and 50s. Graybeards, and they're fairly wealthy, besides. No one can perfect this kind of stunting without a sizable income or someone subsidizing him on the side. And even if kids could afford it, you just don't find them hanging around airports like they used to. Kids need something more exciting than watching airplanes land to turn them on these days."

But if there is an aura of middle age about the performers, there also is a dearth of the rambunctious, crazy, flapdoodle flirtations with violent death that seemed to be the hallmark of circus flyers at the dawn of the air age. Marion Cole, a 45-year-old corporation pilot, says, "People would like to think we are up there cheating death every time we do a snap roll. I've had dozens of people ask me if I ever flew through a hangar. Or they want to know when's the next time I'm going to fly under a bridge, because they want to be there to see me do it. Well, no pilot who has any sanity is going to fly under a bridge these days. For one thing, he will lose his license. For another, it is awful easy to splatter out when you're going under a bridge, and the most sensible show pilots like to calculate their odds for life a little better than that. And if you fly under bridges it gives you a really bad reputation

continued

What can your USF&G agent insure?

All kinds of people, places and things: that's what your USF&G agent can insure. He's the insurance professional, the independent businessman you can trust for competent, personalized counseling that helps protect virtually all you value. Consult him with confidence as you would your doctor or lawyer. He's listed in your Yellow Pages.

Heavy-duty construction equipment

Bill Cowan, his home, and family



The building under construction

The project supervisor and his company

The foreman, his family and their outboard motor boat

Bonding and insuring the entire project

United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co., Fidelity & Guaranty Life Insurance Co., Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Underwriters, Inc., Baltimore, Md., Thomas Jefferson Life Insurance Co., New York, N.Y., Fidelity Insurance Co. of Canada, Toronto
Casualty / Fire / Marine / Multi-Line / Life / Group Insurance / Fidelity / Surety Bonds

The USF&G Companies

London: $7.28
Rio de Janeiro: $11.82
Mexico City: $9.60
ATHENS: $6.99
Tokyo: $14.89
NEW YORK: $4.99*



All over the world King George IV sells at the same prestige price as the other "top twelve" Scotches.
But here, it is the only one of them you can buy for a remarkable $4.99 4/5 qt. And it's the very same Scotch!

*New York State price. Slightly higher or lower in other states

King George IV

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 80 Proof. Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.

among reputable pilots. They laugh at those guys, and when a man earns a reputation for being a daredevil in this business he is considered a fool."

Still, no one in airborne show biz would deny that the impression of defying death is extremely important in holding a crowd's interest. Sandi Pierce, a bubbly, plump young mother of a baby girl, teams with her husband as aerobatic pilot, parachutist and wing rider. "Walt's got that 450 Stearman because it makes a howling big noise and keeps the crowd glued to their seats whenever it is in the air," she says. "But also, almost every 450 Stearman that ever flew in air circuses ended up killing a pilot, and this makes the plane a good seller—if the announcer knows enough to accentuate the deaths involved in that kind of plane. People come out to air shows because they want to be there if there's an accident. I don't think they consciously wish someone to crack up, but if something happens they want to be able to say they were there that day." It would seem that Sandi's act of riding on a wing—lurching through loops, hanging head down for inverted passes and tensing against a ton or two of gravity pressure during rolls—would offer risks beyond those any normal mortal would care to take. But Sandi has found that feat lacking in all-round danger. "No one walks a wing anymore, of course, it's just riding. But I just belt myself to a stand on the wing. I don't use foot straps, and during loops or inverted flying my feet slip around, but I know I won't fall. The wind does burn sometimes, though. I heard once of a girl who had her clothes slashed off when she was riding a wing in the rain."

Simple and safe though it sounds, wing riding for women has not attracted many volunteers. One lady who has probably spent more time than anyone smiling into the teeth of the gale atop a wing is Judith Cole, wife of Duane Cole; she did the wing-walking act for more than seven years with the Cole Brothers Air Show. "I wore white because it stood for purity and because it was easier for people to see," says Judy. "I was never afraid because the pilot for most of my

rides was my son Rolly. He was a smooth flyer, and we were the only mother-and-son wing-riding act in the history of aviation. I haven't ridden a wing since Rolly died, but I still get letters now and then from girls asking me how it's done."

The small neat bungalow of the Coles in Burleson, Texas is filled with family memorabilia of aviation shows and contests, races and honors. There are trophies won by Duane and Rolly Cole (the father finished first, the son third in the 1962 National Aerobatics Championships). There are clippings and yellowing magazines with articles about the Cole Brothers Air Show and its dazzling lady wing walker. Now matronly and graying and given to frequently interrupting herself to search for her reading spectacles, Judy Cole looks as if the closest she has been to aviation adventure is seeing *Twelve O'Clock High* on television. Yet, threaded randomly and constantly throughout this dainty lady's conversation are endless references to violence and tragedy. "Bill Stead started up the air races in Reno and he was one of Duane's closest friends. He's dead now. . . . I rode Bill Adams' wing when I first started. He's dead. . . . I lived in the first house south of the airport in Burlington, Iowa and in 1928, when I was just a little, little girl, I saw this parachute jumper fall. They said he cut the straps. They said it was a suicide. . . . Clyde Parsons flew with Duane in the international competition. He was killed last year. . . . The Cole Brothers had worked up a good name and a good show, but we couldn't keep it going, not after we lost Rolly."

Though they may downgrade the danger inherent in their lives, air-show pilots and performers have long been operating under the influence of death. Take the Cole Brothers Air Show, which managed to survive for 17 years during a period when sky circuses were failing everywhere. After World War II hundreds of crushed-hat Air Corps hotshots were zooming all over America, doing shows or just plain showing off. Duane Cole and his brothers, Arnold, Lester and Marion, put on their first show over the Kewanee, Ill. airport one day in 1946

continued



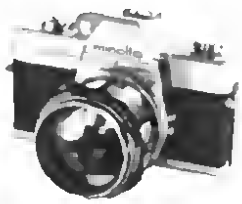
Will you fumble with the camera while they fumble with the ball?

Not with the Minolta SR-T 101. Everything you need is in the viewfinder. Picture sharpness, lens opening, shutter speed—all can be adjusted without looking away.

And nothing gets lost in the shadows because Minolta's patented "CLC" metering system automatically compensates for uneven light.

Available with f/1.7, f/1.4 or f/1.2 Rokkor meter-coupled lens from under $260, plus case.

For details, see your dealer or write. Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., Montreal 376.



Minolta makes fine photography easier.



The American Express Money Card.

Now you can use it to clean your engine.

You can use it to charge the price of a new battery.

Or have an old battery recharged.

Buy tires, replace spark plugs, or change an oil filter.

But best of all, it will fill your tank with Mobil Detergent Gasoline.

The American Express Card, the New Money, is accepted at more than 25,000 Mobil stations.

Visit your Mobil dealer as you discover America.





Last year, $5 billion was spent on your telephone and it still looks the same.

The changes don't show. But they are ingenious ways of making your phone—the one you've had all along—work better.

For instance, a new cable to make phone calls go through faster. It can carry 32,000 different conversations at once, without jumbling anything.

Or the new electronic system to speed up connections. (After all, with 318,000,000 calls going through every day, you need a computer's help to ward off mixups.)

And we don't think people should have to wait for long distance lines. So we have a system for rerouting calls. If you are in St. Louis calling Detroit, your call may be channeled through Pittsburgh or Dallas. But since there's no delay, you never know.

Of course, everything wasn't invested in equipment. $300,000,000 went for training operators, installers and linemen. New people to keep up with the growing demand for telephones and services.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company keep working, every year, to put a new phone inside your old one. Even if it does look the same.



and they promised no less than eight hours of action. By stretching their imaginations—and the crowd's patience they filled the time with such attractions as "Colonel Joe Jet and His Fighting Wing Men" (which turned out to be three guinea hens dumped out of a Piper Cub) and a pilots' pants race (in which flyers took off, landed, removed their pants, took off again, landed again, put on their pants, took off and flew past a finish line). The brothers' show went well enough until 1949, when Bill Odum, a good cross-country flyer, entered the unfamiliar skies of a pylon race in Cleveland and slammed into an apartment house, killing himself, a mother and her baby. Air racing was all but outlawed; spectator aviation was suspect. Then, in 1952, a first lieutenant came rocketing in to an air show in Flagler, Colo., decided to do a roll directly over the grandstand, lost control and plowed a horrible swath through the crowd. Twenty-two died. The very thought of show business in the sky worried many people and some Congressmen were pushing to ban all air shows. The Coles struggled on, however, and Duane helped write new regulations governing air circuses. Then, during a show that same year in Sterling, Ill., Marion Cole was trying to land his Cub on "the world's smallest airport," the top of a car driven by Duane. The field was grassy and the car was rolling over bumps but Marion succeeded in setting the plane down on the platform, when the front wheels of the auto suddenly plunged into a ditch concealed by the grass. Desperately Marion hit full throttle in an effort to take off again, but the plane lurched ahead and fell in front of the car. Still moving rapidly out of the ditch, the auto smashed squarely into the plane. Marion was miraculously unhurt, but the plane was a twisted, splintered mess. Photographers came rushing onto the field, but a CAA safety agent ordered them back until the show was over. After it did finally end, the Coles and some friends formed a grim and threatening barrier around their broken plane. When the cameramen advanced, the Coles bellowed angrily and shook their fists to keep them away.

continued

We call it The-Comfort-Shirt because it gives you the delightful feeling of not wearing a dress shirt and tie when you're wearing a dress shirt and tie. The reason it gives you that feeling is our exclusive C-Band® Collar.

Is your neck shaped like an I or like a C?

All other shirts have a band in the back of their collar shaped like the letter "I". This seemed curious to us since the backs of most necks we've seen are shaped like the letter "C". Which accounts for the shape and the name of our C-Band Collar.

Our collar is more comfortable because it's contoured to follow the contour of the neck. But getting it to lay down was another matter. We finally licked it.

We had the collar cut lower in front so it can't creep up. And we had it cut higher in back so more of it shows. As a result, you can now look forward to the first great-looking dress shirt that doesn't get you all choked up.

The-Comfort-Shirt is also unusual from the neck down. It's tailored with a curved yoke, tapered sleeves and body, extra long shirttails and color matched buttons.

And it's a Perma-Prest® shirt.

That's another Sears exclusive. You see, most other no-iron shirts are pre-cured. That's where the fabric is heat-set, then pressed, and then made into a shirt. Unfortunately, that also means any mistakes are made into a shirt. Sears found a way to reverse the process.

We have the fabric made into a shirt first. Then it's pressed and heat-set to keep the press permanent. It's a process thought up just for Sears, so The-Comfort-Shirt never has

Sears introduces The-Comfort-Shirt.

You'll forget you've got it on.

SEARS PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER

to ba Ironed when machine washed and tumble-dried.

Checked more than 20 times

The-Comfort-Shirt is checked 23 times while being made, so you'll be sure of getting the same quality and comfort out of it that we put into it.

A big part of the quality we put into it is the fabric. A magnificent blend of 50% Fortrel® polyester/50% cotton. In a neat selection of collar and cuff styles. And in all sorts of solid colors and stripas

Your wife may buy The-Comfort-Shirt for you because she never has to iron it. Your son may buy it so he can borrow it. Or you may buy it for yourself, just so you can forget you've got it on.

Available, along with gotogether ties, at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, and in tha Catalog. Buy a few—they're always a great value at Sears low prices.



Ask for a free copy of the "Merk of Feshion" booklet at a Sears Men's Store near you




Come on in. Enjoy country freshness all year 'round.
Menthol Fresh
Salem
FILTER CIGARETTES
...you can't take the country out of Salem

for it had dawned on the brothers that after the Flagler disaster nothing could be worse for them or for the world of air circuses than for a picture of their wreckage to appear in newspapers around the nation. They held off the frustrated photographers until it grew dark, then, in the blackness, they dismantled the plane, loaded it on a truck and sneaked it away to an empty hangar in Kewanee. By morning there was nothing but oil stains and trampled grass to mark the spot of the wreck.

The circus prolited nicely, although by the early '60s Duane was the only brother remaining. Still, it was a family affair, with Judy riding the wing, Rolly flying her and doing stunts and another son, John, doing the announcing. Then one evening in August 1963 after a show in Rockford, Ill., Rolly went up in his 450 Stearman with a friend. No one knows what went wrong. Somehow the engine yanked loose from its mounting, smashed into a wing and the plane fell. Rolly Cole, just 24 and already a magnificent pilot, coolly turned off the switch, apparently struggled briefly to free his passenger, then leaped from the plane. It was too late. His parachute opened just as his body slammed into a cornfield and they found him lying beneath a canopy of orange and white parachute silk spread atop the cornstalks. When Rolly died the Cole Brothers Air Show went out of business.

The Coles had operated what was probably the country's most celebrated air circus, but unquestionably the dean of all air-show entrepreneurs was—and is—William A. Sweet Jr. of Columbus, Ohio. He is an uncommonly talkative fellow who looks older than his proclaimed 58 years. His face is brown as saddle leather after God only knows how many hours spent in blazing air-show suns, and his forehead and balding pate are pale as ivory from being shaded beneath his black, beaked cap which advertises Kendall oil, one of enterprising Bill Sweet's several tie-in sponsors. He bills himself modestly in his program as "America's No. 1 aviation sporting events announcer-director, the famed Bill Sweet in the comic strip *Smilin' Jack!*" For 40 years Bill Sweet has been in the business. "I started in 1929," he says, "the year the stock market crashed and Sweet's air spectaculars first took off! Aviation is my life!" Certainly that is true, but there are some people who know Sweet and who swear that the man has never been in a plane in his life. "He won't set foot off the ground and never has," says one acquaintance. "Don't ask me if he flies," says Eddie Green, a hydraulics technician who is currently a stunt man in Sweet's National Air Shows productions. "I've never seen him in an airplane, and all I know is that I've never worked a show where Bill didn't drive a car to it—even if it's a 1,500-mile push." Sweet scoffs at the notion he is afraid to fly. "They'll tell you that about me, all right, but I've flown a lot. I just have to drive because I got *all this stuff* to carry in my station wagon—the PA system and telescoping poles and parachutes and the rope ladder. See for yourself."

Bill Sweet has lived close to a vast and fascinating amount of aviation history. For example, he has a red wrench, one end broken off. Waving it about, he says, "I call this my *Spirit of St. Louis* wrench. One day when I was a boy, Lindbergh came through Columbus and asked at the airport to have his landing gear fixed. Someone gave him a wrench, and he worked for a while until it broke. He sent it sliding across the floor and I picked it up and have kept it ever since." Sweet's stories go the full aeronautical circle. He can switch from personal recollections of the first transoceanic flyer to his own contact with the first lunar visitor. "Yep, we had a Ford Tri-Motor with us in this one show in Ohio, charging 50c until 9 in the morning and 75c until noon, and that's when we took Neil Armstrong up for his very first airplane ride. That's a point of some pride with me."

The world of Bill Sweet is, in effect, a living album of memories. He can pour out a rambling, affectionate stream of recollection, perhaps a better record of the life and times of aviation show biz than any formal history.



A spiel comes easy to Ringmaster Bill Sweet who has operated air circuses since the late 1920s

"In my first shows," Sweet begins, "I had this fellow, Dave White, a paralyzed parachute jumper. Couldn't move a muscle from the hips down. He'd come drifting down and land on his butt. People loved it. I don't know why.

"I once put on this grudge match at Norton Field in Columbus—it's a housing development now—and it was between Joe Mackey and Harold Distlehorst. There wasn't no real grudge, but we wanted a crowd. I recall Mackey was falling behind and right there in midair in the middle of the race he jumped up out of the front cockpit and scrambled into the back cockpit because he thought that would give him more speed. It didn't. Distlehorst won.

"Later on, I had a stunt man name of Jack Fink. He'd hang from a trapeze and pretend he couldn't get back up, and he'd drive the crowd nuts. He'd also hang by his knees and pick up this hanky from the ground, and he did parachute jumps. Fink was a little fellow, maybe 4' 7" tall. He was a masterful parachute packer. He packed all the chutes for Doolittle's raid on Tokyo.

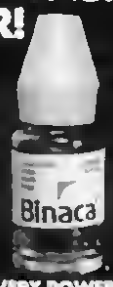
"In those early days Roscoe Turner was the darling of the land. Roscoe Turner had showmanship like few men did then—and none do now. He'd come blasting in in that Golden 57, *The Golden Bullet*, and he would jump out with that pet lion cub he had, Gilmore. That Roscoe Turner would make Joe Namath look like a hambone. Those were real stars in aviation then. Joe Mackey would wear ascots and white suits, and he never used profanity. And Harold S. Johnson—use a dollar

continued



Write for FREE Tennis Rules Booklet


ON TARGET.
Every week with
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EAT & DRINK,
SWIM RIDE PARK,
PLAY LAUGH SING,
KISS FIGHT MAKE UP,
LOVE FLIRT HUG,
DANCE CELEBRATE,
DO EVERYTHING...
TOGETHER!
BINACA® IS IN... BAD BREATH IS OUT.


VERY PORTABLE. VERY POWERFUL.



If Field & Stream's aroma doesn't remind you of a great autumn day ...you're catching a cold.

sign for the S when you write Harold's name—he had that great act where he would first do snap rolls and loops and things with a tiny plane, then he'd taxi it in and park it under the wing of his 14-passenger Ford Tri-Motor. Then he would take off in the Tri-Motor and do exactly the same stunts that he'd done in the little biplane. Harold would wear this baby-blue uniform with a Sam Browne belt. I paid Harold S. Johnson the most money I ever paid for an act—$1,750 for one afternoon's work.

"The flashiest guy I ever had, not the best pilot maybe, but the loudest and the dressiest, was Johnny Skyrocket. I won't tell you his real name because he's a big success in Las Vegas now, I believe. But this was in the '50s, and Johnny Skyrocket flew this De Havilland jet. He named it the *Golden Vampire*. He would wear a cape and a golden flying helmet covered with dazzle dust, and he had a big golden J on the chest of a blue uniform. And he had a mask. He would get into town before a show and go jumping into all the TV studios and the newspaper offices and the hotel lobbies wearing that damned outfit. The suit itself cost him $1,600, he told me. Then he'd fly a show, maybe a few little rolls and stuff in that jet, and when he was done he would drive it inside a tent and put a stepladder up to the cockpit. He charged $1.50 a head to go in and look. People hadn't seen many jets in those days, and Johnny Skyrocket used to make himself a bundle. I'd give a lot for a Johnny Skyrocket these days.

"I'd give a lot for a Cyclone O'Neil, too. He was a parachute jumper in the '30s. I'll never forget it. I ran into Cyclone for the first time in Lancaster, Ohio. He had bought himself this set of white coveralls and he had his name across the back. He had a helmet and goggles and he would carry them around in his hand all the time like a lunch pail. He told everyone in town he was a famous parachute jumper and he would be jumping with our circus. He told everyone he had made 200 jumps and they all believed him, even the minister, because Cyclone O'Neil was a nice fellow. So I told him he could jump for me. About five minutes before the show Cyclone broke into a horrible sweat and confessed to me that he had never jumped at all, not even once. He was sweating something terrible, but he jumped that day. He waited almost till he was on the deck before he opened the chute, but he made it. And he stayed with the show. He was a fine piece of advertising for us because he would brag so much in every town. He'd had maybe 25 jumps, but he'd be saying 1,000, and he would carry his helmet and goggles all over and get us free meal tickets from the best local restaurants. Sometimes, though, Cyclone O'Neil would hit bad days and break into awful sweats and then he'd RJ—refuse to jump. It got so we were prepared for it. When Cyclone would RJ we'd take up a dummy in the plane—we called it Elmer Bloop. We'd throw the dummy out and I'd be yelling at the crowd about the jumper coming down and maybe it was a faulty parachute, and Elmer Bloop would be falling and falling. And then he would hit the ground. I'd pretend I was grief-stricken and hurry to my car and drive out onto the field where the dummy fell and pick it up and just drive right on to the next town where we had a show booked. The pilots would fly out and those people in the crowd would be left with the conviction that they had just seen a man fall to his death before their eyes. We finally had to stop that act because women would faint and men would get sick to their stomachs. It was pretty mean."

There was a time when Bill Sweet took his pay in chickens or shoats or produce from farmers, and most of the profit came from passenger hops. But now a Sweet-produced circus—10 acts, including car-to-plane transfer, comedy, parachute jumps and "world championship aerobatic exhibitions" of various kinds—will pull $2,500 – no rides of any kind.

In the old days Sweet did his announcing through a four-foot megaphone. "I had to say everything two, three

times so they'd hear me in all directions." Now he has a tiny hut immensely powerful system of loudspeakers that he transports and erects himself

So one Saturday afternoon this summer, a sticky-warm day, near the hamlet of Smyrna, Tenn., Bill Sweet went to work to put on another air circus, somewhere around the 1,600th in his life. His cast included Eddie Green for the jumps and stunts, Hal Krier and Charlie Hillard, the pilots. All had arrived separately and with no fanfare of any kind. Instead of holding the show on some level farmland as they used to in the past, it was staged on an incredibly vast acreage of baking-hot cement, the vacant runways and landing aprons of what was once Sewart Air Force Base outside Nashville. On the brink of this massive cement plateau (perhaps a mile square) a few thousand people had gathered to witness events built around the third annual Nashville Aviation Days, a Rotary Club affair to raise money for a chapel at a hospital. At first there were only oddly disembodied sounds—bird songs, crickets, the distant buzz of a plane or two, low conversations in the crowd. Then, suddenly, from four loudspeakers set on the edge of that enormous concrete table came an electrifying cry:

"Watch the skies!"

As one the crowd looked up. A plane was drifting along at about 3,500 feet. Two others, piloted by Krier and Hillard, were circling at either end of the runways. And that powerful rasping voice boomed again:

"Watch those pearly blue skies! We may be going to see! We may and we could and we should and we might and we ought to be going to see a parachute jump at this time. He'll fall from those pearly gates over Tennessee, ladies and gentlemen, little Eddie Green, with Old Glory furling out beneath him. Bombs will burst. Our champion of champion pilots will paint a rhapsody in smoke. Watch the skies. Ooo-o-o-o-ohhhhh. Mi-yyyyy!"

Bill Sweet was hunched over his walk-around microphone in a kind of Rumpelstiltskin crouch, dark glasses glinting as he romped vigorously about in the knee-high milkweed and grass off the runway. Harold Krier, in his easy, low-key way, had said earlier, "Bill doesn't very often call the maneuvers right. I don't guess. And any pilot knows that his whole spiel doesn't really make much sense. But the crowd thinks he's saying something important, and that's what counts in a situation like this."

"The best way, folks, to watch an air show is just le-e-e-an back in your neighbor's lap. And if she's good-lookin' her, boy!—just stay right there. Ooo-o-o-o-ohhhhh. Mi-yyyyy!"

Now Eddie Green came tumbling out of a plane, floating beneath his red, white and blue parachute and an American flag unfolded from a harness at his waist. Krier and Hillard opened smoke canisters and red plumes billowed behind their planes as they performed loops and rolls around Green's drifting descent.

"It's the Red, White and Blue Network. On the air! God Bless America!"

With a quick swooping motion Sweet took his lighted cigarette and held it to the end of a fuse laid in the grass. It fizzed, then ignited three aerial bombs which exploded smartly, startling the crowd. He darted 10 yards through the grass and punched a small tape recorder in the rear of his station wagon. The national anthem roared out of the speakers, followed immediately by Kate Smith's one-of-a-kind *God Bless America*. With an impish grin Bill Sweet confided to a potbellied Rotarian who was watching his actions with some surprise, "Don't ever say things aren't first-class when Bill Sweet comes to town." Then he got back on his microphone as Krier and Hillard completed their aerobatics and Eddie Green tramped out of the grass where he had landed after his 1,143rd parachute jump.

"They're really pounding the sky. Hey, there, Harold Krier! Look, he's out of control! Come on, Harold, straighten out! That's a boy! Without Champion Spark Plugs and Kendall oil reinforced by good old STP, folks, he might not have made it out of that. Their lives depend on having the best products working in those planes, folks. And you can get the best for your car at your neighborhood gas sta-

continued



Cross Writing Instruments in Lustrous Chrome, 12 and 14 Kt Gold Filled, Sterling and Solid 14 Karat Gold. Mechanically Guaranteed for a lifetime of writing pleasure. From five to fifty dollars each.
At Better Stores Worldwide

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

Alas. A lot of people are concerned with two things when they shop for an automatic turntable. How it performs (which is good) and what-will-ol'-Harry-think-of-this-baby? (which is bad).

The BSR McDonald 610/X is really a great turntable. It's got a synchronous motor, dual-range anti-skate control, viscous damped cue and pause, and more.

What's more, it's what we call a Total Turntable. That means you get a Decormatic power base (a $15 option elsewhere), our deluxe dust cover (likewise for $7.50) and a Shure M-93E elliptical magnetic cartridge (it lists for $40) all included in one low price. So while our price may seem the same as their price, it's not.

If your 610/X doesn't impress your friends, maybe you need new friends.

BSR McDONALD



Send for free full color catalog on all our automatic turntables. BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913



The deck is stacked in your favor when you follow Charles Goren's lead—regularly, in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

students: opportunity



LOOK, MA

tion Ooo-o-o-o-ohhhhh, Mi-i-i-i-i! Rhapsody in smoke! That's fleur-de-lis they're doing, folks, which is a kind of French rose-bud or something close to it. You better believe it!"

The show continued. Eddie Green's car-to-plane rope-ladder trick, some magnificent aerobatic flying by Krier and Hillard, a rather flat little comedy routine in which Hillard pretended to be a farmer who stole an airplane. Two hours passed. Bill Sweet never once stopped talking. And the crowd? Quiet and sober, utterly restrained and quite courteous. This was rural Tennessee, the roadsides were decorated with billboards of the Bible Belt: SPEAK THE TRUTH & SHAME THE DEVIL. But this is no longer a land of hicks and hayshakers. No. There are no rubes with hih overalls and open mouths come to gawk at the newfangled flying machines. The air show crowd at Smyrna was neat, colorful, well-groomed in Ban-Lon shirts and bell-bottoms, granny sunglasses and nicely pressed Bermudas. They had driven to the air base in GTOs and Mustangs and air-conditioned station wagons. They had left their color TVs and their power mowers and their barbecue pits to see Bill Sweet's production and they were mildly amused. Perhaps what Bill Sweet says is true. "Air show audiences are the highest class of spectators outside of college football. We don't get the hippies or the longhairs or the radicals. Just respectable, clean, down-to-earth folks."

They seemed to be that—not rich people, but straight people who keep their clocks set right and their bills paid on time. The pilots and the stunt men could have blended right in with them all. Now that the Washington Harrison Donaldsons and the Lincoln Beacheys and the Cyclone O'Neils have departed, to be replaced by corporation presidents and insurance salesmen and crop dusters, the air circus has come to be about the straightest scene in show biz. A place where the Establishment turns out to watch itself perform, where steeple stormers and kooks need not apply. *That's* what happened to the air circus.

Ooo-o-o-o-ohhhhh, Mi-i-i-i-i! END

Give-n'-Take Slacks from Sears.

They fit better because they give a little here and take a little there.

It's the stretchable fabric that does it. A blend of Trevira® polyester, Avril® rayon and Lycra® spandex. Just enough of each so when you bend and stretch, they bend and stretch. It's a Perma-Prest® fabric, too. Which means the slacks do a lot to keep you looking fit, but you don't have to do the same for them. Just machine washing and tumble-drying, but no ironing. Ivy stripes and solids in Trim n' Tight, Trim Regular or Full Cut. At most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and in the Catalog. Buy a few pair—they're always a great value at Sears low prices.



SEARS PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER

Sears The Men's Store



Ask for a free copy of the Mark of Fashion™ booklet at a Sears Men's Store near you.



If it's worth a second glance it should be in magazines.





The moving image is like real life. It comes and it goes in the flickering of an eye.

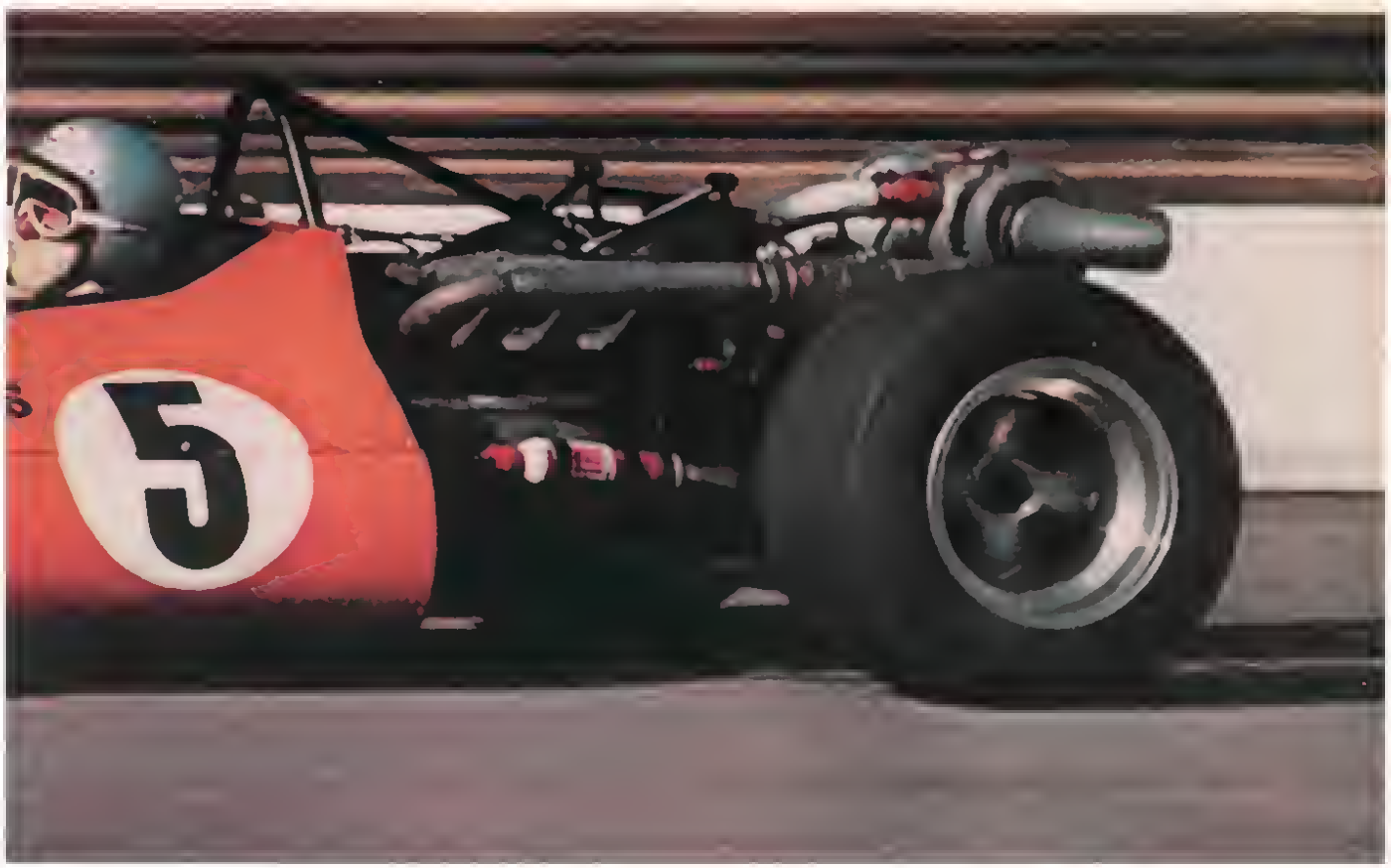
The trouble is, there are a lot of things you can't absorb in the flickering of an eye. A race car ghosting past at 200 mph is one obvious example.

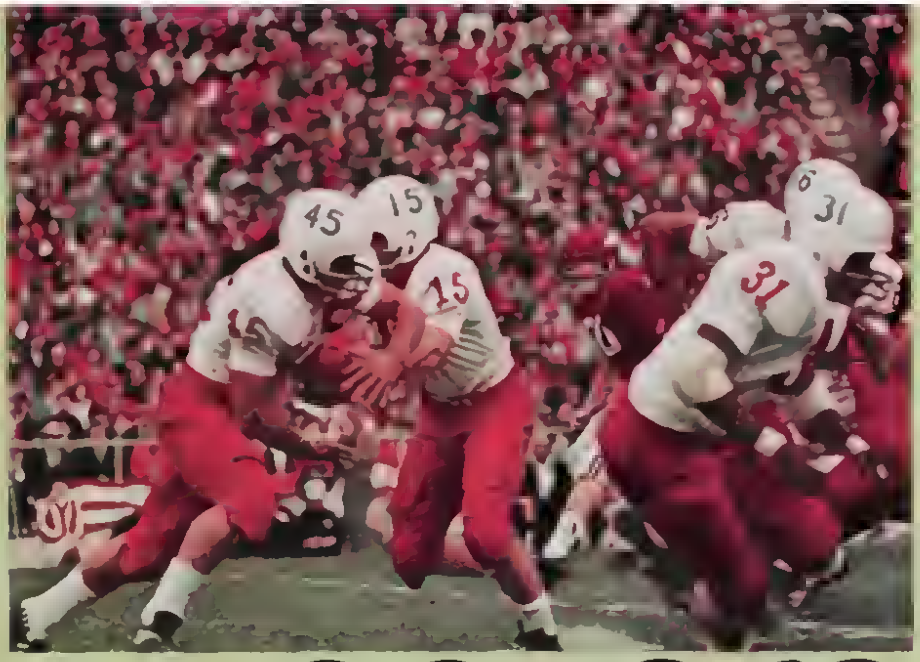
Ditto, the beauty of a piece of art...the coverage of a great event...the detail of a new product.

For thoughtful understanding, you need a second glance. And for that, you need magazines with their second-glance strengths. (Ask Zenith, ask Eastman Kodak, ask Bell & Howell, ask Westinghouse if *that* isn't true.)

Magazines freeze the world. Magazines are where a split second lasts as long as you want.

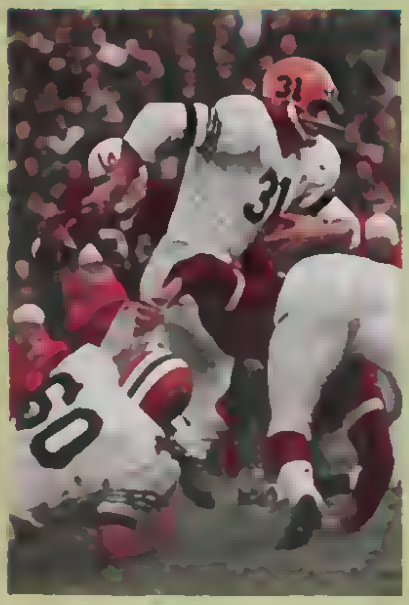
TIME • LIFE • FORTUNE • SPORTS ILLUSTRATED





4 POSTERS

SPECIAL FOOTBALL ACTION







COMPLETE SET — COLLEGE ACTION

$4.00

Printed on glossy stock—each poster approx. 2' x 3'.

Please send me your full-color college football action posters. I have enclosed $4.00 for each set.

I enclose $_____ for _____ poster sets (4 posters).

☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order

These posters are shipped in crush proof tubes, and are rolled to prevent creasing.

name _____

address _____ city _____

state _____ zip _____

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED / P.O. Box 441 / Norristown, Pa. 19404

The Year the Ham Won the Grand National

On the stage or in the selling ring, Voluptuary looked every inch the winner, but it took the spotlight and applause of England's greatest race to make him anything but an also-ran **by ROBERT CANTWELL**

After winning the Grand National at Aintree in 1884, a handsome thoroughbred named Voluptuary abandoned the turf for the stage and went on to a brilliant career at London's Drury Lane Theatre. As a racehorse Voluptuary's record had been spotty, but as an actor he had everything—looks, figure, stage presence, perfect timing and that wholesome pleasure in the sound of applause that marks all really fine performers. Horses had appeared on the stage before Voluptuary, and many came after him because of his success, but none ever matched his triumph in a play called *The Prodigal Daughter*, quite possibly because no one ever wrote another play whose success or failure depended entirely on the performance of a horse.

Not that Voluptuary had an easy road to stardom. In his case, those long years in cold dressing rooms in provincial theaters found in most stage biographies were replaced by long years of losing in races on tracks all over England. Foaled in 1878 of undistinguished stock, Voluptuary looked like a great racehorse, and owners impressed by his looks bought him. When he lost, as he invariably did, the owners sold him. But his proud and gallant manner in the selling ring after a defeat always led another buyer to take a chance in the hope that with proper handling he might be able to run as well as he looked. After a brief tenure in the stable of Lord Rosebery, the finest in England, Voluptuary was sold to a Mr. H. F. Boyd, who figures in racing history only because he was the owner of Voluptuary when Voluptuary at last won a race—and not just any race, either, but the famed Grand National.

It was probably the ham in him that made Voluptuary love to jump, and he displayed a visible gratification when people applauded his form as he sailed over a fence. He was such an enthusiastic jumper, in fact, that Boyd entered him in the 45th running of the Grand National, on Saturday, March 23, 1884.

No horse had ever won the Grand National on this first attempt, and Voluptuary had never even run in a steeplechase. But the morning of the race was fine, the largest crowd in the history of the Grand National was on hand and Voluptuary was nothing if not a crowd pleaser. He looked so good, in fact, that the odds on him dropped to 10 to 1 before race time, still far down in the field among the bettors.

The favorite was the Prince of Wales' The Scot, at 6 to 1. Victoria's eldest son, profligate Albert Edward, then 42, was making a stubborn effort to gain some public sympathy by patronizing racing and sports generally, and for a while his plan succeeded, since his nags turned out to be consistent losers. After six years of losing, however, His Royal Highness' determination was rewarded by the purchase of The Scot, who turned out to be a great steeplechaser. The prince was in great good humor when he appeared on the balcony of the royal box at Aintree and saluted the cheering crowd.

The start was good, and The Scot took the lead at the first jump directly before the stand. The afternoon had suddenly grown cloudy and a mist obscured the field when the horses rounded the turn and went into the country. Regal, a 40-to-1 shot, was running with The Scot. Voluptuary was far in the rear. The Grand National in those days lasted more than 10 minutes. There was plenty of time for visiting, drinking and hedging bets—betting went on long after the start—while the horses were out of sight from the spectators.

During one of these hiatuses a message was handed the Prince of Wales announcing the death of his younger brother, the Duke of Albany. He read it, turned pale and left the balcony for the seclusion of his private quarters just to the rear. Composing himself, he then descended the stairs to his carriage and drove away. His horse was still leading and the crowd started to cheer the prince, but the cheering was quickly stilled. Betting stopped in the ring. The flag was lowered to half-mast.

Meanwhile, the horses were still racing in the far reaches of the course. Oddly enough, The Scot began to falter just as the bad news reached his owner, and he lost the lead to Cortolou. Then, going over Valentine's Brook, Voluptuary began to pull away from the last horses and to move up on the leaders. At the 14-foot gulf of Becher's Brook, Voluptuary was racing Cortolou, Black Prince and The Scot for the lead. A roar from the crowd gave Voluptuary a visible boost, and when the horses disappeared into the country for the second time, Voluptuary was in second place, crowding Cortolou. A mile from home Tom Jones fell. Then Regal fell. When the horses came into sight of the stands at the head of the stretch Voluptuary was well ahead, although he appeared to be tiring. An unknown Polish horse named Zoedone, ridden by an unknown Count Zinsky, came at him. But the cheers of the crowd reached a crescendo, and they acted on Voluptuary like a shot of adrenalin. Frigate and Roquefort (both subsequent Grand National winners) came at him near the final jump, but the cheering rose, and Voluptuary cleared the last fence smoothly. He won by four lengths.

That was Voluptuary's moment of racing glory, and it was the only one. He was entered in other Grand Nationals but was never again even close and would have been remembered only as a fluke winner of a melodramatic race had it not been for the theatrical genius of Sir Augustus Glossop Harris. Along with staging grand opera at Covent Garden, managing five London theaters and five touring companies, Sir Augustus had taken over the immense Drury Lane Theatre, whose stage was so big that mere actors were lost on it. But it occurred to Harris, why not use a big horse for a

continued

SHERATON IN FRENCH LICK

We have a great new golf pro at the French Lick-Sheraton. And a great new Golf Package.

$27.50*



The pro is genial Bob Rosburg, Ryder Cup player and recent winner of the Bing Crosby Pro-Am. The Golf Package Plan gives you unlimited golf on our two fine 18-hole courses, three meals a day including meal tax, gratuities, and an air-conditioned room including tax, all for just $27.50 per person daily, two in a room. You just can't afford to pass it up.

Besides golf, we have FREE swimming, tennis, badminton, shuffleboard, horseshoes, croquet, dancing every evening, dance lessons, movies. Also available: horseback riding, skeet and trap, cycling. FREE parking. FREE kids in room. And a playground for them. We even have an airstrip for private planes. So come soon, won't you? For reservations see your travel agent or call toll-free 800-325-3535.

*Children 4 or over add $11 per day for meals, each child sharing room with adult.

French Lick-Sheraton Hotel

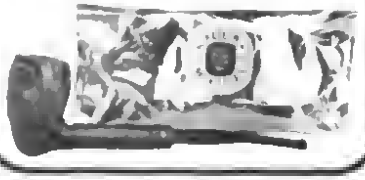
FRENCH LICK, INDIANA 47432

SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



THE NEW MYSTIQUE OF MADEIRA GOLD

A fascinating tobacco. Smoothness that turns on your taste. Aroma that turns on hers.



About that excuse for not wearing your safety belts:

It isn't good enough.

What's your excuse?



1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis.

star? The theater had been dark for months when he conceived his boldest venture—to duplicate the Grand National on the stage with Voluptuary in the leading role. With Henry Pettitt, a one-time schoolteacher, Harris wrote *The Prodigal Daughter*, whose third act included an entire scene given over to the race.

Otherwise the play was lively, colorful, implausible melodrama. In Act 1 Sir John Woodmere turns down the Honorable Julian Belford, who wants to marry his daughter Rose. Then he turns down a gentleman rider, Captain Vernon, who wants to marry his niece Violet. Rose and Julian decide to marry secretly, and Rose goes to Paris with Captain Vernon to meet Belford, whereupon Sir John, who is fairly simpleminded, thinks Rose has run off with Vernon and does not know who is living in sin with whom. Act 2 opens with a brilliant set of the Grand Hotel in Paris, with carriages arriving, crowds in evening clothes and Sir John searching for Rose. It develops that he will lose his fortune unless Belford rides his horse to victory in the Grand National. So the stage is set for the next scene, accounted at the time the most remarkable piece of stagecraft in the history of the British theater. "There have frequently been mimic races presented upon the stage," said *The Stage*, "but never has this representation . . been in any way approached."

An attempt is made to poison Sir John's horse, Voluptuary. Frustrated, the villain has Belford arrested so he cannot ride. Who will take his place? Captain Vernon! Seeing the man he (mistakenly) thinks has ruined his daughter mounted on his horse, Sir John flies into a speechless rage, which is just as well, as the lines in *The Prodigal Daughter* were pretty bad. However, it was too late to do anything about it: a dozen thoroughbreds were on the stage. All the familiar sights of a race were included—"the weighing-in scene, the preliminary canter, the trial jump, the clearing of the course. Then the roar of hoarse voices, 'They're off!' waving of hats and the excited gestures of an almost maddened crowd."

The horses dashed across the scene and vanished into the depths of the Drury Lane stage as they went into the country at Aintree. Sir Augustus even furnished a little comic relief while they

rounded the backdrops. "The scenes of the stables are animated enough," said *The Era*, "but the excitement gets to fever heat with the wondrous pictures of the Aintree course, the water jump, the winning post and the grandstand, with the big and motley crowd of men and women, bookies, backers, welshers, telegraph boys, stable boys, loungers, loafers, racing swells, tricksters, cards-of-the-race sellers, with roughs, riffraffs and respectability curiously comingled and policemen on foot and on horseback endeavoring to get order out of the general disorder."

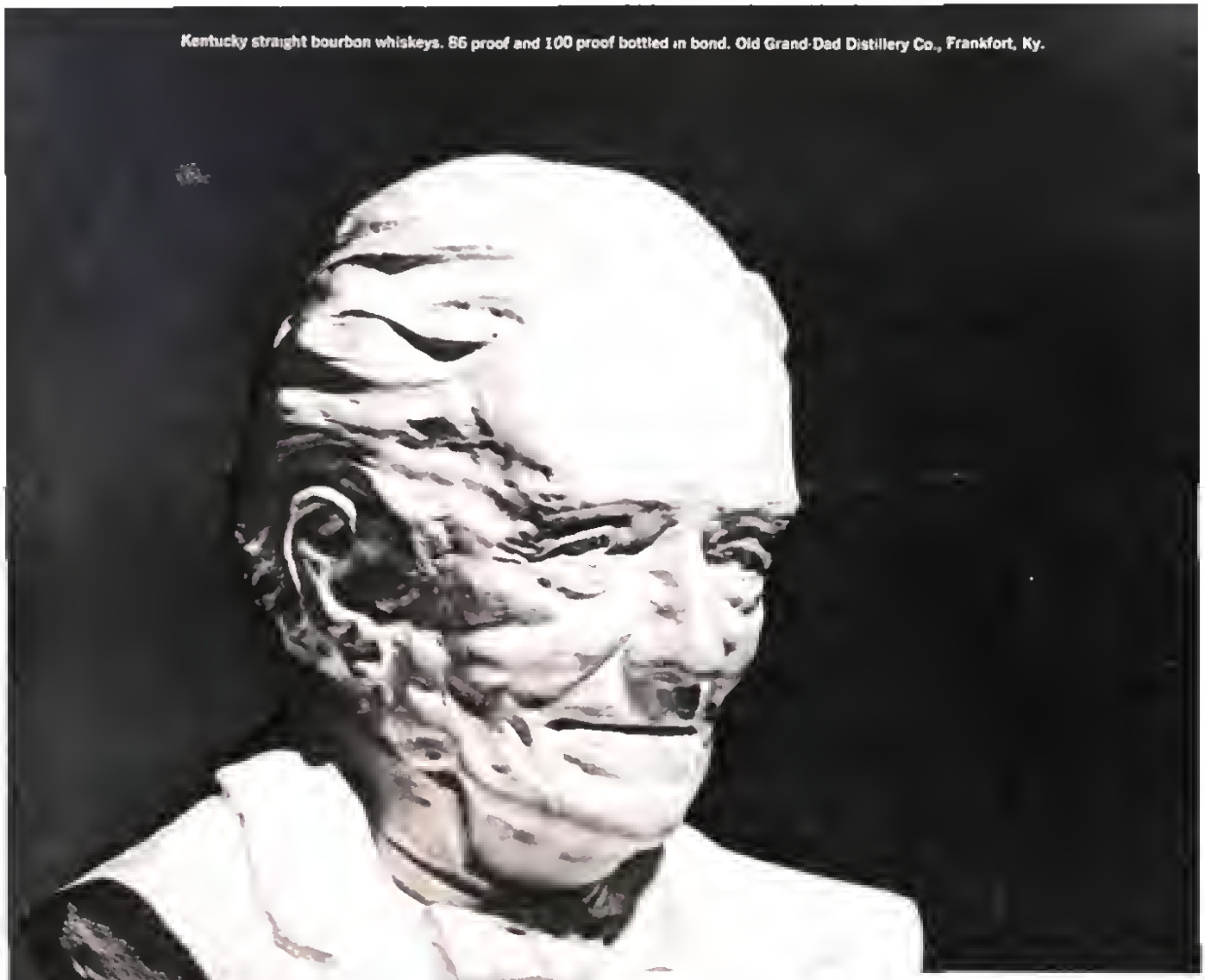
Around came the horses again. Voluptuary was first over a hurdle in the distance and then cleared Becher's Brook. "Never was such a scene witnessed in the theatre," said *The Stage*. "A scene the like of which the stage has never known before," said *The Era*. *The Theatre* made some caustic observations on the plot (which Sir Augustus tied up in an anticlimactic fourth act) but added that nobody noticed these lapses because Voluptuary "romped away with all the honors, whether on the racecourse or in the evening . . . he is more important than anyone—it is through his exertions that *The Prodigal Daughter* is saved."

It might have been added that Voluptuary also saved the Drury Lane. The play ran for a year and was taken off only because Sir Augustus had discovered the popularity of sports melodramas and wanted to produce more of them. His next show featured Heavyweight Champion James Corbett in *Gentleman Jack*. The size of the stage did not make much difference in this case, for the entire third act consisted of a prizefight, with no more dialogue than is ordinarily heard between two fighters in a ring. Then Harris produced *The Derby Winner*, another spectacular piece of stagecraft in which 16 thoroughbreds crossed the Drury Lane stage, and later shows of the same type were *The Sporting Duchess* and *Sporting Life*, with casts of hundreds and many horses. As *The Era* observed, "The public have not had too much of the drama of sport." Voluptuary was 14 years old when he made his last appearance in *The Prodigal Daughter*, and in the hundreds of times he raced over the Drury Lane stage he never missed a performance, never missed a cue and never missed a chance to take a curtain call. **END**



EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company,
1133 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Kodel is the trademark for
Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or apparel

Kentucky straight bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.



716 Bourbons cost less.



We have to charge more because smoother Grand-Dad costs more to make. But that's the price we have to pay to be head of the Bourbon family.

Old Grand-Dad

Head of the Bourbon Family

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOWLING—JIM STEFANICH of Joliet, Ill. withstood a closing surge by Butch Gearhart of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. to capture the $4,000 first prize in the $50,000 Gansett Open in Cranston, R.I. Stefanich's 9,098 pins gave him a 119-point margin.

BOXING—MUHAMMAD ALI fought eight exhibition rounds against three little-known heavyweight opponents at the Morehouse College gym in Atlanta. The former champion, who has not had a regular bout since March 1967, was warming up for a fight next month (*page 20*).

FENCING—The U.S. won its first Fencing Masters' World Tournament, capturing the London event 46-44 over Italy. EDWIN RICHARDS of Boston was the big winner with 21 victories.

FISHING—In international tuna fishing competition between five countries off the southwest tip of Nova Scotia TED NAFTZGER of Los Angeles won the Alton B. Sharp Trophy for the U.S. with a 670-pound catch. It was the first time in two years that a tuna had been caught in the annual event.

GOLF—LANNY WADKINS—like another Wake Forest star, Arnold Palmer in 1954—won the U.S. Amateur, holing a 20-foot birdie putt on the last hole at Portland's Waverley Country Club to insure a one-stroke victory over Tom Kite of the University of Texas. Wadkins' final-round 70 gave him a one-under-par 279 (*page 98*).

HARNESS RACING—TIMOTHY T., with victories in the first and third heats, won the 45th edition of the $143,630 Hambletonian at the State Fairgrounds in Ou Quoin, Ill., making John Simpson Jr., 27, the youngest winning driver ever (*page 24*).

HORSE RACING—BILL SHOEMAKER, 39, tied Johnny Longden, who retired in 1966, as the most victorious jockey ever by winning the 6,032nd race of his 22-year career, at Del Mar, Calif. (*page 28*).

Carrying 140 pounds, 4-year-old TA WEE ($5) won the $28,300 Fall Highweight Handicap at Belmont Park. The lone filly in the field of nine, Tartan Stable's entry took the six-furlong event by a neck over fast-closing Towzie Tyke. The favorite's time was 1:10$^{2}_{5}$, one-fifth of a second slower than last year, when she won under 130 pounds.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING—NAOMI UEMURA, a 29-year-old, 115-pound Japanese, became the first man to complete a solo climb of North America's highest peak, 20,320-foot Mt. McKinley in Alaska. Carrying only a 40-pound food and equipment pack, Uemura made the ascent in five days by the west-buttress route.

SWIMMING—The two-year-old world record for the women's 400-meter medley relay was broken by a U.S. team in Osaka, Japan. SUSIE ATWOOD (backstroke), KIM BRECHT (breaststroke), ALICE JONES (butterfly) and CINDY SCHILLING (freestyle) combined for a 4:27.4, trimming seven-tenths of a second off the old mark and finishing well ahead of the second-place Japanese team, whose 4:36.3 broke the national record.

TRACK & FIELD—Two world records were toppled at the World University Games in Turin, Italy, by East Germany's WOLFGANG NORDWIG, who pole-vaulted 17' 11" to break his own mark by half an inch, and HEIDI ROSENDAHL of West Germany, who added less than an inch to her old long-jump standard of 22' 5¼".

Both the men's and women's two-mile relay world records were broken in an international meet in Crystal Palace, England, by a KENYA men's team (Naftali Bon, Hezekiah Nyamau, Thomas Saisi, Robert Ouko) in 7:11.6, and a BRITISH women's team (Rosemary Stirling, Georgena Craig, Pat Lowe, Sheila Carey) in 8:25.0.

MILEPOSTS—ENDED: His string of consecutive appearances in National League games, at 1,117, by Chicago Cubs' Outfielder BILLY WILLIAMS. He had not missed a game since Sept. 21, 1963 but was given the day off to rest up for the pennant drive. He established a new National League endurance record when he passed the 982-game mark last season, but his final total remains far short of Lou Gehrig's major league record of 2,130 consecutive games.

PROPOSED: A series of 20 INTERNATIONAL TENNIS MATCHES beginning next February in which 32 selected contract and independent players would compete for $1 million in prize money, culminating in a tournament for the top eight qualifiers in which the winner would receive $50,000; by World Championship Tennis of Dallas.

SHAKEN UP: The CHICAGO WHITE SOX, an American League team with the worst record in baseball, whose front office and field leadership underwent major overhaul, with Stu Holcomb becoming executive vice-president and general manager, Roland Hemond director of player personnel and Chuck Tanner (lured from the California Angels' farm club in Hawaii) the new manager, succeeding Don Gutteridge.

SHIFTED: The American Basketball Association's NEW ORLEANS franchise, to a new home in Memphis under a new owner, P. L. Blake, a former pro football player. Blake plans to call the team the Memphis Pros until the club's new fans choose a name for themselves.

SUSPENDED: SOUTH AFRICA, already barred from the 1972 Olympic Games, from international track and field meets for the next two years, by the International Amateur Athletics Federation. The country's "segregationist policies" and its future membership will be reviewed in 1972.

SUSPENDED: PAT PALINKAS, 27-year-old schoolteacher and the first woman to sign a professional football contract, by the Orlando Panthers of the Atlantic Coast Football League, for missing too many practice sessions. The announcement by Panther Coach and General Manager Paul Massey came after the approval of her $100-a-game contract (for holding placekicks) by the ACFL and the release of her placekicking husband Steve.

TRADED: Peripatetic RICK BARRY, who, rather than be carried back in ol' Virginny to play for the ABA's Virginia Squires, was sent to the New York Nets in exchange for a No. 1 draft choice and an undisclosed amount of cash. Gimpy-kneed Barry still hopes to return to the San Francisco Warriors, where he was NBA scoring champion his second season, but as that legal battle continues he said, "New York is the next-best place."

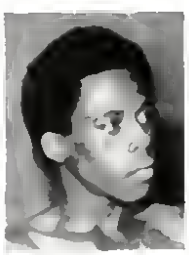
DIED: VINCENT THOMAS (Vince) LOMBARDI, 57, professional football's best-known, and probably best, coach, of cancer, at Washington's Georgetown University Hospital. The smallest of Fordham's famous Seven Blocks of Granite during his playing days (1934-37), Lombardi achieved his most lasting fame as a coach, starting at St. Cecilia High School in Englewood, N.J. from 1939-46, followed by assistants' jobs at Fordham (1947-48), Army (1949-54) and the New York Giants (1954-58). In 1959 he went to Green Bay as coach and general manager, where he built the doormat Packers into the most consistent and feared team in football. In nine seasons the Packers won 89 games, lost 29 and tied four, were league champions five times (1961, 1962, 1965, 1966 and 1967) and won the first two Super Bowl games. Lombardi retired as coach in 1968, but a year as general manager of the Packers frustrated him and he accepted an offer to coach the Washington Redskins last year, giving the team its first winning season in 14 years.

DIED: Austrian Grand Prix Formula 1 driver JOCHEN RINDT, 28, whose five victories on the European circuit had all but assured him of this year's world championship and left him one short of the all-time record, after his Lotus Ford crashed on Monza's dangerous Parabolic Curve during trials for the Grand Prix of Italy.

CREDITS

24,25—John D. Hanlon 26—Ferenc Berko 27—Nick Eaton 28, 30—Sheedy & Long 49—Sheedy & Long 50—James Drake (2), John Iacono 51—Arthur Shay, Walter Iooss Jr., James Drake 52—Arthur Elgort 94—Tony Triolo 98—Carl Iwasaki 104—Wil Blanche 106, 107—Wayne Wilson from Leyton Atlanta 108, 109—Culver Pictures, Underwood & Underwood (2), UPI 110—Wayne Wilson from Leyton Atlanta 119—Joseph Consentino 127—Charles Brill, Minneapolis Tribune (3) 132—UPI.

FACES IN THE CROWD



VICTOR KELLY, 18, of the Bronx, N.Y., was named MVP after he scored 21 points and led a New York City high school all-star basketball team to victory over a Philadelphia squad. A 5' 6" guard, he will attend the College of Southern Idaho this fall.



MRS. LYNN ZMISTOWSKI, 25, of Minneapolis, won her second state women's amateur golf championship by five strokes with a 54-hole score of 228, nine-over-par, at the Breemar Country Club course. Overall, it was her seventh state title since 1961.



DAVE KNAPP, 14, from Manteca, Calif., was named Grand National Junior Go-Kart Driver of the Year after he successfully defended two of his titles in age-group competition at Quincy, Ill. A go-kart racer since he was 9, he has accumulated six national titles.



SEAN SCULLY, 7, of Torrance, Calif., set two national age-group distance running records during a 10,000-meter race. His time for six miles was 54:26.3 and his 10,000-meter time was 55:59.0. He was also the youngest finisher among the 77 runners.



ROY BURLISON, 24, a softball pitcher in the fastpitch Chicago Metropolitan Circuit, hurled two perfect seven-inning games in a row, striking out 39 of 42 batters and giving him six perfect games in five years. His season record is 23-11, with a 0.72 ERA.



MIKE WEISS, 16, ran his season pitching record to 18-0 in leading the Cincinnati Federal Color team to the world title of the American Amateur Baseball Congress Mickey Mantle League in Dallas. His two shutouts helped earn him the MVP award.



NEW VIGOR
RUGGED STRENGTH
TRIM WAIST
IN 77 SECONDS

No strenuous exercises...no elaborate gym equipment...no lengthy, tedious work-outs. You don't need time, space, or energy to multiply your strength...to give you a feeling of vigor...to increase your lung capacity...to trim your waistline...to develop tone. Now the same method of Isometric-Isotonic Contraction that trained the German Olympic Team and other world-famous athletes can help YOU build a powerful physique. Yes, even if you are 30, 50 years old or more. Unlike ordinary isometric contraction devices, the Bullworker 2 combines both Isometric *and* Isotonic benefits in a series of quick 7-second exercises that you do once a day in your own room—less than 2 minutes in all! Muscles grow stronger, you glow with pep, chest expands, waist tapers down—and you feel like a new man. Fast? We guarantee impressive results in 10 days or your money back without question. Send for the big brochure that shows step by step illustrations of the Bullworker 2 Method. Enclose this ad with your name and address and 25c to cover postage and handling to:

BULLWORKER 2, COMPANY
Dept. 3891
4500 N.W. 135th St., Opa Locka, Fla. 33054

YOUNG
CAR THIEVES
NEED YOUR HELP

DON'T GIVE IT
TO THEM

Lock your car. Take your keys.



Made to Your Measure
SHIRTS
LOW AS $5.95
Maker to You/Fit Guaranteed

Enjoy custom made "leak"—shirts tailored to your exact measurements and taste! Low as ready made. Price start $5.95. Perfect fit, any size. Choose favorite collar, cuff, front, back style. Monogrammed if desired. 72 superb new fabrics...plains, whites, bold new deep colors, stripes. New Pack A Press permanent press Dacrons. Cottons. Only four simple measurements. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Established 1923. Mail coupon.

Worn by T W A PILOTS and other airlines NFL FOOTBALL PLAYERS TV STARS MAJOR LEAGUE BALL PLAYERS U.S. SENATORS and BUSINESS EXECUTIVES

FREE Style Book and Swatch Guide

J. PACKARD LTD.
Dept. SI-248, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808
Send me everything to order shirts made to my personal measure and taste...starting at $5.95.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

BRANDED

Sirs:

Regular readers of SI have resigned themselves to the fact that no professional football season can begin without a prediction by Tex Maule that the Dallas Cowboys will be world champions, or end sans his annual apology as to why they failed to live up to his expectations. The 1970 season is off to a flying start (*Big Ifs in Big D*, Aug. 31). Tex not only concedes the Cowboys their division title but even forecasts their success in the playoffs, since they cannot meet the Cleveland Browns before the Super Bowl. Don't you think it behooves you to assign someone else to games involving the Cowboys?

ROBERT I. PACK

San Francisco

Sirs:

You made a slight error on the Aug. 31 cover. It should have read SHOWDOWN YEAR FOR TEX MAULE, who should be fired if the Cowboys don't win *this* year.

ERIC FACER

Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

My compliments to Tex Maule. He has told it like it is—and like it was. He has revealed that there are many things which have not changed in Dallas or with the Cowboys since they became the first expansion team in 1960. Regarding housing for the blacks, Nate Borden, one of pro football's finest defensive ends and then the Cowboys' defensive captain, nearly left the team in 1961 because he couldn't rent a decent apartment for his family. Concerning security in those days few vets felt they had it made unless they had a "no-cut" contract as Eddie LeBaron and Don Meredith did.

As for Tom Landry, he was and is highly respected for his knowledge of the science of football. He is dedicated to the perfection of the smallest detail of the game and has been called "the undertaker" because of his impersonal attitude toward many of his players. He is also the author of the most sophisticated offense and defense in pro football, and because of this the Cowboys can beat themselves with mistakes. I know, because I made my share of mistakes as a center and guard with the Cowboys during their first three years.

JOHN HOUSER

Valencia, Calif.

Sirs:

It was a fine article. However, you left out the biggest Cowboy plus of all, Calvin Hill, the great second-year running back. Hill was the NFL's leading rusher going into the end of last season, but then he injured his toe. Hill might be just the man the Cowboys need to gain the championship they deserve.

STUART SILBERG

Bayside, N.Y.

Sirs:

It's very comforting for us Ram fans to know of a team like Dallas that chokes in more playoff games than our own team does.

JEFF MAYER

Studio City, Calif.

REPLAY

Sirs:

I would like to thank Dan Jenkins for writing such a different story about the 52nd PGA Championship (*The One That Got Away Again*, Aug. 24). I looked very hard for some kind words for either Bob Murphy's second-place finish or Raymond Floyd's great third-round 65 and overall fine play as defending champion. I was under the impression that a few other guys competed besides Arnold Palmer and myself.

I was also sure that I had played 72 holes to win the PGA. However, Mr. Jenkins' 13-hole version was exciting. I had to smile when I read that my kind of golf "wouldn't win much money in a municipal gangsome" and that my "whimpering" finish ended a "close to panic-stricken performance." Next time I'll have to work for a better finish. I hope Mr. Jenkins does, too.

DAVE STOCKTON

Westlake Village, Calif.

FOOTWORK

Sirs:

My humble thanks to SI for taking the right step in publishing Robert F. Capon's creed for a physical rebirth (*Steps in the Right Direction*, Aug. 31). Indeed, one has only to observe the physiques of shoppers on a Saturday afternoon to see that there is growth in the wrong direction and that we *have* put away "childish" things (bicycling, jumping, skipping, etc.) for the sake of maintaining our dignity and poise.

But while the author's prescriptions for preventing cardiovascular bankruptcy and flabbiness are commendable, it seems to me that he has taken an unnecessary poke at my sanity. In no way do I find jogging to be a "slum of boredom," nor do I believe I should be "certified and committed" simply because, during the winter when not jogging outside, I can be found on an indoor track taking 20 laps in a "silly suit."

continued

Get yourself in gear.

Get Myadec.® Right now, your purchase of a 100-capsule vitamin supply entitles you to spectacular savings on Spalding and Gladding-Ranger sports gear. Plus—a free 30-day supply of Myadec. It's a capsule a day high-potency vitamin formula with minerals. Perfect for active people who love sports. For savings on this high-quality equipment, mail the coupon with your check or money order, plus a box top from Myadec or any Parke-Davis vitamin for items selected. Coupons are also available at special Myadec displays at your drugstore. So get yourself in gear. Get Myadec *today*.

PARKE-DAVIS



Spalding's Official Tru-Bilt Basketball. Nylon wound, with deep-pebbled, orange Permalite rubber cover Official size and weight. Great for the home court or workouts at a gym. Special-offer price* $5.99.

Official Len Dawson Football by Spalding. All leather Ideal for weekend games of touch Special-offer price. $5.95

Gladding-Ranger Bowling Bag. Heavy-weight plastic with sturdy zipper Masonite bottom, name-tag holder Blue for ladies, black for men Special-offer price: $5.95.

Gladding-Ranger Sleeping Bag. Equi-Therm filled, water-repellent, wind-proof outercasing 33" x 77" 100" heavy-duty zipper Special-offer price $12.95

The Smasher . . . revolutionary new tennis racket from Spalding. Extruded aluminum frame, new 20/21 stringing for durability Special-offer price. $29.95

Please send me the following sports equipment, postage paid. I have enclosed a check or money order for $ _____ plus a box top from Myadec or any Parke-Davis vitamin

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

_____ Footballs @ $5.95 ea $ _____ _____ Basketballs @ $5.99 ea $ _____

_____ Men's and/or _____ Ladies' Bowling Bags @ $5.95 ea $ _____

_____ Tennis Rackets @ $29.95 ea $ _____

_____ Sleeping Bags @ $12.95 ea $ _____

MAIL TO Sports Offer P.O. Box 702, Darien, Conn. 06820

Offer open to U.S. residents only. Void where prohibited. Deadline for orders December 31, 1970

Myadec For active people who love sports.

The Creative Switch

No other camera has it. The Creative Switch circled in the photograph allows you to make a choice between two separate exposure meter systems and guarantees a perfect exposure every time. Why two? Because subjects with front lighting are measured easiest with an "averaged" meter system. With back or side lighting you need a "spot" meter system to read the most important part of the picture. Almost all fine 35mm SLR cameras have one of these systems only the Mamiya/Sekor DTL has both. The DTL with every important SLR feature is priced from less than $180, plus case. Ask for a demonstration at your photo dealer or write for folder.



mamiya/sekor

Ponder&Best, Corporate Offices 11201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90064

LOVE TOGETHER!

BINACA® IS IN... BAD BREATH IS OUT.



VERY PORTABLE. VERY POWERFUL.

When you give the United Way you give to

USO

United Service Organizations

CHANGE ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address.

ATTACH PRESENT MAILING LABEL HERE.

Mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
541 N. Fairbanks Ct.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Name

Street

City

State Zip Code

Be sure to attach your address label when writing on other matters concerning your subscription—billing, adjustment, complaint, etc.

To order SI check box: ☐ new ☐ renewal Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands $12.00 a year, Military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year, all others $16.00 a year.

I urge the Rev. Mr. Capon to take one additional step, that being in the form of an apology to us joggers. After all, the goal we share is a common one.

DAVID J. LUSKO

Quakertown, Pa.

Sirs:

Although I enjoyed reading about the spiritual elation experienced by Robert Capon, I think the metaphysical symbolism he attaches to cutting wood is just a little out of the realm of the SI reader who sits with a can of beer in front of his TV on Sundays watching the ball game. And that includes those of us who are more physically inclined and do our 11-minutes-a-day Canadian Air Force exercises at halftime.

LOUIS L. OLIVIER

Albuquerque

MAO ABOUT JOE (CONT.)

Sirs:

After noting the mass indignation (19th Hole, Aug. 31) that greeted your Aug. 17 cover portrait of Joe Namath, I can only feel that the cover summed up Joe perfectly. He is doing what he wants, the way he wants, in the face of criticism.

RICHARD B. HELDENFELS

Newport News, Va.

Sirs:

The players may be fed up with him and so may the fans, but Joe Willie Namath is still the best, whether they like it or not.

DANA LAURENZI

Whitinsville, Mass.

Sirs:

I would defend Joe Namath with my life.

LISA MUNSON

Branford, Conn.

Sirs:

I hope the public can stop worrying about Joe's private life and start hoping that his knees gain strength, because the Jets won't be too exciting without him.

JOHN FOLDS

Darien, Conn.

HORSE MARKET

Sirs:

For Pete's sake, are you steering the hapless and bleeding bulls of the stock market into the maze of the thoroughbred horse business (*Playing the Horse Market*, Aug. 24)? And why use as an example Charles Engelhard, who probably has more money and or guts than anybody else in the business? Throw out Nijinsky and your roseate picture of Engelhard's profit and loss statement will read differently—a Nijinsky comes along every 100 years or so, maybe! And what are the figures that would fall under the heading of EXPENSES? I'm sure Charles

continued

State troopers do not endorse products.

But this one thinks Lifesaver Radials are too good not to be talked about.



You may have heard lately about a new kind of tire. A tire that's 33% stronger—that gives 30% better mileage—than even our fiberglass-belted tire.

A group of people who've had good things to say about it are state troopers...highway safety experts.

This trooper's face is masked, and his uniform disguised, because neither he nor his state will lend their names to any commercial product. But read what he has to say.

"I was off to the side when this guy raced past me. I floored it to catch up. And there I was going into a double curve—Deadman's Curve—at 115 miles an hour. But I never swerved an inch out of my lane. It was like riding a rail.

"After that, I'm getting a set of these radials for my own car. I have good reasons. . . my wife and kids."

You can hear the same kind of story from troopers across the country now riding on B.F. Goodrich Radials. Exactly the same tires you can buy. You'll seldom need the maximum performance troopers need, even for short periods of time. But it's nice to know these tires can deliver it.

Our newest radials are called Lifesavers. They're made a whole new way with Dynacor® Rayon Cord. So they corner better. Take curves better. Stop quicker. They handle better and run cooler at high speeds than fiberglass tires . . . even our own.

Lifesavers are the safest tires we've ever made. They're the tires your life should be riding on.



The New BFG Lifesaver Radials.
Your life should be riding on them.

Engelhard is much too smart to kid himself in this manner.

PAT HUMPHRIES
Ram Tap Stables

Fresno, Calif.

● Horsemen who are in a position to know estimate that it costs Engelhard an average of $10,000 per horse per year to maintain and race his thoroughbreds in the U.S. and about half that amount abroad. Since he now has 41 horses in training here and 48 more in England and Ireland, Engelhard's expenses for 1970 will, on this basis, total at least $650,000.—ED.

EYE ON HAWAII

Sirs:

Mahalo to Robert F. Jones for his enjoyable article on the Hawaii Islanders (*Hula, Moolah and No Blubs*, Aug. 24). But *auwe*, isn't that a picture of Third Baseman John Werhas? Please treat us Islander



THE REAL CHUCK TANNER

fans to a photograph of Hawaii's major league manager, Chuck Tanner.

MICHAEL E. BATES

Baraboo, Wis.

● See above—ED.

Sirs:

Poor Chuck—always getting slighted. He should have been in the majors long ago.

GEORGE MASTRANGELO

New Castle, Pa.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Jaymar Slacks available at these and 5,000 other fine stores coast to coast . . .

ILLINOIS
Alton — Barleff's
Arlington Hts — J. Svahoda & Sons
Aurora — Lyttan's
Bensenville — Triaga Taggery
Blue Island — Boyd's Store For Men
Calumet City — Baskin
Calumet City — Braadstreet's
Calumet City — Lyttan's
Calumet City — M. L. Rathschild
Champaign — Rarell's—All Stores
Chicago — Bashin—All Starea
Chicago — Brighton Cla
Chicago — Braadlane Clothiers
Chicago — Braadstreet's
Chicago — Cohn & Stern
Chicago — Gately's Peaples Store
Chicago — Karall's—All Stares
Chicago — Lyttan's—All Stares
Chicago — Marris Mens Shop
Chicago — M. L. Rathschild—All Stares
Chicago — Saper's Stora For Man
Chicago — Wiebaldt's—All Stores
Chicago — Winsberg's Kingstan Shop
Cicero — Jach's Men's Shops Inc.
Danville — Ries-Strauss Co
Decatur — Muirheid Men's Shap
Deerfield — Courtley, Ltd.
De Kalb — Jally's
Dundee — Bethke Clathiers
Elgin — Ackemann's
Elmhurst — Leonard's Stare For Men
Evanston — Baskin
Evanston — Lyttan's
Evanston — M. L. Rathschild
Evanston — Wiebaldt's
Evergreen Park — Park Men's Shop
Glen Ellyn — Dean Olson Men's Wear
Harvey — Rarall's—All Stares
Joliet — Walfsan's Clothing
Kewanea — Rirley & Sons
La Grange — Mr. Floyd's
La Grange — Village Taggery
Moline — Masenfelder's, Inc.
Mt. Prospect — M. L. Rathschild
Mt. Prospect — Wiehaldt's
Niles — Karall's
Northbrook — The Janes's
Oak Brook — Broadstreet's
Oak Park — Bashin
Oah Park — Lyttan's
Park Forest — Lyttan'a
Peoria — Carsan Piria Scatt & Co.
Paoria — Schradzhi, Co.—All Steres
Quincy — Carson Piria Scott & Co
Rockford — Chas. V. Waise Co.—All Stores
Rock Island — Masenfelder's, Inc
Skokie — Baskin
Skokie — Broadstreet's
Skokie — Lytton's
Skohie — M. L. Rathschild
Springfield — Myers Bras.
Waukegan — Durkin & Durhin—All Starea
Waukegan — Storey'a Mens Wear
Yorktown — Wiebaldt's

INDIANA
Angola — Strack's Men's Waar
Bloomington — Whitesides
Crown Point — Falveys
East Chicago — Edwards Stara Far Man
Elkhart — Myers Man's Wear
Evansville — Gardaas
Ft. Wayne — L. S. Ayres—Bath Stares
Ft. Wayne — Maier—Genttemen's Attira
Ft. Wayne — Meyers & McCarthy
Ft. Wayne — Patterson-Fletchar—Both Stares
Gary — Franh'a Stare For Man
Gary — H. Gordon & Sons
Gary — Mac and Dewey
Goshen — Snyder's Men's Shop
Hammond — Jae Hirsch Inc.
Highland — Zandstra's Store Far Men
Indianapolis — L. S. Ayras & Co.—All Stares
Indianapolis — Big and Tall
Indianapolis — Bdrich Ltd.—All Stores
Indianapolis — The Mans World
Indianapolis — Squira Shap
Rentland — Band B Stora
Rokomo — Beall's Inc.
Lafayette — L. S. Ayrea
La Porta — Law's
Michigan City — Griegers
Moorasville — Habig's Casuals
Muncie — Beall'a Inc.—All Stares
South Bend — Max Adler
South Bend — Gilbert's
South Bend — Robertson's Man's Stare
Valparaiso — The Oxford Shap Inc
Vincennes — Alberts

IOWA
Ames — The University Shap
Carroll — Eddie Quinn Clathier
Cedar Falls — A. J. August Cla. Co.
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Council Bluffs — towa Clathes Shap
Davenport — Britt's Mens Wear
Des Moines — Badin Van Dorn
Des Moines — Franhels—Both Stores
Des Moines — Kucharas
Fort Dodge — The Mr. Shap
Fort Dodge — Eddie Quinn Clothier
Osklousa — Sunstrum's
Sioux City — Raymond's Styles For Men

KANSAS
Ft. Scott — Lenk's Mens Wear
Kansas City — McFiell's Tattar Shop
Leavenworth — J. Michaels, Ltd
Liberal — Relly's Men's Waar
Overland Park — Louis Barry Ltd
Overland Park — Tadd's—All Staras
Shawnee — Garratt's Inc
Topeka — Barnett's Mens Fashians
Topeka — Ray Beara Clo. Ca
Wichita — A. J. August Cla. Ca
Wichita — Kern's Parklane
Wichita — Macy's

MICHIGAN
Adrian — Michael Roberts Mens Store
Alpena — Tany & Herms Mens Wear
Big Rapids — The Collegiate Shap
Big Rapids — Tawna & Country Mao'a Shap
Birmingham — Damery's
Dearborn — Tad's af Dearborn
Detroit — Crawley's—All Steras
Detroit — Damary's
Detroit — Riley'a
Farmington — Demery's
Farmington — Fredrick's
Flint — Bindar's Big & Tall Stora
Flint — Marvin's
Filet — Smith Bridgman's—Att Staras
Flint — Milt Weiss Apparel
Grand Havan — The Big Stara
Holland — Ambassadar Shop
Holland — Lokker Rutgers
Kalamazoo — Raai Knapper
Lansing — H. Kasitcheh
Marquette — Stern & Flaid
Muskegon — Friand's Friendly Clathier
Niles — Pauls Taggery
Oak Park — Shitman's—All Stores
Owosso — Storrer's
Rochester — Mitzallaid's
St. Clair Shores — Larry'a Men's & Bay's Waar
St. Cloir Shores — North Shara Valat Claaners
Sault Ste. Marie — Ity Andary & Sana
Southfield — Van Hern's Men's Stares—All Staras
Trenton — O'Connar's Man & Bays Wear
Ypsilanti — Darbys Mena Wear

MINNESOTA
Bloomington — Cadric's
Detroit Lakaa — Norby's Dept. Store
Duluth — Marterud-Kanaczny
Mankato — Wilson Clothing Ca.
Minneapolis — Liemandt's
Northfield — Parman's Inc
N. St. Paul — Mr. D's Men's Wear
Red Wing — Towne Squire
Rosemount — Cedric's
St. Paul — Cedric's
St. Paul — Field-Schlich
St. Paul — Jahnsan-Dodds
St. Paul — Liemandt's
Shakopee — Bill's Taggery & Shoas
Willmar — R. E. Torgersae Cla. Ca.

MISSOURI
Butter — The Cauntry Squire
Columbia — Harry Smith Men's Waar
Jefferson City — Czarlinahy'a
Kansas City — C & S Faahions
Kansas City — Indin's Plaza Men's Wear
Kansas City — Macy's—All Stares
Kansas City Mr. Gent's Mens Wear
Kansas City — Rothschild's Varsity Shop—All Stores
Kansas City — Syl'a Mena Fashians
Maryville — Haaga's
Overland — Lavinson's Mens Wear
Rolla — Varn's Mens Wear
St. Joseph — A. J. August Cla. Co
St. Joseph — Ed Cewman's Custam Shop
St. Louis — Bayd's—All Staras
St. Louis — Bryant's Esquira Mens Shop
St. Louis — Tha Specialty Shap
St. Lours — Wahl's—All Stares
Springfield — A. J. August Cla. Ca
Springfield — Cole's Mens & Shoes

NEBRASKA
Grand Island — Brandeis
Lincoln — Brandats
Lincoln — Miller & Paine—Bath Stares
North Platta — Hirschfeld's
Omaha — Brandeis—All Stores
Omaha — Morris' Men's Clathes
Omaha — Ross' Red Hanger Shop

NORTH DAKOTA
Bismark — Shark's Clathier
Dickinson — D'Hearns
Fargo — Straus Co
Jamestown — Sallan's

OHIO
Akron — Koch's —All Stores
Cincinnati — Pagua's—All Stares
Cleveland — B. R. Baker—All Stares
Columbus — Harry's King Size Clathes
Columbus — Walhars—All Staras
Dayton — Elder Beerman
Dayton — Walkers
Euclid — Garnih's
Fairview Park — Shuttler's Men's Wear
Findlay — Findlay Taggery
Fremont — Lytla's
Hamilton — Elder-Beerman
Mansfield — Kamita's
Marion — Waltar Axthalm's
Marion — The Toggery
Newarh — Mitchell's Men's Wear
Rocky River — Ford's Men's Shap
Steubenville — Myer & Stone
Tiffin — Tiffin Taggery
Toledo — Harry's King Size Clothes
Wapakoneta — Zofhie's
Youngstown — Hartzeti's—Rasa & Sans—All Stares

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen — Jargensen's Mens Shap
Huron — Hedbtam the Clothier
Rapid City — Walter Whita'a

WISCONSIN
Appleton — W. A. Clase
Ashland — Stern & Field
Chippewa Falls — The Baston
Eau Claira — Muldaan's Men's Wear
Kaukauna — S. J. Berens
Kenosha — Chiappatta—All Stares
La Crosse — Mader's Stara For Men
La Crosse — Newhurg'a Men'a Wear
Madison — Clarha
Madison — Gimbels
Milwaukee — Berman-Bach Ltd.
Milwaukee — Friedman's—All Stores
Milwaukee — Gieringer's—All Stores
Milwaukee — Gimbals—All Stores
Milwaukee — Schmitt-Drlow-Stumpfs—All Stares
Neenah — Hardt's Men's Wear
Oshkosh — W. A. Clasa
Prairie Duchien — Razelka's Men's Waar
Racine — Gaarge & Laster's, Inc.
Racine — Lavin Bros.
River Falls — Rolstad Bros.
Sheboygan — S. J. Barans
Stevens Point — Perkinsan's Clothes
Wsukesha — Sullivan's Men's Shap

A JAYMAR® SLACK

Slacks shown of 100% wool feature extension waistband and inside button adjustments about $23. Other Jaymar all wool slacks from $20.

Belt-Loop Slacks...
Big Loops...
Side Buckle...
Front Buckle...
Flares...
Side Adjustments...
Wide Waistband...
Extension Waistband...

It's No Longer A Question Of Which Style To Wear!

[illegible]ny's man is many men. He's the [illegible]tive and he's the golfer. He's the [illegible] and he's the guest. He's the viewer, [illegible]'s the doer.

And that's why Jaymar offers you over 800 distinctly different ideas in fashion, [illegible]ors and patterns. All with that finely [illegible]ned sense of taste that marks the look [illegible] Jaymar.

[illegible]maar Slacks are made by people who [illegible]...how you look. Try on a pair today. Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan [illegible], Indiana.

A JAYMAR® SLACK
by the makers of Sansabelt®



JAYMAR
SLACKS
with BAN-ROL®

® Reg. TM of Ban-Rol Co.
© JAYMAR-RUBY, INC. 1970



THE PALMA, 25" (Diag.) MODEL B4746DE

ZENITH®

CHROMACOLOR®

Now the biggest breakthrough in Color TV comes in small, medium, and large



THE BOYDE[illegible] MODEL B4519W



THE EDDINGTON, 19" (Diag.) MODEL B4030W

Last year, Zenith introduced Chromacolor, the most revolutionary color television system ever invented, featuring Zenith's famous Handcrafted chassis and patentad Chromacolor picture tube. Result: a color picture that outbrightened and outdetailed every giant-screen color TV before Chromacolor!

Now Zenith announces the Chromacolor family . . . a complete range of Chromacolor cabinet styles and screen sizes designed to fit right into your life. All the brilliance and realism of the Chromacolor TV picture in consoles, table models and new compact fit-anywhere cabinets. With a choice of 19", 23" and new giant 25" (diag.) screen sizes.

Remember: only your Zenith dealer has Chromacolor.

SIMULATED TV PICTURES